

certainly remarkable, and could never have been prophesied by any political philosopher of the anti-particularist type. A little island, smaller than the average English county, yet big enough to be the basis for military operations if it were seized in time of war, lies, not in mid-Atlantic, where political experiments may be safely tried, but within four hours of the port of Liverpool. It is peopled not by an Anglo-Saxon race, stolid and safe, trained by long centuries of peaceful self-government, but by a mixed people, partly Norse, but mainly Celtic or Iberian. Worse still, the aborigines of the Isle of Man seem—though on this point there is doubt among the learned—to have belonged to the short, dark-haired, and dolichocephalic pre-Aryan race, who are said to be constitutionally incapable of self-government. These primitive people, who have only recently given up their Celtic tongue and taken to the language of their summer visitors, have never been governed, so far as sovereignty involves government, by one of themselves. When history opens, the Isle of Man was in the hands of the North-Irish Scots. From them it passed, after a struggle, to the Welsh princes. Eadwin of Northumbria conquered it, but it was again recovered by the North Welsh, who held it till the coming of the Vikings. When the Viking power declined, it was the subject of a struggle between England and Scotland, till it came under the rule of the Stanleys. Though the Stanleys ruled it for centuries, no one of them became a Manxman. They came to the island during the Civil War, much as James II. afterwards came to Ireland, because they had made England too hot to hold them. And the Dukes of Athole, their successors, were almost habitual absentees, who ended by selling their sovereignty, with a good deal of bargaining and jobbing, much like an Irish landlord under the Ashbourne Act. A pretty succession of Kings! Even the Tynwald, the visible sign of Home Rule which was never entirely obliterated, was an invention of the Scandinavian conqueror, and bears a name which is no more Manx than Parliament is English. Indeed, for many centuries it was merely a name. It was seldom called together by its foreign Sovereigns, and when it came together it did much as the Governor bade it. The House of Keys, the lower house of the Tynwald, was not made really representative till 1866.

Furthermore, during a long period of its history, the little island was the most priest-ridden in Europe. The Bishop of Sodor and Man was not always a joke. Bishop and abbots were the only peers of Man. The Bishop appointed Vicar-Generals, who, in ecclesiastical courts, not merely administered the probate law but had vast powers of discipline. The Bishop had his private gallows and his private prison. He received 32 pence on the proving of each will; he had the right to the dead man's best beast and best clothes. Tithes were levied on all produce, even fish, and the sacraments were refused to those who did not pay. Excommunication, followed by imprisonment, was very frequent. This strange tyranny lasted up to modern times. Till the middle of the eighteenth century no man could approach the Bishop except on his knees, and, indeed, the most truculent of all the Manx bishops, the Wilson whose life Keble wrote, flourished in the Latitudinarian time of Hoadly. Bishop Wilson carried on a long struggle against the secular power, the question in dispute being whether the right of the ecclesiastical courts to excommunicate, imprison, and whip for moral offences extended to those in the employ of the Government. Over the mass of the people his power was undisputed. "A wretched, half-witted woman, the mother of three illegitimate children, was dragged, by the Bishop's orders, after a boat in the sea at Peel Town at the height of the market." And the popular feeling was all on the side of the Bishop. Possibly this was due to the fact that the Bishop championed the popular side on the land question. The land of Man had been held by customary tenure, the tenants making the improve-

ments and claiming a right of alienation akin to the Ulster custom. Lord Derby substituted leases for lives. For nearly a century there was turmoil and outrage, till, under the leadership of Bishop Wilson, the tenants were secured in their land on payment of a fixed quit-rent, with a small fine on alienation. Since the land question was settled we do not read that there has been any trouble with the bishops.

But not merely were the Manx terribly subject to ecclesiastical domination; they got their living for some centuries mainly by breaches of the comity of nations. First Douglas was a haven of rest for smugglers, and then for fraudulent bankrupts. Its rulers deliberately encouraged both. Cargoes were openly consigned to them that they might be smuggled into the havens of England and Ireland. The laws of Man were framed so as to convenience gentlemen who had got into difficulties on the mainland, and a gentleman who had been condemned in large damages for *crim. con.* in England, lived in great respectability in Man on the money wherewith he ought to have paid the damages. Even worse than the Plan of Campaign as a moral training for a people!

Nor is the Constitution now granted to the Isle of Man by any means philosophical. The Tynwald, or legislature, consists of the Governor, the Council, and the House of Keys. The Governor is appointed by, and takes his orders from, the Home Office, without the advice of any native Ministry. The Council is composed of the Bishop, the Attorney-General, the Clerk of the Rolls, the two Deemsters, the Archdeacon, the Receiver-General, and the Vicar-General. All of these, except the last, are appointed by the Crown, and yet they may all vote against the Governor. Words can hardly paint the inextricable confusion which might in theory arise from this liberty of action among the chief officers of Government. The House of Keys, or lower house, is elected on a £4 franchise. Widows and spinsters have votes. The Governor has a veto. All Bills may originate in either House. Local executive officers are appointed by Tynwald, and if the two Houses differed none of these offices could be filled. Furthermore, the whole finances of the island are theoretically under the control of the Treasury, and it is easy to picture what inconveniences Mr. Chamberlain would prove must infallibly follow such an arrangement. Nevertheless the Customs and Excise are collected by Imperial officers without Tynwald interfering.

Yet with this history and this Constitution the Isle of Man has, since 1866, been getting along very well. Without manufactures or great natural resources, it is peaceful, prosperous, and as honest as any other watering-place. Though its scenery cannot be compared with that of Ireland, it is visited every year by more Englishmen than go to the Continent of Europe. The tourists are in no way alarmed at the Tynwald. Perhaps it is true of many another country, and not of Man merely, that if you don't hold them up too much, "*quocunque jeceris stabit.*"

"THE DECADENCE OF ROMANCE."

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON warns us in the *Forum* that our story-books have begun to pall upon an over-refined appetite. The writing of fiction is discouraged by a fastidious standard of literary taste. We have not a single living novelist of the first rank, Mr. Harrison's test of rank being a welcome in every home, which would make "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a greater work than "Vanity Fair" or "Richard Feverel." We are "overdone with criticism," so that if "Jane Eyre" were to come to us as a new creation, it "would not rise above a common 'shocker,'" an hypothesis which suggests that some criticism may be rather underdone. The decline of English fiction began in 1865, when Palmerston died, and we became too much absorbed in politics to care greatly for figments in three volumes. Mr.

Harrison concedes that there is more poetry in "Tess" than in Anthony Trollope, but he insists that the pressure of public affairs, especially of constitutional and social questions, has combined with the code of culture to reduce imaginative literature to the prosaic level of decorum. "We are all so fastidious about form, and have got such fixed regulation views about form; we are so correct, so much like one another, such good boys and girls, that the eccentricities and idiosyncrasies of the inventive spirit are taught from childhood to control themselves, and to conform to the decorum of good society." We should scarcely describe this kind of repression as the product of over-cultivation. It is more like the type of respectability which is associated with unilluminated dullness. Nor does there seem any overwhelming reason why political and social agitation should kill the inventive spirit. "The poetry and romance of a great social reformation," says Mr. Harrison, "are never visible to men in the midst of it"—a judgment which will be new, we imagine, to Mr. William Morris, and even to Mr. John Burns. Our neighbours across the Channel have contrived to keep up a considerable literary ferment through periods of agitation much longer and stormier than our own. Their standards of criticism are more fastidious than ours, and their cultured sense of form is a national characteristic; yet the novel in France has become the great medium of ideas. The Parisian critic considers his career incomplete till he has tried his hand at fiction, and even M. Jules Lemaitre, the idol of our own "A.B.W.," has written in "Les Rois" a story which is romantic enough, for it makes Great Britain a Republic in the year 1900, and places Lord Sheffield, whose ambitious mind is now innocently devoted to cricket, at the head of the new Commonwealth.

It is true that the field of pure romance has been contracted by the growth of the scientific spirit in literature. M. Jules Lemaitre is not content to endow Lord Sheffield with Cromwell's title of Protector. His mind is steeped in the atmosphere of social questions. He figures to us a Continental prince, torn by the conflicting claims of absolute monarchy and the social revolution. M. Lemaitre pursues the analytic method, and leads us breathless through various phases of his prince's mental development till we arrive at the interesting dilemma that Socialism can be achieved only by the Christian virtues which repose upon a religious faith rejected by the multitude. Here are "eccentricities of the inventive spirit" which might satisfy even Mr. Harrison; but if he wants the greatest tribute to the sovereignty of imagination in literature under the most unfavourable conditions, he will find it in the works of M. Zola, who amidst all the repulsive detail of social squalor achieves his most impressive effects by sheer romance. The sordid horror of "Germinal" culminates in the pathetic idyll in the mine where Etienne and Caroline are entombed. There is no degradation so profound that the play of human affection cannot touch it with a gleam of poetry. Mr. Harrison might complain that most of our fiction to-day lacks the intellectual reach of the French; but he has not made it clear why the attractions of politics and the exactions of "good society" should reduce English novels to the "minute commonplace of the average man and woman in perfectly real but entirely common situations." He admits that the romances of Mr. Stevenson have not lost their potency, though he charges that writer and Mr. Rudyard Kipling with resorting to "desperate expedients" to escape from the "modern democratic uniformity." But the secret of Mr. Kipling's success was not any attempt to paint "a dirty savage" as "a romantic being." It lay in the perfectly new atmosphere of his Anglo-Indian stories, and in his life-like sketches of the British soldier. On the "good boys and girls" theory of criticism, "Soldiers Three" and "Plain Tales from the Hills" ought to have buried Mr. Kipling in early oblivion. There is still a consider-

able appetite amongst us for "idiosyncrasies," and even the ban of decorum has not prevented Mrs. W. K. Clifford from telling the story of a bride who, in perfect simplicity and good faith, makes a tour with a gentleman not her husband on the understanding that her lawful companion has an insuperable distaste for honeymoon travel. The author of "The Heavenly Twins" sends a married woman masquerading in boy's clothes with a romantic tenor, who never suspects her sex till she falls into the river and loses her wig. Whatever you may think of the plausibility of this incident, it is not prosaic; nor is there a single scene in the book which suggests submission to the deity of commonplace. The whole work is inspired by the conviction that the greatest of social reforms is the complete equality of the sexes, a theme elaborated by Miss Sarah Grand, with "eccentricities of the inventive spirit" which ought to appeal to Mr. Frederic Harrison with special force.

None of Mr. Harrison's conditions, then, accounts for this alleged decline of fiction to "common situations." No doubt there is a demand on the part of cultivated people for a realism which shall show us life in its true proportions, but this bears no resemblance to what Mr. Harrison calls the "Kodak school of romance," which takes "snap-shots" at every-day existence, and produces nothing but meaningless monotony. Even Mr. Howells soars above "common situations": witness the tragic scene in "An Imperative Duty," when the heroine is told that she has African blood in her veins. If the object of the realist be achieved, his work is made interesting by the infinite problems of life and character. In this particular sphere it may be admitted that English fiction is not conspicuously successful. Our analytic school lacks the sustenance of ideas. These precious commodities are lavished elsewhere; but why should our professors of philosophy deny their treasures to romance? Some of them have that quality of style which gives the French so much of their pre-eminence. Mr. Harrison might bring to the novel a brilliancy of phrase and a lucidity of thought which would satisfy the most fastidious standard of form. "A. B. W." might emulate Jules Lemaitre, and give us a story in which the unsuspected force of impressionism as a social and political lever might place a dramatic critic at the head of the British Republic of 1900 instead of Lord Sheffield. In "Les Rois" the revolution in these islands is bloodless, and the representatives of the dethroned dynasty are voted handsome pensions; but this tameness of a spirited people might be relieved by the summary execution of the actor-managers. If the English novel could only be refreshed by the "idiosyncrasies" of criticism it would enjoy a distinctly original development.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

THE pendulum has swung back. Fifteen years ago it was customary to speak slightly of the old masters, especially of the old landscape painters. Their skies were black and their trees were brown, etc. It was thought that their mistakes could be rectified, and green trees have been substituted for brown, white skies for dark; yet the old masters hold their own, and notwithstanding their mistakes make Monet's modern skies and trees seem very hollow and superficial. All this has been noted, and members of the New English Art Club have been discovered reading Reynolds' discourses, on the Thames Embankment. Fifteen years ago there was but one way to paint, and that way was to paint direct from nature. He who did not take a six-foot canvas into the fields and copy all he saw, and exactly as he saw it, was an old fogey. Now it is the old fogies who paint direct from nature; the young men know that though the palette can give you the exact value of the earth, it cannot reach the light of the sky—therefore, he who paints from nature ends with a false value. To attempt a transposition would be

old-masterish, so the *plein-airist* leaves out the sky or reduces the sky to a slender strip of white paint. But a white sky is meaningless—it is the sky that colours the landscape; and, instead of “taking it out of the old masters,” the pictures painted ten and fifteen years ago look old-fashioned—old-fashioned as crinolines—by the side of the eternal youth of Ruysdael’s black-grey sky and Hobbema’s brown trees.

Mr. Charles Furse’s large picture of a “Master of Foxhounds” is a deliberate return to the pictorial conventions of the eighteenth century. The picture is to my mind entirely successful; and it is the merest justice to say that Mr. Furse has succeeded where everyone else has failed, for he has painted a picture of a master of foxhounds on his favourite hunter surrounded by his favourite hounds. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful design than that of the foreshortened horse, his head turned to the right, or to conceive how the treatment of the hounds could be bettered. The hounds contribute to the decoration, and yet they are all sufficiently individual to satisfy any M.F.H. The bit of landscape on the left is as beautiful as may be, rich and harmonious in colour, and most happily relieved by the scarlet of the whips and the members of the hunt. I have only one reproach to flip against this admirable picture. The face of the M.F.H. is excellent, when we consider it by itself; but does it not break the conventions within which Mr. Furse elected to paint his picture? The man’s face looks as if it had been painted in the open air. Ought it not to have been painted in the conventional light and shade of the studio?

In this picture Mr. Furse has assimilated all that his nineteenth-century nature could assimilate of eighteenth-century art. But his portrait of Mr. Justice Collins seems to me verging on parody. Be this as it may, it bores me insufferably, so much that I do not care to discuss its merits, which are incontestable—it is most capable painting. Mr. Walter Sickert’s portrait of Mr. Bradlaugh at the bar of the House of Commons is very striking. The man is there in all his individuality; the long, flat shoes, the loose clothes, and the energetic movement of the arm and hand. But the same painter’s portrait of Miss Blunt does not satisfy me. The tone is pretty—a pretty grey tone; the quality of the painting in the hair and dress is excellent; but the planes of the face have not been all observed, or so badly understood that the modelling of the face is an inchoate jumble, and, to my mind, wholly lacking in drawing. I like better his wilful but clever portrait sketch of M. Roussel. Mr. Bernard Sickert is not so good this year as last. Still, his “Rainy Day at the Pig Market” is at once noticeable as the work of a painter. In Mr. Steer, too, there is some slight falling off. His portrait of Miss Dorothy Hamilton is hardly definite enough in its impressionism, but the colour is beautiful. Nor is Mr. Steer’s “Yacht Race” without merit, though the sky and sails are wanting in atmosphere. The beauty I look for in such a subject is aerial perspective, those delicate gradations of tones which fill the canvas with mystery and charm. Then I love the lovely lines of gossamer rigging which Van der Velde designed and drew with such perfection. Mr. Steer will answer that such qualities are not possible if the object is to render the quick passing of racing yachts. Perhaps not.

One of the most charming little pictures in the exhibition is “November Twilight,” by Edward Stott. Nothing more charming than this little and unpretentious picture! The vague twilight fills the hillside, the lonely hillside, and in a few minutes more the melancholy night of the country will be everywhere. The little light that is left in the sky is reflected in the pool, and the vague children, suggestive of the mystery of life, are there, phantoms in the dusk, yet individual enough. The drawing is only apparent in the result. Readers of this paper know my fondness for the talent of Mr. Mark

Fisher. I have only to say, therefore, that I do not think he has ever painted anything more delightful than “Winter Fodder.”

The mission of the New English Art Club seems to be not only the discovery of youthful talent but the disinterment of ancient talent. Mr. Brabazon had painted for half a century without being able to attract the attention of the Academy; the New English took him up, and now behold him famous! Mr. C. E. Holloway now comes up for recognition. He has painted for something like forty years without anyone hearing of him before this year, and a more scandalous case of neglect it would be hard to imagine. His picture, “The Breakwater,” is of incontestable talent. The brown soupy sea sweeps round the almost submerged breakwater, full of rushing force and volume; the painting, rich and fluent, like a Manet. Mr. Holloway’s other picture, “Lambeth,” I do not like so well. It has not the bare simplicity of “The Breakwater;” it is more commonplace, but, for all that, it is a beautiful picture. The placing of the boats in the foreground is most effective, and Mr. Holloway can produce the effect of a richly-coloured canvas by the introduction of a yellow sail into the grey scheme which seems habitual to him.

The present exhibition includes two charming Degas—“Chanteuses,” and a design for a fan. The design for the fan is marvellously beautiful and original. Go behind the scenes at Drury Lane, and you will find there only dust, dirty girls, and canvas streaked with coarse paint—yet out of such realistic material Degas has created fairy-land. The Monets are—well, they are Monets—as brilliant as they are superficial, an externality and very little else. But I have spoken on this subject so often that I have nothing left to say. I prefer to pass on to Mr. Brabazon, who exhibits a charming and a really beautiful water-colour. The first consists of an orange sail and an ill-drawn perspective. Perhaps I should not call the perspective ill-drawn—it would be more correct to say that it is not drawn at all; but so beautiful is the orange sail that we are satisfied. The other water-colour—in my opinion one of the best Mr. Brabazon has done—is as exquisite as a flower; it is not like a thing that has been made, it has grown. Nothing more exquisite than that blue filmy bay, and that blue filmy sky, and the curve of the embaying land, and the little gaiety of the houses—all the exquisite externality of the South is exquisite as a flower, bright as a flower, delicate as a flower. I should like to call attention to Mr. Simpson’s work. “A Scrap-Book” is a charming study of a girl’s head. She turns over the leaves of a book with a blue cover, her dress is red, and the two colours are harmoniously contrasted. Mr. Linder exhibits a fine landscape, a picture which illustrates well what I said in the beginning of this article—that it is the sky that colours the landscape. I noticed a pretty drawing of children by Miss Clare Atwood, full of tenderness and delicacy. Five pounds seems very little for so graceful a fancy. That I should have forgotten to mention Berthe Morisot’s picture, “The Harbour,” is quite a disgrace, and now it is too late to speak of its many beauties. Madame Morisot is in painting what Jane Austen is in literature. The comparison is so happy that I am disposed to overlook my negligence. Above Madame Morisot hangs a charming study of a girl’s head, by Mr. Alexander Roche. G. M.

THE DRAMA.

“CLEVER ALICE.”

TO use a pet phrase of Matthew Arnold’s, there is “too much German paste in the composition” of *Clever Alice*, a comedy which Mr. Brandon Thomas has adapted for the Royalty stage from the original of Herr Adolf Willbrandt. If Mr. Thomas had contented himself with merely translating the piece, and had left its characters in their Teutonic environment, one might have accepted it as a possibly

truthful picture of foreign manners and customs. It is possible that in Germany painters still pose as a class apart, wear long hair, jump through unsuccessful canvases, drink beer at all hours, disguise themselves in fancy dress when one of them has a birthday, and behave themselves generally in the riotous schoolboy fashion of Henri Murger's Bohemians. An English audience would, at any rate, not revolt against this as impossible, for the simple reason that it has no knowledge of the actual facts whereby to check the portrait. But when Mr. Thomas presents us with people of this kind, not as Germans (of whom, like the honest John Bulls that we are, we are ready to believe anything) but as Englishmen, actual denizens of Tite Street and Fulham Vale, contributors to the New English Art Club and *protégés* of the New English Art Criticism, we at once put our fingers to our noses. We all know that our own painters are not like that. We have our own sets of artistic Bohemians, to be sure—Bohemianism, being the expression of a certain temperament, never dies—but they are not that sort of Bohemians. As a matter of fact, eternal as it is in essence, nothing so quickly changes its fashions of outward form as Bohemianism. The Bohemians of Murger (date 1849) are not in the least like their descendants, the Chat-Noirists. Augier's typical Bohemian journalist, Giboyer, has—as Parisian critics have lately been pointing out, on the revival of *Les Effrontés* at the Français—no counterpart among the pressmen of to-day. Thackeray's Bohemians, of the Cider Cellars and the Coal Hole, where are they?

. Où sont-ils, Vierge Souveraine,
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

Our Bohemian painters of to-day are, unless I am much mistaken, only distinguishable from the rest of the world in outward appearance by a "correctness" verging on austerity. Their hair knows the frequent shears of Truefitt, and their coats are the coats of Poole. If you penetrate into their studios, it is by no means likely that you will find them drinking beer out of pewter pots, or playing leap-frog over the tables, or masquerading as monks and matadors. Nor are you likely to run against a "man-in-possession." I do not think you will find them always talking about "living for art," and generally behaving as though the painting of pictures was the sole employment worthy of a human being. Even if our younger painters did these things, I suspect we should not care to see them doing these things on the stage. The affectations of the studio and the literary *cénacle*, the "shop" of painters and writers, their esoteric theories—these things are sometimes (not often) amusing in life; but in fiction they are invariably tiresome. Think of those terribly dull novels, "Manette Salomon" and "Charles Demailly"! And in that department of fiction which is called drama they are altogether out of place, for a theatrical audience is, of course, an audience of "outsiders," understanding little and caring less about the peculiarities of the artistic temperament, and only irritated by studio slang. As for the heroics of the business, the talk of "living for art" and so forth, these can but strike a playhouse audience (which is another name for a collection of Philistines who have not sufficient mental resources to amuse themselves in their own homes) as either silly, or wicked, or both. And silly, in very truth, they not infrequently are.

These are some reasons why, to my mind, the Bohemian artistry of *Clever Alice*, even if it were brought up to date, could never make a good background for a play. And, unfortunately, in Mr. Thomas's piece the background is not redeemed by the foreground. Here we have the story of an artist falling madly in love with a woman of the world, who has been sitting to him for her portrait, inducing her to throw over a plutocrat in favour of himself, and then, in his turn, throwing her over

in favour of the little sister of one of his comrades, who, he thinks, will be a wife "more helpful to him in his art." This precious fellow is allowed to posture in sentimental attitudes and to prate at great length about his aims and aspirations; but I fancy he is likely to strike most of us as a very poor creature. The odds are that he will make anything but a good husband for "clever Alice," a young woman who under the magic influence of love for him is turned from a "grey moth," a dowdy little tomboy with lank hair and goggle-glasses, to a "butterfly," a pretty and smartly-dressed Daughter of Eve—for others of the type, see Nan in *Good for Nothing*, Miss Broughton's *Nancy*, George Sand's *Petite Fadette*, etc. etc. This part is delightfully played by Miss Janet Achurch, and Miss Gertrude Kingston does well as the worldly woman; of the men, Mr. John Carter and Mr. Edmund Maurice have the best chance, and make the most of it.

Two recent books on the theatre may be confidently recommended to those who take an interest in the evolution of French dramatic criticism. One is *A Propos de Théâtre* (Paris: Calmann Lévy), a collection of reprinted articles by the late M. J. J. Weiss, who represents, with great force of character and brilliance of style, the criticism of yesterday, the other is M. René Doumic's *De Scribe à Ibsen* (Paris, Paul Delaplane), a thoughtful exposition of the criticism of to-day or to-morrow. A. B. W.

AN ARABIAN DAY.

ONE of the most affecting points in the famous speech whereby Serjeant Buzfuz gained his laurels in the immortal case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, was the pitiful description of young Bardell's indifference to his usual games. Everyone will remember how Master Bardell's "alley-tors" lay idle, and how the disappointment of his mother was reflected in the silence of her son.

With that all-observant eye of his, Charles Dickens had watched the child-life of the London streets as closely as the stately adult attempts at enjoyment in the Park. But since his time the games of London children have undergone a considerable change. The London child is no longer a mere God-forsaken little waif, but is assiduously shepherded by hundreds of schoolmasters and mistresses, and, for a large part of the day, kept aloof and subdued in those great palaces of brick that rise above the monotony of London houses. He is a much more collective little being than the old gutter-child. He hunts in packs. There is a board-school round the corner of my street, and there are two hours of the day which require no clock to tell me of—twelve and four o'clock.

It is a veritable deluge let loose. You look round for the Pied Piper. Out they come in streams—the little ones toddling home, often helped by the bigger children across the broad crossings; great groups of boys, according to the different sets, separating off for their different games, and viewing shyly and from afar the flights of little girls that walk, not always demurely, out of the other door, and swarm home, gossiping, chattering, and laughing, with true feminine preference for the lighter joys of the mind.

But not the boys. They don't go straight home. Not they! Now is the cream of the day—the top-most point of existence—the short hour which compensates for all the tedium of reading and arithmetic. "What shall we play at? Peg-tops?" "Ain't in," says Tom with a sneer. Tom is a big boy, the Beau Brummel of games, and no one ever thinks of disputing his dicta. When he says that peg-tops "Ain't in," it is final. He probably got the news of this latest turn of fashion from his elder brother, who goes to a secondary school, and knows all about these things. At any rate, none of us venture to differ. We are all rather small, and that stands in the way of free discussion at schools,

Apr
"Let's
little
develo
genera
game
middle
some s
admitt
brothe
they
amuse
There
idea o
and h
show
street.
So
wild
behind
with
and th
work,
bustle
back t
carrie
are th
"nou
eye, c
appoi
floor
used
offend
Bu
more,
has p
man!
short
But o
off fr
street
"I sa
Like
tinct
worse
Boar
with
frequ
amus
bolde
bouri
brick
sudd
lives
gener
throw
we s
ing f
T
Lond
"pris
not
schoo
to de
And
fectl
mark
part
cour
Say
butt
plain
into
butt
butt
bron
flat
finan
exch
tire
serv
care
C

"Let's 'ave 'cross the street," suddenly squeaks little Bill, a suggestive little chap with largely developed brain, who is great at initiating, but is generally found afterwards to have suggested a game which enables him to sneak home in the middle. "What is 'cross the street?" chimes in some small boy, new to that standard, and only just admitted into that set because he has an elder brother in it. "Don't know 'cross the street?" they all say, and look at him with contemptuous amusement. But his ignorance settles the matter. There is nothing which tempts boys so much as the idea of playing the slightly superior on another boy, and here is a chance. It would be a splendid idea to show this little "nipper" how to play "cross the street."

So off they go, making rushes round corners and wild leaps across narrow thoroughfares, dodging behind carts and vans and scudding down by-streets with "him" in close pursuit. Soon the game lags, and the lads, flushed and exhausted by the morning's work, go home to be scolded by "mother," and to bustle through a belated dinner just in time to slip back to school as the bell is stopping. Of the games carried on within school who shall speak? These are the *arcana Minervæ*. Else could we tell of "noughts and crosses" played under "teacher's" eye, of marbles that roll in appointed grooves to appointed ends, of shot that pitter-patter on the floor at the wrong minute, and of knives that are used alternately as tools to hew and as weapons to offend.

But at four o'clock the books are put away once more, and out we go. Some good school manager has provided us with a football, in the hope—poor man!—that it will keep us off the street, and for a short time we listlessly kick it about the playground. But our hearts are elsewhere: we are as Arabs shut off from the freedom of the desert; we pine for the streets. At last Tom articulates the general wish: "I say, boys, what say about visiting them Bakers?" Like most of Tom's utterances, this contains a distinct incentive to treason-felony, if not something worse. By "them Bakers" he means a neighbouring Board School, whom we are accustomed to regard with the greatest contempt, and to whom we pay frequent, but by no means friendly, visits. The amusement of these visits consists in braving the boldest boys of the school to come out into a neighbouring street and "have it out" with stones and brickbats. How it is that we and they escape sudden death, I know not; but a boy has as many lives as a cat, and what is more to the point, he is generally an execrable shot. And so we throw and throw for an hour, and then, as darkness comes on, we slink back to our homes, and get another scolding for our dirty hands.

These are but a few of the diversions of the London boy. The good old games of "I spy," "prisoners' base," and "French and English" are not yet dead, but are played with zeal at the schools which are less keen upon being quite "up to date" than that reigned over by Master Thomas. And then there are the inevitable collection of perfectly useless and often obstructive articles—like marbles, buttons, stamps, string, etc.—which forms part and parcel of every boy's life. One of these, of course, takes position as a basis of monetary value. Say it is buttons. "Bless the boy! he never has a button to his clothes! I sew and sew—" so complains his mother. But if you will look carefully into the inner room, you will see a drawer full of buttons, both small and large—buttons of bone and buttons of wood, buttons of steel and buttons of bronze, trouser-buttons and jacket-buttons, buttons flat and buttons round. All these have their proper financial value, and are a recognised medium of exchange with other boys. One day he will suddenly tire of all this, and the buttons will return to the service of mankind; but meanwhile they are as carefully tended as any Egyptian cats.

On the whole, it is a good outlook. The London

child has far more to occupy his mind, and is far more exposed to civilising and sociable influences than he was twenty years ago. The streets still play far too large a part in his life; there is still too great a scarcity of playground games within the school itself, and too much passion for seeking adventure afar. The streets are a bad training-ground. There is the temptation to prig apples off stalls, or drop squibs in letter-boxes, the fascination of putting stones in blind men's cups (a strictly scientific test), the evil and dangerous excitement of defying the ministers of the law, who sometimes take boys' offences too seriously, and bring lifelong disgrace for a trivial freak. The good school manager, therefore, will make his school as attractive as possible, and will do his best to encourage the athletic spirit. The children of the English poor are just as capable of zeal for athletics as the children of the rich. But they require leadership; they want to be taught the games that have been bred into the very life of the richer classes. Once taught they take to them with unabating zeal. Witness the innumerable cricket pitches during the summer in Victoria Park, and the endless vistas of goals on Wanstead Flats in the winter.

And, then, when they go from school! Ah! That is the pinch. At fourteen the London poor boy goes into life as fully as the richer-born boy goes into life at twenty-four. From that time forward, he has no more time for exercise than a busy City man. Think what that means, and you will be less proud of your 'Varsity-bred muscle and sinew.

THE AUSTRALASIAN PARLIAMENTS.

MELBOURNE, February 14th.

COLONIAL politics continue in a confused condition—that is, everywhere except in New Zealand, where a normal state of things, a Ministry with a majority, a policy, and a party, appears remarkable by its contrast to the complications of the neighbouring Continental Parliaments. There, and there alone, a Liberal Government, which, indeed, may be fairly termed Radical, is restoring economy in the public service while prosperity reigns over the local exchequer. In Australia, on the other hand, colourless Cabinets, all of them more or less under Conservative control, are struggling feebly with their deficits, and clinging to office with all the manifold inconsistencies which attend upon expediency. Floods in the north and bush-fires in the south are marking the height of summer, but north and south alike the legislatures appear smitten with something like political paralysis.

In Queensland Sir Samuel Griffith closes his long and successful career by accepting the post of Chief Justice. He has broken with the bulk of the Liberal party, which he once led to victory against his present Conservative allies, and hence, in spite of his high character and great abilities, his retirement, for a time, at all events, has become inevitable. That somewhat rash Republican, Sir Charles Lilly, who resigns the Chief Justiceship, will probably re-enter politics, lead the Labour section to a certainty, and soon reorganise the Liberal forces. Meanwhile, the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Nelson, steps into the retiring Premier's shoes and policy, adopting and being adopted by his old colleagues as their new chief; his coadjutor in opposition and head of the Ministry which the present team displaced two years ago, Mr. Morehead, has just acted with Sir Samuel Griffith as his colleague at the Federal Council.

In New South Wales a chance majority of three votes has retained Sir George Dibbs in office, rejecting Sir Henry Parkes, who has made one more grasp at power, while repeating, for the twentieth time, his declaration of an intention to retire finally from the arena.

In Victoria exactly the same number of equally

uncertain votes have unseated Mr. Shiels and Sir Graham Berry, replacing them by Mr. Patterson and Sir Bryan O'Loughlen, who, colleagues twelve years ago, have been since then in active hostility to each other. They now take up the reins with the assistance of two or three of their most bellicose antagonists who ejected them from power when they were previously allied.

South Australia and Tasmania are ruled by emergency Cabinets, which may be capsized at any moment by a breath of public opinion. The former colony remained unrepresented at the Federal Council, which has just closed its few days' sitting in Hobart, because the Legislative Council wished to insist that one of its members should be chosen with one from the Assembly to attend for the colony. As a consequence, the representatives of Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, and Western Australia, who put in the appearance necessary to preserve the existence of the Council, adjourned after a few days of languid and almost fruitless debate. The forward policy advocated by its founder, Mr. Service, and supported by Mr. Morehead, as essential to its success, has been unfortunately retarded by Sir Samuel Griffith, whose policy has been for some time one of subordination to New South Wales. If the number of members be increased, as is now again proposed, the South Australian difficulty will be removed, and the adhesion of that colony will result either in the creation of a Federal Parliament or the elevation of the Council itself to an authority and influence commensurate with its title.

The political change in Victoria is not without its intercolonial importance, since it substitutes a Ministry with Federal leanings for one which has increased the border tariff generally, and in particular the obnoxious and vexatious duty upon live stock. The misfortune is that it replaces a Cabinet which, since the exclusion of Sir Graham Berry, has been almost Radical in its prevailing tone by another in which the Conservative element predominates, yet party lines have been so obliterated that the transference of power was achieved by the aid of a number of pronounced Liberals. Mr. Munro, who led the attack upon the Gillies Coalition, missed a golden opportunity of forming an Administration from the Liberal majority in the last house. He handed one half the offices in his gift to their opponents. Upon his sudden retirement from his mixed associates, Mr. Shiels, who would otherwise have had no such opportunity, seized the position, and abandoning his connection with the Conservative party issued a Liberal programme which was endorsed in an indefinite way by the country. But he inherited the feebleness of his predecessor in dealing with the finances, neutralised the great abilities of Sir Graham Berry, and failed to command confidence in the Assembly. In spite, therefore, of his ability and eloquence, his failure as a leader was complete and signal. When he sought to retreat from his post with the honours of war, on the score of failing health, leaving the reorganisation of the Government to Sir Graham Berry, even that solace was refused him by the House elected under his auspices and in which he had at first enjoyed a large majority. He was ejected from office after a debate lasting only a single night. He would have been defeated weeks before but that the Ministerial dissentients would not follow Mr. Gillies, the leader of the Opposition, because of his Conservatism, while Mr. Deakin, whom they would have welcomed, declined to form a Coalition Government. It was under these circumstances that Mr. Patterson, a former member of the Gillies-Deakin Government, whose politics are of the Liberal-Conservative order, was chosen to lead the combined forces to victory. Within a week of his selection he had overthrown Mr. Shiels and formed his Cabinet, every member of which except himself was returned upon accepting office without a contest. The new Premier owed his struggle to the pronounced antagonism which he has displayed in recent years

towards the Labour section, having its headquarters at the Melbourne Trades Hall, whence the great strikes of the past have been mainly directed. In 1878 he was one of the most Radical members of a Government which secured their warmest support, but after its defeat gradually drifted into an antagonism which has been more aggressive and censorious on his part than was either diplomatic or just. Equally hot-headed and more inconsiderate in their tactics, the Trades Hall determined to oppose him, finding its champion in Mr. Longmore, a former colleague of Mr. Patterson's, who has remained for some years out of Parliament. The most influential Labour Members canvassed the Castlemaine electorate and addressed the constituency on his behalf, with the result that the Premier's majority of 130 a year since was increased to upwards of 800, his opponent not polling half as many votes. This crushing defeat of Mr. Longmore's is due, of course, in part to the fact that it is considered unfair, as well as unwise, to oppose a Premier when taking office during the currency of Parliament, save under exceptional circumstances. But the chief and most important lesson was one as familiar in Great Britain as in the Colonies, which is that it is hopeless for the Labour electors or representatives to seek to force their nominees and platforms despotically upon the Liberal party. To that party they belong by every tie of gratitude and interest; they are not and cannot be strong enough to stand by themselves; and though in this case there are circumstances palliating their fault, the great body of their sympathisers in the Liberal ranks resented the attempted dictation and overwhelmed them at every polling-booth.

After the new Premier, who is a man of energy and dash, the leader of the Orangemen in the House, and Unionist in politics, the next most important figure in the Cabinet is that of Sir Bryan O'Loughlen, the leader of the Catholic party, a strong Home Ruler and an ardent Liberal in sympathy with the Labour section and the Radical wing generally. He is a barrister and is extremely popular. Mr. Carter, the treasurer, who holds the most important portfolio, is a wine and spirit merchant of means, Alderman, and ex-Mayor of Melbourne, and chairman of the local branch of the Imperial Federation League. His first financial operation, that of floating a local loan of £750,000 at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., has been triumphantly accomplished. Taken altogether, the Cabinet consists of practical business men, most of them able to speak with effect and with experience enough to administer sensibly. They have a hard task before them in the way of retrenchment and new taxation, though the vacillation and flaccidity of their predecessors offer them an excellent background for the exhibition of virile qualities.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"AN UN-BRITISH TEMPER."

SIR,—Your wise and seasonable article in reference to the above in the last issue of THE SPEAKER must have awakened many a fear and misgiving in regard to the future in the minds of those who sincerely sympathise—and very naturally so—with the aspirations of those righteously seeking to emancipate Labour. At the present time we are hearing a great deal about the "independence" of Labour parties, the necessity for such, and the benefits that will assuredly accrue from them. But it is certainly questionable whether the methods adopted towards their attainment are the best calculated to promote their interests or that of the country in general; for is it not fast becoming an indisputable fact that the independence which they seem so anxious to preserve to themselves they cannot for one moment, apparently, permit on the part of others? Now, sir, I am no opponent of labour, nor have I ever been, rather rejoicing in the fact of being a humble unit among the many millions which are represented under that name; and as one who is longing to see the day when their forces will be triumphant and reigning supreme in the Council Chamber of the nation, I do hope and trust that we may be saved from that unholy phase of it—too much in evidence already—which seems to have no respect, much less admiration, for the achievements of the past, or any consideration or tolerance of those who would still further

arters
great
d. In
s of a
pport,
to an
e and
omatic
derate
ppose
ormer
rsome
labour
e and
with
a year
onent
defeat
to the
nwise,
ng the
al cir-
ortant
in the
labour
their
liberal
tie of
not be
ough
their
n the
n and
energy
House,
figure
n, the
Ruler
labour
is a
r, the
lio, is
n, and
local
s first
an of
antly
con-
ble to
gh to
before
ation,
prede-
or the

extend our liberties in the future, unless their own particular whims and fancies are made paramount at every point and turn of action. I, for one, would gladly see the legislative pace considerably accelerated, and in this desire I yield to no man; but to rail at the present Government—undoubtedly the most Radical and Socialistic that has ever had a lease of life at St. Stephen's, who are pledged up to the hilt to a democratic programme the like of which has never before been conceived—seems to me to be little short of criminal madness, marking out the men who, under the guise of immediately ameliorating the condition of the labouring classes, are the instruments at the same time working most effectively in the direction of choking and delaying for an indefinite period those means without which their lot cannot be permanently improved or definitely sustained. Mr. John Burns seems to be the only man combining the necessary cool tact and sound judgment, essentials of statesmanship, and qualifications befitting one for the leadership of those men whose numbers, I hope, we all wish to see largely augmented in the House of Commons; and it is more particularly on this account that I was especially grieved to read that he—doubtless in a moment of weakness—gave utterance to the words of which you complain, the like of which we have now become accustomed to expect occasionally from the lips of some of the lesser representative men of the Labour movement, who are more conspicuous for inability to control their tempers than for any of the intellectual grit requisite to the best and truest fulfilment of the responsibilities of statesmanship. Would it not be far more politic if these gentlemen, instead of roundly abusing the composition of the present House of Commons, were to seek every means of educating the people up to a wiser and better selection? After all, it is not so much the constitution of the Legislature that is at fault, as it is that of the people who were so politically short-sighted and infatuated as to believe that their own interests cannot be as well promoted by a member of the ranks to which they themselves belong, owing to the poverty of his personal circumstances. When in an enlightened working-class constituency like Battersea we find people—as was the case during the General Election—bemoaning the fact that Mr. Burns could not do them yeoman service because of the absence of this lubricating influence from his personal position, what shall we estimate the depression of spirits at in large county and agricultural constituencies, where the rule of the lord, parson, and squire is still supreme, though perhaps in a modified form, and which can only be kept absolute by this fact? I verily believe that were half the nonentities composing the present House to be divested of their affluence, and the influence it has engendered in the places they represent destroyed, they would very soon have to say good-bye to that spot where they have proved of far more ornament than use. On the other hand, to suppose that a man who, it may be, has been extremely successful in business, and, consequently, become possessed of means and the blessings that as a rule follow in its train, cannot possibly have an adequate, equal interest in the freeing and social upraising of the poor down-trodden worker with the man whose circumstances are exactly of a reverse description, is to admit that the dawn of material prosperity is the beginning of moral ruin—a proposition, taken in a general sense, so ridiculously untrue that were it otherwise it would form the strongest possible argument against the advancement of Labour representation viewed from a logical and Christian standpoint.

JAMES C. JARDINE.

Battersea, S.W., April 12th, 1893.

THE PAYMENT OF M.P.'S.

SIR,—It has been instructive to wait wonderingly for an article or speech indicating historical research on this question. One reason why we have had to wait patiently and long is not far to seek.

Radicals are not always careful to quote precedents; and Conservatives know better than to refer to old-established custom in this particular. But at last an article has appeared; and the concluding paper of the *Contemporary's* trilogy on the payment of M.P.'s is to be commended to Radicals and Conservatives alike. It has, too, the advantage of striking brevity.

There is no doubt that "Members' wages" were the regular custom for two or three centuries; and that the candidates bribed the constituencies to elect them when they offered, as Mr. Elliston says, to sit in Parliament unpaid. For the payment was made from local taxation, not imperial.

The weight of Hallam may be added to what is stated in Mr. Elliston's article:—

"The latest entries of writs for expenses in the close rolls are of 2 Hen. V.; but they may be proved to have been issued much longer, and Prynne traces them to the end of Henry VIII.'s reign, p. 495. Without the formality of this writ, a very few instances of towns remunerating their burgesses for attendance in Parliament are known to have occurred in later times. Andrew Marvel is commonly said to have been the last who received this honourable salary. A modern book asserts that wages were paid in some Cornish boroughs as late as the eighteenth century—Lyon's 'Cornwall,' preface, p. xxxii.—but the passage quoted in proof of this is not precise enough to support so unlikely a fact."—(Middle Ages.)

It would be of interest to hear if more recent research has

proved or disproved the statement about Cornish boroughs.—I am, yours sincerely,
ARTHUR ROWNTREE.
18, Bootham Crescent, York, April 6th.

NEED IRELAND BE BANKRUPT?

SIR,—On St. Patrick's night at Newcastle Town Hall I put this question to Mr. Dillon, and took the liberty of answering it myself. Mr. Chamberlain, the Marquis of Lorne, and several others are now prophesying that, under Home Rule, capitalists will pack up their money-bags, don wings, and flee from Ireland. Is the wish mother to the thought? The gratification thereof can, at worst, be easily stopped. Look at Ireland's map. Mountains in every province, plenty of rapid rivers and sea currents, like the Bull's Mouth (Achill), on two sides thereof! Well, that means electrical power in the Home Rule future. The water won't evaporate, the sea currents cease to flow at six, not eight, hours per stage; nor will the Atlantic fish, at Mr. Chamberlain's bidding, wag their tails and swim off to the North Pole. Ulster will still grow flax, Cork girls make butter, Kerry cows house themselves during winter, or, most of it, in the open air, and the pigs will not begin to fly. Belgium works its railways for the profit and convenience of the whole community. Cannot Ireland do the same? Would the iron rails prefer rather to export themselves to Birmingham and become screws? Mr. Guinness, when he had no title, but plenty of double X money, could easily afford to pay Mr. Balfour £1,000 a year for Stratheconan deer—where once Claymore Highlanders abounded—but is there not such a thing as the Gothenburg system, and why should not Ireland brew for its own advantage its "peck of malt?" Come now, prophets of ill-omen, need Ireland be bankrupt?—Yours truly,

H. M. KENNEDY.

March 27th, 1893.

Vicar of Plumpton, Cumberland.

EDUCATION INSPECTORS.

SIR,—Your paragraph referring to the Conference of the National Union of Teachers and the position taken up by it on the Inspectorate, though generally sympathetic, shows that the reason for the demand is not quite clearly understood by non-professional folk.

There is, at this time of day, little to gain by reopening old sores, but it is important to bear in mind that in at least two appointments within a comparatively short period of time the Lord President for the time being did not show that he recognised that "there can be little doubt that an Inspector ought to know something, before he is appointed, of the practical working of elementary schools." It seems to me that the argument for the position taken up by the Conference is a sound one, so long as an Inspector has to report separately on teachers and scholars.

There is a certain incongruity and injustice in the possibility that persons certified, after long experience, training, and probation by the Education Department to be efficient, can be professionally ruined by an official possessing little more than paper qualifications.

Further, recent changes in the code make it more and more specifically the work of the Inspector to report, not only on the skill of the teacher, as shown on the actual lessons given before the Inspector, but on the success during the year in drawing up the children to the ideal of the teacher.

Surely this postulates the possession of power on the part of the Inspector, not only to recognise weakness, but to prescribe for the same.

The surgeon of the Lowe code is no longer needed, if ever; the true physician is a continuous necessity.

So far as I know, there is no general desire to stereotype the preliminary training of an Inspector, but there is a distinct demand that every candidate for an Inspectorship should show, before definite appointment, that he or she possesses the necessary practical skill to examine, inspect, and advise.—Yours faithfully,
JOHN C. HOROBIN.

Homerton College, April 11, 1893.

MY IDEAL.

WHEN I met with you first in the olden days,
While life was beginning and love was new,
All the charms and the virtues most meet for praise
Seemed packed in one parcel and labelled, "You";
So your word was my guide, and your face my chart:
You were then my Ideal, Sweetheart, Sweetheart!

When I learned that your ways were unlike to mine,
That my thoughts and your thoughts were ne'er the same,
There were rifts in the lute; but I can't divine
If either or both of us called for blame;
Yet my love for you turned to a cruel smart:
You were not my Ideal, Sweetheart, Sweetheart!

When you went to the land where the angels dwell,
And left me to linger beneath the sun,
I forgot all your faults, but remembered well
How dear you had been ere your day was done.
Of a truth it was best we were doomed to part:
You are still my Ideal, Sweetheart, Sweetheart!

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

MR. STEVENSON'S LATEST.

A SWORN admirer of Mr. Stevenson may perhaps be allowed to regret that author's readiness to take his titles at secondhand. To the list of his works, which already included "Underwoods" and "New Arabian Nights," he has now added "Island Nights' Entertainments," and of the three stories in this book one borrows its name from a drama "once rendered popular by the redoubtable O. Smith." This seems the greater pity, because, when Mr. Stevenson chooses, no man can beat him at inventing a title at once simple and effective. "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Prince Otto," "The Pavilion on the Links," "The Merry Men," "The Isle of Voices"—these could hardly be bettered; each is scented with romance, and each fits its subject like a glove. To be sure the title of the "New Arabian Nights" conveys the author's intention, and might have stood very well by itself; but it weakens its successor, the "Island Nights' Entertainments," for a reason I will explain.

The "New Arabian Nights" were in many respects a parody of the Eastern book. They have, if we make a few necessary allowances for the difference between East and West, the same, or very near the same, atmosphere of gallant, extravagant, intoxicated romance. The characters have the same adventurous irresponsibility, and exhibit the same irrelevancies and futilities. The Young Man with the Cream Cakes might well have sprung from the same brain as the facetious Barmecide, and young Scrymgeour sits helpless before his destiny as sat that other young man while the Barber, malign and inexorable, sang the song and danced the dance of Zantout. Indeed Destiny in these books resembles nothing so much as a Barber with forefinger and thumb nipping his victims by the nose. It is as omnipotent, as irrational, as humorous and almost as cruel in the imitation as in the original. Of course I am not comparing them in anything but their general presentment of life, or holding up "The Rajah's Diamond" and trying to make it stand as a good tale beside "Aladdin." I am merely pointing out that life is presented to us, in Galland and in Mr. Stevenson's first book of tales, under very similar conditions—the chief difference being that Mr. Stevenson had to abate something of the supernatural, or to handle it less frankly.

But several years divide these "New Arabian Nights" from the "Island Nights' Entertainments;" and in the interval our author has written "The Master of Ballantrae," and his open letter on Father Damien. This is to say that he has grown as an artist, and grown even more in his understanding of the human creature and serious speculation on this creature's duties and destinies. He has travelled far, on shipboard and in emigrant trains; has passed through much sickness; has acquired property and responsibility; has mixed in public affairs; has written "A Footnote to History," and sundry letters to the *Times*; and even, as his latest letter shows, stands in some danger of imprisonment. Therefore, while the title of his new volume would seem to refer us once more to the old Arabian models, we are not surprised to find this apparent design belied by the contents. The third story, indeed, "The Isle of Voices," has affinity with some of the Arabian tales—with Sindbad's adventures, for instance. But in the longer "Beach of Falesá" and

"The Bottle Imp" we are dealing with no debauch of fancy, but with the problems of real life.

For what is the knot untied in the "Beach of Falesá?" If I mistake not, our interest centres neither in Case's dirty trick of the marriage, nor in his more stiff-jointed trick of the devil-contraptions. The first but helps to construct the problem, the second seems a superfluity. The problem is (and the author puts it before us fair and square), How is Wiltshire, a fairly loose moralist with some generosity of heart, going to treat the girl he has wronged? And I am bound to say that as soon as Wiltshire answers that question before the missionary—an excellent scene and most dramatically managed—my interest in the story, which is but half-told at this point, lags wofully. As I said, the "devil-work" chapter strikes me as stiff, and the conclusion but rough-and-tumble. And I feel certain that the story itself is to blame, and neither the scenery nor the persons, being one of those who had as lief Mr. Stevenson spake of the South Seas as of the Hebrides, so that he speak and I listen. Let it be granted that the Polynesian names are a trifle hard to distinguish at first—yet they are easier than Russian by many degrees—and the difficulty vanishes entirely as you read the "Song of Rahéro," or the "Footnote to History." And if it comes to habits, customs, scenery, etc., I protest a man must be exacting who can find no romance in these after reading "Typee." No, the story itself is to blame.

But what is the human problem in the "Bottle Imp"? (Imagine Scheherazadé with a human problem!) Nothing less, if you please, than the problem of Alcestis—nothing less, and even something more; for in this case when the wife has made her great sacrifice of self, it is no fortuitous god, but her own husband who wins her release, and at a price no less fearful than she herself had paid. Keawe being in possession of a bottle which must infallibly bring him to hell-flames unless he can dispose of it at a certain price, Kokua, his wife, by a stratagem purchases the bottle from him, and stands committed to the doom he has escaped. She does her best to hide this from Keawe, but he by accident discovering the truth, by another stratagem wins back the curse upon his own head, and is only rescued by a pretty artifice of the story-teller.

Two or three reviewers have already given utterance upon this volume; and they seem strangely unable to determine which is the best of its three tales. I vote for "The Bottle Imp" without a second's doubt; and, if asked my reasons, must answer (1), that it deals with a high and universal problem, whereas in "The Isle of Voices" there is no problem at all, and in the "Beach of Falesá" the problem is less momentous and perhaps (though of this I won't be sure) more closely restricted by the accidents of circumstance and individual character; (2) as I have hinted, the "Beach of Falesá" has faults of construction, one of which is serious, if not vital, while "The Isle of Voices," though beautifully composed, is tied down by the triviality of its subject. But "The Bottle Imp" is perfectly constructed as well as admirably written: the last page ends the tale, and the tale is told with a light grace, sportive within restraint, that takes nothing from the seriousness of the subject. Some may think this extravagant praise for a little story which, after all (they will say), is flimsy as a soap bubble. But let them sit down and tick off on their fingers the names of living authors who could have written it, and it may begin to dawn on them that a story has other dimensions than length and thickness.

Mr. Barrie, in the little book of portraits which he called "An Edinburgh Eleven," and published in 1889, has a remark upon Mr. Stevenson which was perfectly just at the time. "The keynote of all Mr. Stevenson's writings," he said, "is his indifference, so far as his books are concerned, to the affairs of life and death on which other minds are chiefly set.

Whether a man has an immortal soul interests him as an artist not a whit: what is to come of man troubles him as little as where man came from. He is a warm, genial writer, yet this is so strange as to seem inhuman. His philosophy is that we are light-hearted birds. . . ."

All very true at the time, but (as I think Mr. Barrie will be quick to admit) not quite so true to-day, and hardly likely to be true at all in a year or two. For the "Master of Ballantrae" has been published since, and "Across the Plains," and with these two books it is no longer child's-play.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

TWO MYSTICS ON BLAKE.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited by Edwin John Ellis and William Butler Yeats. Three vols. London: Quaritch.

THOUGH they threaten us with a Blake Society, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Yeats have probably said, in this very handsome supplement to Gilchrist's "Life," the last word of importance there is to be said about Blake. They have declared that the Symbolist in him is to take rank over the Poet, the Artist, and the Man, if we are to understand him. And, to do them justice, it must be admitted that as a result of their labours one gets a clearer insight into Blake's strengths and weaknesses than through the work of his previous editors. The service of their commentary, stated favourably, is that it supplies the key, hitherto missing, to Blake's habitual state of mind; or, to put it another way, it may be said that while Gilchrist gives us the best half of Blake's work his present editors make clear why the other half is so immeasurably inferior—a thing which has only been partly explained by other writers. And this full explanation practically does away with any further controversies as to Blake's madness. Messrs. Ellis and Yeats have shown (though they do not put it that way) that Blake was a monomaniac as well as a genius, that he was a kind of Octopus-Mystic, and swept everything within his reach into building-material for his Great Myth. In short, Messrs. Ellis and Yeats as ardent disciples of the Great Mystics, and as minor magicians themselves, have attacked Blake on his mystical side, a feat which the ordinary critic is not competent to perform. And thus they lead their reader on and on into the heart of a thick mist where one speedily understands, most fully, how it is that Blake sported so many years with Palambron and Rintrah, and Golgonooza and Schofield, and their like. For by the time the reader gets back to daylight he has no reason to doubt that the few fine and precious things Blake left behind him were composed while the great mystic was on an accidental excursion from the Land of Symbolism into the Land of Art. "Job," "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "The Songs of Innocence and Experience," were the product of what the vulgar would call his lucid intervals—e.g., when he dealt more directly with life, and less directly with his world of metaphysical abstractions than was his wont.

This much said, it must be stated that this new interpretation of Blake cannot be accounted critical in any sense of the word. It is a subjective defence of Blake's wanderings in literary space. To qualify as a mystic is not a good preparation for the exercise of the critical faculties. We cannot, indeed, expect the editors to be other than partisans, and to tell the truth, they stoutly uphold their creed in all its most fearsome branches. Their staunchness to their principles does their conscience rather more credit than their heads, shall we say? They follow Blake through the most frightful literary quagmires, through the most intricate verbal paths to the goal of mysticism if not of meaning; they are always plucking him from the mazes of involution,

tidying his expressions, and starting off fresh; they ponder, they descant, they do everything, in short, but laugh outright. And they remain mystical to the end. They settle the hash of the awful three-fold allegories of "The Head," "The Heart," "The Loins," by means of a "Chart of the Symbolic Use of the Tryad in the Structure of the Poems," which is indeed ingeniously and wonderfully made; they devote pages and pages to the terrible Zoas, which are Blake's most deadly *oubliettes* for the disciple, and at sight of which reason itself turns pale, and imagination bursts out a-weeping. And engaged in this *combat à l'outrance* with the Critic, the two editors do not hesitate to do a little proselytising on the quiet—as

"The chart . . . has no claim to be considered complete. Blake had dealings, he tells us, with thousands of symbolic beings, while we have full record of only a few of the more important, with stray mention of others. A complete chart would probably take the form of an unbroken web of states and spaces extending from God to man. Nor can the arrangement and classification adopted be described as that which was present in the mind of Blake. It is part of the true classification, but the true classification, if we could but find it, is probably much more complex—resembling, perhaps, the enormously intricate cosmogony of the Kabala, with its numberless spirits and worlds—its 'true' and 'false seas,' its 'earth' and 'palaces,' the countless abodes of the Kippoth." (Page 279, Vol. I.)

The editors' labours, one is told, have lasted for four years, but whether the reader will be qualified to enjoy "The Prophetic Books," even after four years' study of Mr. Quaritch's edition, is a little doubtful. We cite another passage:—

"Golgonooza and the Lake of Fire are the personal and impersonal aspects of the world to come. Golgonooza is situated on the point where the translucent becomes the opaque, and is enclosed with the egg of Los, sometimes called the mundane egg, and again the halls of Los. The egg has one apex at the nadir, and the other at the zenith, and is drawn in Blake's one diagram ('Milton,' page 32). It is the microcosmic aspect of that 'circle pass not' so much talked of in Theosophical mysticism, and is identical with the egg of Bramah. Students of the occult philosophy of the Twatkas will recognise in it a certain symbol associated with Akasa. It is also closely related to the 'sphere' of Swedenborg, and is the form of that many-coloured light which innumerable visionaries have seen encircling the bodies of men. Blake described it as created by Los to make men 'live within their own energy,' otherwise they would fall into the *non-ens*."

So far so good, but it seems to us, if we may be pardoned the remark, that Messrs. Yeats and Ellis have for four years been living *without* their non-energy and "have fallen into the 'non-ens' with an extra 's'". Anyway, we are not surprised to learn that "the fellow-labourers have not worked hand in hand, but rather have been like sportsmen who pursue the game on different tracks and in the evening divide their spoils." We do not assert that they *could* have differed in their interpretation of such little points as "the difference between the good and evil hermaphroditic symbol is precisely the same as that between the two aspects of the Covering Cherub itself," but we would suggest that it would be a symbolic gain if they *had* differed. For the plain truth about symbolism is that it is a game like nothing so much as the Caucus race in "Alice in Wonderland," where everybody began where they liked and left off where they liked. Of course, there are "correspondences" when the mystics meet and compare notes, but given a certain number of poetic entities such as "eggs" and "wombs," and "lights of mind-emotions" and "serpents," and as many abstract terms as the memory will hold, it is hard lines if the universe cannot be explained in abstruse language with metaphors borrowed from vulgar life. Thus: "The plough he drives through the opaque is, among other things, a scheme of conduct"; page 280, Vol. I., may be taken as another illustration of these metaphors.

To come to closer quarters with Messrs. Ellis and Yeats, what we complain of in their treatment of Blake is that they skilfully avoid examining the most important question—whether Blake's artistic

and poetic faculty was not swallowed up and ruined in his evolution of the Great Myth. They imply the contrary, of course, in such words as "*great artist visionary . . . the one great poet of mysticism occupies a place to which no modern writer has even attempted to climb*," and naturally as mystics they would have the world believe that Blake's poetry reached its highest point in expounding mysticism, and not, as is evident, that his imaginative genius finds its fittest expression when he is most human, and its least fitting expression when he is most abstract. It is noteworthy that on his best short poems the editors have practically nothing to say. But when they come to the Prophetic Books they are very busy in resolving the childish absurdities which Blake threw in wholesale, into their proper mystical meaning. We do not wish to deny the two editors the praise due to them; they have undoubtedly rendered much of hitherto obscure poetry intelligible, and they have demonstrated that Blake's tedious allegories are often based fundamentally on deep conceptions; but they shirk discussing the genesis of certain Blakeian ideas for the very good reason that by doing so they would infallibly destroy the sanctity of the Great Myth. The obvious truth is that Blake jerry-built his Great Myth out of much shoddy, as well as out of much sound material. Even when a flea bit him he could not rest till he had worked the flea into an abstract idea of flea-y-ness, or one of the darkneses-in-light; and we have no doubt that his landlady and the lodger on the first-floor back in Rathbone Place will be identified and dug out of the Prophetic Books, when Messrs. Ellis and Yeats spend another year on the subject. This may be good mysticism, but it is not good art, and indeed in the section devoted to Blake's art the editors are practically driven to throw away their pose of mysticism, and to confess that Blake crippled his art by refusing to use models, for fear they should "infect his imagination." Blake's mysticism, in short, almost cut the throat of his art, but fortunately the wound was only serious, not fatal.

Turning to the new matter in the three volumes, we have to thank the editors for giving us "The MS. Book," of which all students of Blake have heard, and for printing for the first time "Vala," a long and gorgeous epic, that hitherto has lain in MS. "The MS. Book" is curious, but it has little literary value. "Vala," on the other hand, is of the greatest importance. It contains, perhaps, the finest pieces of imaginative descriptive writing to be found in the whole of Blake, and passages of a savage power that might almost be taken as the barbaric exultation of an ancient Irish bard over the ravaged lands of the foe. For the sake of acquiring "Vala" the reader will do well to acquire a copy of Mr. Quaritch's edition. We have not left ourselves space to adequately discuss several other features of interest in the new edition of Blake's works before us—a proof, if any other were needed, of how much time may be wasted over symbolism. The most interesting thing brought out in the memoir is that Blake was of Irish family, and his real name was O'Neil. The fact is vouched for, but rather curiously the source of information is not given. Certainly "Vala" is Celtic enough, and the thought flashes across one—if only Blake had remained a Celt, and his imagination had been fired by the Ossianic period, what a national epic Ireland might have had! Assuredly Swedenborg would not have been translated into the Gaelic tongue. But it was not to be. The memoir, on the whole, is a good piece of writing, but it contains some passages of very bad taste. On page 14, for example, a most gratuitous insult is offered to the memory of Blake's wife; the whole idea of the passage in question is so impertinent that we will charitably assume that one of the editors was "in a mystical trance" when he wrote it, and that the other was in a mystical sleep when he read it over. To continue, the very full account of "The MS. Book" given by the editors

is all the more praiseworthy of them, as its contents indisputably bear out the general opinion on the rag-bag origin of Blake's Great Myth. Further, even the most hardened sceptic will give special praise to the very clever chapter on "The Necessity of Symbolism," which is the finest piece of special pleading in the book. Finally, it must be said that the portraits of Blake are most admirably engraved, and that the printing, the reproductions, and the get-up of the volume, could not be better.

ORIENTALISM FOR THE GENERAL READER.

SKETCHES FROM EASTERN HISTORY. By Theodor Nöldeke, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Strassburg. Translated by John Sutherland Black, M.A., and revised by the author. London: A. & C. Black.

WE wonder whether anyone will ever succeed in making the history of the Caliphate—or, indeed, Mohammedan history of any kind—interesting to ordinary modern readers? Ockley's "History of the Saracens" was certainly a well-read book in its time, but Ockley's successors have not been equally fortunate in securing an audience. In England Sir William Muir has put on the mantle of the reverend vicar of Swavesey and chaplain to the Right Honourable Robert Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, but we have yet to learn that Sir William's excellent, if *borné*, "Life of Mahomet" and "Annals of the Caliphate" have taken their place on the shelf beside Macaulay and Gibbon, or even the more exigent Gardiner and Stubbs. In France MM. Barthélemy de St. Hilaire and Sédillot did their best to bring Mohammedanism and its history home to their readers in a purely popular form, but their success was limited. Germany used to be the home of Oriental studies till the modern military régime converted professors into Uhlans; but even there we do not notice that the publishers are much inconvenienced by a rush for new editions of Mohammedan histories. The Austrian Baron Alfred von Kremer wrote a fascinating outline of the civilisation of the Caliphate; but his "Culturgeschichte des Orients" remains, we believe, in its first edition, and has found no translation in other languages. It looks as if Islam were taboo to the general reader. There has lately been a "boom" in Buddhism, but the infinitely more interesting and important achievements of Mohammedanism seem doomed to remain for ever in a flat market.

Professor Theodor Nöldeke of Strassburg will not, we fear, break the spell which locks the Mussulman houri in the sleep of indifferent oblivion. He has, indeed, many qualifications for the rôle of a great historian of the East. He made his reputation more than thirty years ago by his critical "History of the Koran" (of which no English publisher has risked a translation), and since the death of Fleischer he has stood at the head of Semitic scholarship in Germany, perhaps in Europe. His critical faculty is of the highest order, and amounts almost to genius; while his breadth and grasp enable him to deal largely and humanly with the problems of Oriental life. His learning is as extensive as it is minute; his sense of historical perspective is admirably balanced. Yet one thing is wanting—conspicuously wanting: he is wholly devoid of enthusiasm in his treatment of the great men and heroic times of Islam. His attitude is that of the cold, observant, disinterested critic, and his portraits and sketches are marred by the cynical, almost flippant, touch of a man who is keenly alive to the frailty of all greatness, and abnormally conscious of the "*ludibrium rerum humanarum*." In these latter days it were perhaps vain to expect anything different from the highly cultivated scholarship of Germany: we have too much of it ourselves. But it is not the attitude which will ever command the interest of the widest class of readers, and it will never make an unpopular subject attractive to the ordinary educated man in this country.

April
Yet
"Skete
dresses
partly
Deutsch
"Encyc
publish
popula
presen
some
author
ences
that
late M
tonguis
langua
volum
special
will n
treated
context
man
own st
essays
beyon
are si
pieces
"A S
Copper
Orien
disjoin
Völke
of "S
at the
notice
origin
War,
with
Africa
suspici
in a
will c
been
that
saints
incon
By
Thos
takin
they
the g
of th
of th
Empe
other
most
with
foun
sprea
to Al
Sea,
Rom
diffic
situa
unwe
enlig
that
whic
desce
place
and
Nöld
must
intri
sary
In hi
man
scho
relig
sigh
Dam
old

Yet it is this class that Professor Nöldeke's "Sketches from Eastern History" exclusively addresses. The essays contained in his volume are partly reprinted from German periodicals (the *Deutsche Rundschau*, and *Im neuen Reich*) or the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and those that are published for the first time are of the same avowedly popular character. To the Oriental scholar they present nothing that is new, save now and again some illuminating generalisation evolved from the author's historical intuition. There are few references to original authorities, and every sign betokens that the volume is dedicated to the clients of the late Mr. Mudie. If we were writing of a less distinguished person than the Professor of Oriental languages at Strassburg, we should describe the volume as consisting of the "pot-boilers" of a specialist. Nevertheless, the general reading public will not understand half the curious subjects here treated with so much grasp and lucidity. The context is wanting, and the average Englishman of fair culture cannot supply it out of his own studies. The book is a collection of disconnected essays and reviews, the amalgamation of which is beyond the average student. Moreover, the essays are singularly unequal. Side by side with solid pieces of historical work, such as "Caliph Mansûr," "A Servile War in the East," and "Yakûb the Coppersmith," from which even the professed Orientalist may glean some new ideas, we find a disjointed review of Chwolson's "Die Semitische Völker" at the head of the volume under the title of "Some Characteristics of the Semitic Race"; and at the end we are surprised to discover some scrappy notices of Syrian saints and a not particularly original article on King Theodore and the Abyssinian War, in which the learned Professor presents us with his prognostications of Italian progress in East Africa, whilst carefully guarding himself against any suspicion of approving the recent German *démarches* in a neighbouring region. The impatient reader will cry *Ne sutor*, and Professor Nöldeke would have been wiser to omit his Abyssinian sketch—and, for that matter, his rather flippant notes on the Syrian saints—from a work where they are conspicuously incongruous.

By far the best essay is that on Caliph Mansûr. Those on Islam and the Koran are good and painstaking, but wholly devoid of originality: everything they say has been often said before—except perhaps the generous admission that the English translations of the Koran are the best in Europe. The account of the foundation and organisation of the Abbasside Empire by Mansûr, the second of his line, is, on the other hand, a revelation to the uninitiated, and this most important period of the Caliphate is treated with the hand of a master. Mansûr was the real founder of that marvellous organisation which spread its meshes over all the lands from the Indus to Algeria, from the Caspian to the gate of the Red Sea, and comprehended a realm far larger than the Roman Empire at its greatest extent, and far more difficult to govern. Mansûr, by his grasp of the situation, his firmness, his unscrupulous severity, his unwearied attention to detail, and not least his enlightened scholarship, set firm as on a rock that splendid empire and that brilliant civilisation which are commonly associated with the names of his descendants, Harûn er-Rashîd and Mamûn. His true place in history has been vindicated by this essay, and this by itself gives a serious value to Professor Nöldeke's volume. Cruel as Mansûr's statesmanship must appear, yet in the face of the opposition and intrigue he had to encounter it was wise and necessary. *Pour faire les omelettes il faut casser les œufs.* In his domestic relations the Caliph was an exemplary man; in his encouragement of literature and Greek scholarship he was enlightened; in his dealings with religion he was a man of the world. With the insight of an Alexander founding Alexandria, he left Damascus and built his capital in Babylonia, in the old centre of Asiatic dominion, on the site of a mere

village, and the result justified his genius. Baghdad "became a world-city, with all the lights and shadows of such; a place which, Constantinople apart, had no rival." When we read of all that this great Caliph accomplished or set in motion, we find it hard to realise that we are surveying the triumphs of statesmanship in the eighth century, when Charlemagne was but a baby, and England was hardly emerging from the shades of barbarism.

A word is due to Mr. Black for his excellent translation. Here and there one traces the German idiom in some unfamiliar phrase, but as a rule the style is admirably clear and agreeable to read; whilst Oriental names are spelt with a consideration for the weakness of poor Western human nature which is peculiarly generous in a scholar of Professor Nöldeke's precision. Many readers ought to find much that is instructive and novel in this interesting volume; but whether many readers will be found is a matter upon which the previous record of books on similar subjects offers a far from encouraging omen.

BRITISH NEW GUINEA.

BRITISH NEW GUINEA. By J. P. Thomson. With Map, numerous Illustrations, and Appendix. London: George Philip & Son.

It is pleasant to see a work on one of the distant possessions of the British Empire written by a colonist in another colony, and we naturally feel that one so nearly on the spot as Brisbane should be able to write a very creditable book on New Guinea, if he possess the capacity to write a book at all. Mr. Thomson, as secretary of a flourishing local geographical society, is in a position to get much recent information regarding the country he writes of. Unfortunately, Mr. Thomson had no opportunities of working up the previous literature of New Guinea, which is by no means so meagre as he appears to suppose, and in consequence his historical sketch falls far short of a satisfactory standard. In treating of recent developments he had a sure guide in Sir William MacGregor's reports, and by no means the least pleasing feature of the book is the unquestioning hero-worship of Mr. Thomson for his old chief. But while this is good to see, and while Sir William MacGregor has proved himself to be a model administrator, we would have preferred a less obviously biased account of his work. The book might have been compiled almost as it stands from Sir William's long and admirable reports. There is no attempt to criticise his conclusions, no attempt even to fit his explorations in with those of other explorers, no attempt, we might almost say, to give other explorers credit for the work they have done. There is no reason given for the departure from many of the old familiar names given to points on the coast and in the interior by earlier expeditions, and in several instances the changes made do not seem to be for the better.

From a literary point of view the book is dreary reading. It is not Mr. Thomson's fault, but probably the misfortune of his education, that he fashions his style on the model of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Johnsonianism in these days of short cuts and curt expression is unfashionable, and attempts in that direction which just fall short of the aim are positively distressing. For example this sentence—

"It is, however, affirmed that the natural and artificial resources of the district were sufficient to support a very considerable population of natives, who are now almost entirely extirpated by the incursions of a powerful band of insidious anthropophagi rejoicing in the name of Tugere, the very utterance of which in the presence of these wretched remnant tribes excites terror."

Nor is the writer so self-effacing and modest as an author by all canons of his art ought to be. He seems conscious throughout of a growing pride in the vast benefit he is to confer on humanity in writing a book; but he is not our enemy, and we

are sorry for the false impression that his style may produce. The book should be useful, in spite of defects. It is sumptuously got up, with many characteristic pictures reproduced by honest wood-cutting, a serviceable map, and an appendix scarcely, if at all, shorter than the text, containing a mass of important scientific and linguistic information vouched for by names that carry authority.

HEINE'S FAMILY LIFE.

HEINRICH HEINE'S FAMILIENLEBEN. Von seinem Neffen, Baron L. v. Embden. Hamburg: Hoffmann & Campe.

THE FAMILY LIFE OF HEINRICH HEINE. Edited by his nephew. Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland. London: William Heinemann.

The militant martyr of liberty, the man of letters who is yearly more and more recognised as ranking next to the "Dichterpaar," to Goethe and Schiller, in German literature, exposed himself by his scathing wit and irony, his conformity of principles and practice, by his candid confessions, to inevitable obloquy and misinterpretation. He prided himself that he was engaged in a "war with mankind," and it was not till the self-appointed demigod was prostrated and paralysed that he came to comprehend something of renunciation and nature's stern laws of justice and retribution. But the viperous "Kleinstädterei," that even he could not scotch, continued to rage about the stricken poet, and even yet calumny has not given way to impartial truth. Baron Ludwig v. Embden, in obedience to the wishes of his mother, the only sister of Heine, publishes a volume of letters written by the poet to his mother and sister, interspersed with brief comments, reminiscences and chronological data. The object of the book is to exhibit Heine in an unexpected domestic character, and at the same time discountenance exaggerated reports of his relations to his family. What the family is able and glad to show, is that the poet could write in fair terms about his relations; and, above all, that his devotion to his mother and sister was fervent and constant.

The interest of the volume is greatly reduced by the irreparable loss by fire of the letters written by Heine during his visit to Italy and the early portion of his residence in Paris. The majority of the letters date from the times shortly previous to, and during, his long illness. The law of correspondence is to write in conformity with the character and expectations of the recipients; and, furthermore, the progress of his eye-malady, or rather, of his facial and eyelid paralysis, compelled him to have recourse to the services of secretaries and occasional friends, "which does not so much matter, as I now no longer express my thoughts in letters." So it would seem, for there is little in these letters beyond expressions of affection, brief accounts of the state of his health, and that of his wife. In the few early ones there are occasional sallies and jests in the true manner, and it is amusing to see the youthful Heine lecture his newly married sister and his brother-in-law on the duties of matrimony, express his delight that the latter is no revolutionist, counsel his sister not to change her maid-servant for fear of worse, and tell her to be good, for so she will be happy, and her children will also be good and happy. It is natural, of course, that his irony allows him to admit that he himself scarcely follows the "good rules" he gives her. As he says, there is an element of goodness in him, "which is very often deeply concealed." Certainly he was an adept at concealing it. And one is tempted to the expression of the cynicism which only sees another form of egoism in the love for a mother or sister.

Probably it will be the repeated mention of his wife which will interest most readers of this correspondence. We knew much already of Mathilde, the Belgian peasant-girl, whom he bought, so to speak, from the mistress of a glove-shop in the Passage Choiseul, and married in view of a possible

fatal termination to his duel with the second husband of Mme. Wohl, the friend of his quondam friend Börne, against whom he had exercised his cruel ridicule in his biography of the latter. He had chosen Mathilde, it would seem, for her "plastic" beauty—a beauty unaccompanied by any grace of intellect or manner. She was fiercely faithful to him, even after his death, despite his own frequent unconcealed lapses. One of his friends remarks that there is nothing more terrible than a virtuous woman who lacks refinement and judgment, and that Mathilde revenged all her predecessors and rivals precisely by her virtue. Not only did she love "scenes," but she embroiled him with all his friends. But, after all, she of Junonian plasticity allowed the nervous weakling to beat her when the occasion required, when bribes of bonnets and dresses had lost their power for the moment. Baron v. Embden treats the question very fairly: he does not glose over her glaring deficiencies, but he maintains she was "a great, harmless child," and that the poet's life was lightened and brightened by her grace and liveliness. Above all, he enables us to see what Heine had to say on the matter, so far as he cared to inform his mother and sister. He perpetually remarks: "She is tempestuous, wayward and quarrelsome, and a spendthrift." He fears at first lest he should in time grow blind to her good qualities, and only perceive her capriciousness. But she "behaves well," with the exception of her "little waywardness and great wastefulness." She is an angel, who "has only too often devilish caprices, and the sweetest spendthrift that ever tortured and delighted her husband on this earth." "I should be blind if I did not cherish her as the apple of my eye. . . . She makes up for the bad moments of her peevishness by her amiability at other times, so that I get well out of the business." Besides, he remarks, "she becomes more reasonable every year; she has not a spice of malice about her; she has a weak head, but a capital heart." Her failings are so intimately connected with her thorough goodness that he cannot scold her in her maddest freaks. "Life without her would be intolerable; she helps me to bear my painful life-burden, a burden which I should rid myself of if I were alone." We may repeat the words of a friend of his: "Let her rest in peace! She did no harm to anyone except her husband, and her husband pardoned her. Posterity will do the same."

It is useless to seek in these letters any new light on Heine's philosophy, religion, and politics. Indeed, he has fully confessed himself in his various works, has revealed how his illness caused him to revise his Hegelian Pantheism in favour of a formless Deism. As to his morals, his was the old fallacy that to a genius all things are permitted; and as to his politics, it was the old tale of a disdainful, aristocratic nature, disgusted with the mediocrity of the exponents and devotees of the principles he adopts. His own genius was his god, and other men—well, they were not geniuses. His irony and ruthless scorn, however, seldom appear in this volume: at most, we have such chance quips as these about his doctor:—"My wife has driven all doctors away, with the exception of one, whom I do not see for months at a time, and who is so small that I can almost say I have no doctor at all. Of all evils one should always choose the least." And there is a touch of the old manner in this smiling resignation of his:—"Nothing has turned out well for me in this world; but things might have been worse. Such comfort do half-whipped hounds take to themselves."

Of Mr. Leland's translation of this book—with which he has been very prompt—it is enough to say that it bears the same characteristics as Mr. Leland's other translations of Heine. It is conscientious and competent without being a work of genius. His English is sometimes rough, and sometimes touched with an American burr—not exactly the kind of English we could imagine Heine writing, did he condescend to employ the speech of this detested land. But, on the whole, it is a translation which will

serve, and with the succeed in Engl

Two M
two
THE SE
Lond
ONE VI
Lond

URGED,
faithless
with w
down t
the sub
her rea
feeling
fication
literary
necessa
is prec
"Two
gilded

A s
feeble
able, b
history
artless
a han
awake
ment
courage
marria
Vane.
trying
finally
—who
the fir
uncom
and c
then
some
Murie
due c
plana
into a
all th
pair.

"swe
show
treat
power
The a
with
which
lineat
"la n

M
those
Snarl
inhal
mena
Sleep
group
whos
of my
the S
Neve
pack
volu
the
bewi
curio
almo
piqu
of a
myst
else
remo

serve, and in due time it will no doubt take its place with those volumes which Mr. Leland has already succeeded in making the standard edition of Heine in English.

FICTION.

TWO MEN AND A WOMAN. By Mrs. George Bishop. In two volumes. London: Ward & Downey.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHEBUS. By M. E. Coleridge. London: Chatto & Windus.

ONE VIRTUE. By Charles T. C. James. In two volumes. London: A. and C. Black.

URGED, apparently, by a very genuine abhorrence of faithless husbands, and an equally sincere sympathy with wronged wives, Mrs. George Bishop has sat down to relieve her feelings by inditing a novel on the subject. But, unfortunately for herself and her readers, sincerity of motive and rightness of feeling are not the only, nor even the chief, qualifications of a successful novelist. Some grace of literary form, some charm of style, are equally necessary to the achievement of that end, and this is precisely where Mrs. Bishop has failed. For in "Two Men and a Woman" the pill of moralising is gilded by no literary grace or charm whatever.

A stale history is narrated in the crudest and feeblest style. The sentiment, indeed, is unimpeachable, but the grammar is sadly at fault. It is the history of Muriel Lascelles, a pretty girl of the most artless *ingénue* type, who, having married "for love" a handsome, heartless man, is experiencing a sad awakening. Disgusted at length by his coarse treatment and open infidelity, she summons sufficient courage to divorce him, and is speedily sought in marriage by the second of the "two men," Sir Eric Vane. Muriel very naturally shrinks from again trying her luck in the matrimonial lottery, but she finally yields. Having become the wife of Sir Eric—who is an excellent fellow, and a total contrast to the first husband—she proceeds to make things very uncomfortable for poor Number Two by her coldness and distrust. He wins her heart in the end, and then ensues a complication of the kind so wearisomely familiar to readers of domestic fiction. For Muriel becomes wildly jealous—of course without due cause—and refuses to hear her husband's explanation. Then he prudently tames her by falling into a timely brain fever of the usual pattern; and all thereafter is harmony between the now happy pair. The book will doubtless be pronounced "sweetly pretty" by sundry young ladies; but it shows neither originality of plot nor freshness of treatment, and the conventional types of character are powerless to arouse more than the mildest interest. The author describes the ceremony of afternoon-tea with quite impassioned warmth, in comparison with which the heroine's sufferings are but feebly delineated. And surely Mrs. Bishop does not believe "la mère" to be French for "sea"?

Mr. Lewis Carroll must look to his laurels. For those hitherto incomparably mysterious figures, the Snark, the Boojum, the Gryphon—the fantastic inhabitants of his delightful fairyland—are at last menaced with rivalry. The author of "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" has contrived to depict a group of personages whose words, whose actions, whose very personalities are invested with an air of mystery in comparison with which the identity of the Snark itself is a transparently simple problem. Never before, surely, was so complicated a story packed within so modest a compass as in this little volume; and never again, it is to be hoped, will the guileless reader be so remorselessly misled, bewildered, baffled, and tortured with unavailing curiosity. For, alas! the last chapter leaves us almost as much puzzled as the first has left us piqued. The "Seven Sleepers" are the members of a club, or, rather, a Secret Brotherhood, as mysterious in its origin and design as everything else in this astounding story. They dwell in some remote city of Northern Germany; and a certain

member of the club produces, at the local theatre, a drama with which the interests of the principal characters in the book are, in some inexplicable way, bound up. The varying fortunes of the play and its author are described with a vivacity that would be really exciting, were it in any degree intelligible. The playwright, one David Böttiger, has, we gather, rendered himself obnoxious to the Government, which now suppresses his play and imprisons the author. David is condemned to death—for no specified reason—and is only saved from execution by the death of the King. With this event the story ends abruptly. Thus much of the plot may, by patient research, be gathered; but the intellect recoils, aghast and stupefied, before the hopeless task of unravelling all the complex entanglements of the remaining episodes. For there is a certain weird personage, darkly described as "the New Member," who is magically transformed into the new King; and there are two veiled ladies of equal mysteriousness, who appear and vanish in the most inconsequent fashion; and there are secret meetings and cypher-messages, and many similar devices for the utter mystification and discomfiture of the hapless reader. The author of "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" seems to possess the power of weaving a plot thrilling with romance and intrigue. But is it not a little unkind to present an interesting problem and then to withhold the solution?

The influence of Dickens upon the author of "One Virtue" is evidently strong—that is to say, Mr. James has faithfully copied the peculiarities of punctuation and nomenclature, with other superficial mannerisms of his great model; but there, alas! the resemblance ends. For the strength of Dickens is turned to feebleness in the author of "One Virtue"—feebleness perilously verging upon vulgarity. It is not, for instance, exactly funny to describe a red herring as "the flushed tribute of the ocean"; but it is Mr. James's idea of fun, and there is a good deal of the same nature. The story, however, is certainly lively in its way, and will probably interest people who are not too exacting in the matter of style, and who admire character-painting that is dashed in roughly, with plenty of colour and with broad strokes of the brush. The name "link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes" is that of Paul Ravender, M.D., a queer, melodramatic villain with a tinge of the buffoon in his composition. Dr. Ravender shares his very fluctuating professional income (reaped in the sweet seclusion of Limehouse Docks) with another seedy surgeon, one Leslie Barton; and both men are of drunken habits and embarrassed finances. Driven to desperation by his lack of means, Paul decides to try his cajoling powers upon a wealthy uncle in the country. Whilst visiting this confiding relative, he makes the acquaintance of an elderly parson with a fair and foolish daughter. The young lady (who, by the way, is distinctly vulgar) is eagerly waiting to marry the first man who asks her. Paul does so, and, as the clerical parent makes no inconvenient inquiries, Lily Auburn becomes Mrs. Ravender with great alacrity. But Lily has had an episode of love-making with one John Last before meeting her future husband, and by an ingeniously-irritating subterfuge the author leads one to believe that Leslie Barton is John Last in disguise. John, however, has gone to Australia to make his fortune, returning in six years' time as a millionaire—surely the quickest on record! By one of those marvellous coincidences so abundant in novels of this class he finds himself beneath the roof of the man who has been his unconsciously successful rival with Lily, and Dr. Ravender makes the startling discovery of the old love still existing between his wife and John Last. Now comes the opportunity to exhibit the "one virtue," by which the shameless, unprincipled adventurer may redeem a career of criminal folly. In what manner this is accomplished need not be revealed here: it is, nevertheless, by far the best work in the book. Indeed, when Mr. James mercifully ceases to be funny, he becomes really strong, though in a rough

way. The character of Paul, if vividly coloured, is well imagined. But the smell of the footlights pervades and taints the book.

SOME VERSE AND A PROSE BOOK.

SILVERPOINTS. By John Gray. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane.

VERSES. By W. H. Mallock. London: Hutchinson & Co.

THE ELOPING ANGELS: A CAPRICE. THE PRINCE'S QUEST, AND OTHER POEMS. EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM. By William Watson. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane.

OLD JOHN, AND OTHER POEMS. By T. E. Brown. London: Macmillan & Co.

PERSEUS WITH THE HESPERIDES. By Bryan Charles Waller. London: George Bell & Sons.

AUTHENTICITY is perhaps the last merit one would expect to find in the verse of a young poet who imitates Mallarmé and Verlaine. We seem, nevertheless, to detect originality in Mr. John Gray's "Wings in the Dark," "The Barber," and "The Song of the Seedling." The first of these is a descriptive poem, well observed and well imagined, richly worded, and with varied cadence. The other two, having the same qualities of manner as the first, surprise by their parallelism with certain moods of Browning. "The Barber," repellent and fascinating, is of the same perilous order as "Nympholeptos"; "The Song of the Seedling" touches with force and delicacy the stops of that gracious earth-music which Browning so often fingered. Mr. Gray's French studies serve his craftsmanship well; they may have done some passing disservice to his fancy, but his higher moods are clearly independent of literary causes. Dawn and dew are on his Muse's wings; we shall be disappointed if the day is not brilliant.

Unlike Mr. Gray's "Silverpoints," the merit of which is entirely poetical, Mr. Mallock's "Verses" are interesting for their prose qualities—their cynical wit and occasional epigrammatic force. Were "To a Child" and "A Philosophic Lover" really pure gall distilled drop by drop, the operation would have killed the author had he been a poet; we question, however, the absolute sincerity of Mr. Mallock, and think there must be a deal of affectation in his ill-will at generous thoughts and feelings. "The Sibyls' Books" and "Hippolytus to Artemis" are more pleasing. As for the parodies on Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne, they seem to us needless and belated. There is a great waste of paper in Mr. Mallock's book. Of its hundred and fifty-nine pages not half are occupied by verse, the rest being thrown away on titles. Luxury is often right and delightful, but it would be inartistic to hand a post-card on the shield of Achilles.

It is also by qualities shared in common with prose by much good verse that Mr. Watson's "Eloping Angels" pleases. The escape of a pair of lovers to earth again, disguised as Mephistopheles and Faust, who take the vacated places in heaven, is an attractive subject; but when the subject is stated, one finds that all has been said there is to say about the poem—except that it is good prose, the rhymes careful, the versification smooth, containing sententious remarks. In Mr. Watson's early work, now republished, there is true poetical quality. "Angelo" is a powerful ballad in blank verse, and in the song to sleep in "The Prince's Quest" we have a promise of the elegiac verse in which the author excels. His actual prose is very unequal, but has well-written passages. There is too much criticism of criticism, too much dependence for a start on the phrases and remarks of others, and too much restatement of old matters. "After all," Mr. Watson thinks, "the highest beauty in art is perhaps a transcendent propriety." "Transcendent propriety" is a descent from Matthew Arnold's "high seriousness"; it is also a self-revelation and a self-criticism; there is no fitter definition of Mr. Watson's best

work. His sense of propriety fails him in his prose more frequently than in his verse. "The hungering, gloating, ravening delight in everything that can be little our great ones," has a pulpitering tone; and the protest hardly becomes one who likens Keats to an "Apollo with an unmistakable dash of 'Arry." Well-restrained and suggestive passages abound in these essays; and the independent attitude of the writer is worthy of all commendation.

The longer poems in Mr. Brown's new volume are unsatisfactory, with the exception of the "Epistola ad Dakyns," which shows a warm, intimate, and yet reverent friendship with Nature. The same mood is to be found in "Nature and Art," with greater exaltation, but less happiness. In his short poems, which are largely religious in sentiment, there are sweetness and sincerity enough to engage even an unwilling reader. "Katherine Kinrade," a short epilogue in heaven to a sordid tragedy on earth is by far the most powerful and original piece in the volume; ordinary optimism fades to a spectre beside the overpowering humanity of Mr. Brown's most heterodox deity.

The speeches in Mr. Waller's epic are good; but the plan is artificial, and the narrative often tedious. Mr. Waller fails in characterisation. Atlas is too much of a wisacre; Dis is like a boisterous old Nabobuncle who storms at the servants. Persephone is a fine figure, however; and the description of the punishment of the Erinnyes is a very powerful passage. Sometimes Mr. Waller reads admirable modern meanings into the classic legend; and the blank verse often reaches great excellence. Book V. is, indeed, a very remarkable performance. On the whole, Mr. Waller's blank verse seems to us better, much better than that of any new writer who has attempted it of late.

COMMENTS ON TENNYSON.

ESSAYS ON LORD TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING." By Harold Little-dale. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS is a meritorious work—industrious and sensible, entirely free from extravagance, and, indeed, open to no objection, unless, indeed, it be that to carve cherrystones is a waste of time, which is, at all events, a disputable proposition.

It is interesting to know that these essays, full of detail and information, were written as the basis of a course of lectures to the undergraduates of an Indian college. We are, indeed, a wonderful race. Whilst a stupid King and an impatient Parliament were fooling away our inheritance in the New World a parcel of merchants and a handful of adventurers were acquiring an Empire in the East, and now, having built it up, we deliver to its swarthy youth lectures on the Arthurian Legend, as illustrated by an elegant recent English poet. This ought to satisfy even British egotism. The careful student of Tennyson will be pleased with this book.

ST. BERNARD THE GREAT.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX: THE TIMES, THE MAN, AND THE WORK. By Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

WE do not exactly know what is the scope and purpose of the L. P. Stone foundation at Princeton Theological Seminary, New Jersey, U.S.A. At any rate, these lectures were delivered on that foundation at the request of the professors, and afterwards at the Lowell Institute at Boston, and in part at the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. The last-mentioned fact would afford a sufficient guarantee of their merit, even apart from the high reputation of their author. They do not, we must confess, strike us as exactly professorial. We do not see any marks of original research: perhaps there is no scope for it. They afford an eloquent and effective presentation of Bernard's environment and of his own career and character. We have the oft-told tale of Abelard, and an excellent summary of the Second Crusade; and Dr. Storrs brings out effectively the nobility of Bernard's character and the high, pure, more than Platonic ideal of knowledge, thought, and piety which dominated his life. If he has done this in rather a popular way, if his lectures are rather hortatory and pictorial than strictly educational, probably that was all the better for his original audience. Nothing is more marvellous to the spectator of the work of those ministers of religion who are not Roman Catholics than the comprehensive ignorance displayed by almost all of them of the stores of religious thought and aspiration the Middle Ages have left us. It is natural enough, because before the historic sense of this century developed Protestants generally believed that mediæval theologians were all as much Roman Catholics as a

modern U
now, and
the gener
his hearer
mediæval

UNDER TH

THERE i
other tim
activity a
amazing.
who were
their lives
and Hart
encounter
scholarly
treats the
than crit
willingne
same wor
tell the f
prone to
telling o
you do ta

Some
On the f
and Keat
pass on.
Burns, t
village b
and from
such ser
loan pois

But I
Gifford
wise. "
ledge th
shallowe
should b
ignoranc
threshes
and farm

This
Ann Ye
his book
all thro

ALMOST
cation o
Highlan
neverthe
of the cl
second
died in
held for
he kicke
spent or
settled
and whe
wealth
on the r
life of a
heart w
became
The lov
with hi
always
wild cr
noting.
duction
Highlan
life-like

* SHORT
HIG
Illu
HEALTH
Rev
vers
(1a.)
CINDER
Tab
Mar
ESSAYS
Low
MODERN
CON
Illu
THE PO
The
Wal

prose
gering,
an be-
; and
eats to
Arry."
and in
of the

me are
pistola
ad yet
mood
reater
poems,
re are
ven an
short
rth is
in the
beside
most

; but
idious.
is too
old
phone
f the
verful
irable
d the
ok V.
n the
etter,
o has

Little-
ntirely
unless,
which

and in-
to the
under-
ment
reel of
ng an
ver to
illus-
atisfy
will be

WORK.
ghton.
of the
New
red on
wards
John
l fact
apart
st, we
o not
pe for
on of
We
ary of
y the
than
nated
if his
duca-
ience.
those
com-
f the
have
sense
that
as a

modern Ultramontane; but there is no excuse for the neglect now, and Dr. Storrs has conferred a real benefit—directly on the general reader and indirectly on the future congregations of his hearers—by thus directing attention to perhaps the greatest of mediæval saints.

UNLUCKY POETS.

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP. By Richard Henry Stoddard. London: Gay & Bird.

THERE is a simplicity about this book, at times engaging, at other times irritating. How a man of Mr. Stoddard's literary activity and experience can have kept himself so innocent is amazing. The book is composed of a series of sketches of bards who were for the most part unlucky either in their inspiration or their lives, such as Robert Bloomfield, John Clare, David Gray, and Hartley Coleridge. Amidst these unsatisfactory beings we encounter incongruously the resplendent name of Blake, the scholarly Peacock, and the prosperous Milnes. Mr. Stoddard treats them all very kindly, his object being biographical rather than critical. He says in his preface, with characteristic willingness to say over again what has been said in the very same words ten thousand times before, "It is enough for me to tell the tale; others may point the moral." We are not over-prone to moralising; but what, we wonder, can be the good of telling over again such thrice-told tales as Mr. Stoddard's unless you do tag a moral on to them?

Some criticism is, however, to be met with in this volume. On the first page we read that Byron and Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, were all greater poets than Burns. We deny it, and pass on. Mr. Stoddard tells us on page 2, still speaking of Burns, that "Murdoch loaned him a 'Life of Hannibal,' the village blacksmith loaned him the 'Life of Sir William Wallace,' and from other persons at later periods he obtained the loan of such serious classics as—" etc. This horrible use of the word loan poisons the passage and vulgarises even the act of reading.

But Mr. Stoddard improves as he goes on. His account of Gifford is interesting, and his remarks about Bloomfield are wise. "There would be fewer poets than there are if the knowledge that poetry is the profoundest of arts, and not the shallowest of impulses, was as widespread and as potent as it should be; for it is not to fulness of knowledge, but density of ignorance, that we must lay the unnecessary parentage of threshers like Stephen Duck, milk-women like Ann Yearsley, and farmers' boys like Robert Bloomfield."

This is excellent sense; but why talk about Bloomfield or Ann Yearsley at all? But we bear Mr. Stoddard no grudge for his book, which, personally, we have had no difficulty in reading all through.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

ALMOST half a century has slipped away since the first publication of the late Mr. Charles St. John's "Wild Sports of the Highlands," a book which ran through many editions, but which nevertheless appeals to the present generation with something of the charm of novelty. Charles St. John—a grandson of the second Viscount Bolingbroke—was born in Sussex in 1809, and died in the summer of 1856 at Southampton. In early life he held for a period of two years a clerkship in the Treasury, but he kicked at the restraints of indoor life in town, and a holiday spent on the wild moors of Sutherlandshire may be said to have settled his destiny. Rod and gun were henceforth his passion, and when in 1834 he had the good fortune to marry a lady of wealth who shared his tastes, he turned his back without regret on the madding crowd, and henceforth devoted himself to the life of a sportsman and naturalist. His home as well as his heart was in the Highlands for a long term of years, and he became a deerstalker and an angler of more than local renown. The love of mountain and stream was a life-long enthusiasm with him, but we are assured that fishing and shooting were always subordinate to his ardour for observing the habits of the wild creatures, which he possessed so many opportunities of noting. Mr. Watkins, who contributes a biographical introduction to this the ninth edition of "Wild Sports of the Highlands," contrives in half-a-dozen pages to give the reader a life-like portrait of the man. He thinks that the author of this

* SHORT SKETCHES OF THE WILD SPORTS AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HIGHLANDS. By Charles St. John. New Edition, with Memoir. Illustrated. London: John Murray. Demy 8vo.

HEALTH HINTS FOR CENTRAL AFRICA. With remarks on Fever. By Rev. Horace Waller, formerly Lay Superintendent of the Universities Mission in East Africa. London: John Murray. 12mo. (1s.)

CINDERELLA. Three Hundred and Forty-five Variants, Abstracted and Tabulated. With a discussion of mediæval analogues and notes by Marian Roalfe Cox. London: David Nutt. Demy 8vo.

ESSAYS. By Sir Morell Mackenzie. Portrait. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Crown 8vo.

MODERN METEOROLOGY: AN OUTLINE OF THE GROWTH AND PRESENT CONDITION OF SOME OF ITS PHASES. By Frank Waldo, Ph.D. Illustrated. London: Walter Scott. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN. With Memoir and Notes. The "Albion" Edition. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. Crown 8vo.

book deserves to rank with the immortals of sport and natural history, for he says, with a touch of generous exaggeration, that "when Walton and White of Selborne are forgotten, then, and then only, will the world tire of St. John." And elsewhere he claims that he loved Nature as truly as did Thoreau, and possessed an insight into animal life not less keen than that of Richard Jefferies. This is high praise, but let the reader who thinks it is undeserved form his own impressions of the book. He will find it full of exact knowledge, and knowledge of a kind which grows every year more rare. Scotland and the Scotch fauna are not what they were when Charles St. John rambled over the heather, and Mr. Watkins says with truth that the variety and abundance of wild life described in these pages can never again be seen. Nineteenth-century castles and shooting-boxes have sprung up like mushrooms in the Highlands, and the iron horse brings crowds of sportsmen and tourists into the most sequestered districts, and one result of this invasion has been the extinction of some of the wild birds which St. John has described in this charming book. The old illustrations reappear in the present edition, and Harrison Weir's drawings and Whymper's wood-blocks put us out of love with the process-pictures of to-day.

Foremost in his "Health Hints for Central Africa" the Rev. Horace Waller, the friend and companion of Dr. Livingstone, lays stress on the necessity of common sense. "Keep common sense in front of the quinine bottle, and never let either preparation be far away if duty or inclination takes you into Africa between Capricorn and Cancer." Quitting the Cape in a northerly direction, the limit of the health zone is reached about a hundred miles to the south of the Zambesi, and no worse form of fever is to be found in Africa than that which prevails along the right bank of this great river. Afterwards, still pushing north, fever is a foe which has to be reckoned with to a greater or less extent until Egypt is reached. High ground, whenever possible, ought to be chosen for camping, if the traveller is to escape malaria. The worst of all situations is bright sand, as there is a deposit of vegetable matter far beneath the surface which is continually giving off malaria, and it ascends with ease through porous soil. Nothing is so likely to produce a seizure as a chill whilst sleeping, and amongst other causes wet feet, indigestible food, or even a night's worry with mosquitoes, are enough to give fever its opportunity. No man ought to go to the malarious regions of Central Africa who has any tendency, hereditary or otherwise, to mental disorder, epilepsy, or lack of nervous energy. The men who die from fever, declares Mr. Waller, are as a rule those who laugh to scorn all precautions, get wet and will not change, and think that to rough it as much as possible is the correct thing to do. In the closing pages of this admirable little book a number of explicit directions of a practical kind will be found; indeed, it would have been difficult for anyone to have packed into sixty pages a greater number of shrewd health hints for those who, as missionaries or traders, are called to confront the numberless perils of the Dark Continent.

"Cinderella," having wandered from the nursery fireside to the footlights of Drury Lane, now makes her bow with becoming demureness under the auspices of the Folk-Lore Society. Tradition, legend, and romance have had their day, and the critics, like locusts, have settled on the old fairy tales. Here, for instance, is a big volume, containing upwards of five hundred pages, in which Cinderella's light-hearted progress is traced up and down through the literature of the Eastern and Western world. When mankind was young and impressionable it took Cinderella to its heart, and we meet the little beauty in India and Brazil, in Japan, and, in fact, here, there, and everywhere. Miss Cox has searched diligently in the folk-lore and fairy-tale literature of all nationalities, and the outcome of it all is that she has brought to light upwards of three hundred versions of "Cinderella," "Catskin," and "Cap o' Rushes." She hints that if the labour of which the volume is the outcome contributes in any degree to the settlement of the questions which gather about folk-tales, she will not regard the compilation as a case of love's labour lost. The abstracts of the story are arranged bibliographically under the several groups, and are placed in consecutive order. In translating Russian, Slavonic, and other terms the system adopted in the Catalogue in the British Museum has been followed. Chapter and verse for each rendering of the far-travelled tale are in every case given, and the book also contains elaborate notes and a bibliographical index. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a characteristic introduction, in which, in speaking of the origin of the story, he says: "One thing is plain, a naked and shoeless race could not have invented 'Cinderella.' Beyond this I cannot go." So the Kaffir, who has his own rude version of the legend, must take a back seat. Mr. Lang thinks that, whilst the Kaffirs have not imported their large store of *märchen* recently, these may have filtered south from Ancient Egypt, or through Arabs or other builders of the cities in Mashonaland.

Sir Morell Mackenzie had not merely opinions but the courage of them, and in his case vigour of thought was linked to vivacity of expression, and this circumstance lends more than passing interest to the volume of "Essays" which his brother has just rescued from the comparative oblivion of the magazines and reviews. Quite half the papers in this volume of three hundred

pages appeal more or less exclusively to the specialist, but the rest are for the cultivated crowd. Leprosy, for instance, is a subject to which we pay the tribute of a shudder before passing by on the other side, and neither the reform of the College of Surgeons nor the use and abuse of hospitals are topics which kindle enthusiasm. It is otherwise, however, with swimming, exercise and training, speech and song, the new yachting, and kindred themes. Truth to tell, these essays jostle one another uncomfortably, and hardly seem on the best of terms, but, all the same, physicians and surgeons will find food for reflection in them, and less responsible mortals entertainment and enlightenment. There is an admirable photogravure portrait of Sir Morell Mackenzie by way of frontispiece to the volume.

We do not profess to be learned in the science of "Modern Meteorology," by Dr. Frank Waldo, who has done his best to lighten our darkness concerning the wind and the weather. His book forms the new volume of the Contemporary Science Series, and though it seems painstaking and accurate, we cannot throw a compliment to the author on the score of lucidity. It describes, in laboured fashion, the growth of modern meteorology, and the various theories and facts which have marked its progress. Perhaps the most interesting chapter—at all events to those who do not claim to be experts—is that which deals with the effect of temperature on plants, and other phases of meteorology as applied to agriculture. Scattered through the text are a number of scientific illustrations, diagrams, tables of barometer comparisons, and the like.

Macauley's poor scholar "in the garret with plenty of books" was more to be envied—so, at least, the historian thought—than a king who lacked the love of reading. Poor scholars in garrets and elsewhere are sure to appreciate, in spite of certain sins of omission and commission, the cheap "Albion Edition" of John Dryden. On the whole, the anonymous editor has done his work well, and those who are not content with the scanty criticism of the opening pages of this volume may refresh their souls with the most ample comments of Johnson, Scott, Hazlitt, and Lowell. As for the rest, we agree with Mr. Edmund Gosse in thinking that Dryden was the "strongest poet of the age of prose," and since good wine needs no bush, it is enough to welcome his wider opportunity of addressing the new generation through the pages of this cheap and, in the main, this excellent edition.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- JEREMY TAYLOR'S GOLDEN SAYINGS. Ed. John Dennis. (A. D. Innes & Co.)
- ISLAND NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. (Cassell.)
- BUNYAN CHARACTERS. Lectures by Alexander Whyte, D.D. (Oliphant, Anderson & Co.)
- HERBERT FRY'S ROYAL GUIDE TO THE LONDON CHARITIES, 1891-1892. Ed. J. Lane. (Chatto & Windus.)
- RECORDS OF THE PAST. Ed. Professor A. H. Sayce. New Series. Vol. VI. (S. Bagster & Sons.)
- CANOEING WITH SAIL AND PADDLE. By John D. Hayward, M.D. *The All England Series.* (George Bell & Sons.)
- NATURE, THE SUPERNATURAL, AND THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL. By Josiah Gilbert. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
- TINY LUTTRELL. A Novel. By E. W. Hornung. Two vols. (Cassell.)
- EPOCHS OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Division and Reunion. 1829-1889. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., LL.D. Third vol. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
- ALEXANDRIAN AND CARTHAGINIAN THEOLOGY CONTRASTED. The Hulsean Lectures. 1892-1893. By Rev. J. B. Heard, A.M. (T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.)
- THE STUDENTS' FROEBEL. Adapted from "Die Erziehung der Menschheit" by W. H. Herford, B.A. Part I.—Theory of Education. (Isbister & Co.)
- A PAIR OF LOVERS, AND OTHER TALES. By Ida Lemon. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
- FOREST TITHES, AND OTHER STUDIES FROM NATURE. By a Son of the Marshes. Ed. J. A. Owen. Partly Reprinted. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
- THE NĀLADIYĀ; OR, FOUR HUNDRED QUATRAINS IN TAMIL. With Introduction, Translation, and Notes—Critical, Philological, and Explanatory—and a Concordance and Lexicon, by the Rev. G. U. Pope, M.A., D.D. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press.)
- THE TRUMPETER. A Romance of the Rhine. By Victor von Scheffel. Translated from the Two Hundredth German Edition by Jessie Beck and Louise Lorimer. (William Blackwood & Sons.)
- PRINCIPLES OF PROSE COMPOSITION. By Professor Wm. Minto, M.A., LL.D. (William Blackwood & Sons.)
- MY BOOK OF SONGS AND SONNETS. By Maude Egerton King. (Percival & Co.)
- THE RETURN OF THE O'MAHONY. A Romantic Fantasy. By Harold Frederic. (Heinemann.)
- WILLIAM LAW'S DEFENCE OF CHURCH PRINCIPLES. Ed. by J. O. Nash, M.A., and Charles Gore, M.A. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)
- THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE, AND OTHER TALES OF MYSTERY. By Edgar Allan Poe. (Sampson Low & Co.)
- A RIDE FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O'GROAT'S. By Evelyn Burnaby, M.A., Sc.L. (Sampson Low & Co.)
- RELIGION IN DAILY LIFE. By G. S. Barrett, B.A. (Elliot Stock.)
- A BOWER OF DELIGHTS FROM THE WORKS OF NICHOLAS BRETON. Ed. A. B. Grosart. *The Elizabethan Library.* (Elliot Stock.)
- DANTE'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. With Notes by the way by Emilia Russell Gurney. (Elliot Stock.)

- STROLLING PLAYERS. A Harmony of Contrasts. By Charlotte M. Yonge and Christabel R. Coleridge. (Macmillan.)
- FRANCE UNDER THE REGENCY. With a Review of the Administration of Louis XIV. By James Breck Perkins. (Macmillan.)
- STUDENT'S GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE. Fifth Edition. Rewritten. (George Bell & Sons.)
- CHARACTER IN THE FACE. Physiognomical Sketches. (Chapman & Hall.)
- THE SPIRIT OF LOVE. A Novel. Three vols. (Henry & Co.)
- SURSUM CORDA. By F. W. Bourdillon.
- WAS HE THE OTHER? A Novel. By Isobel Fitzroy.
- THE STICKIT MINISTER, AND SOME COMMON MEN. Stories by S. R. Crockett.
- SUNNY MANITOBA. By Alfred O. Legge.
- THE AUSTRALIANS. A Social Sketch. By Francis Adams.
- PAYNTON JACKS: GENTLEMAN. A Novel. By Marian Bower. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- MICHELINE. A Novel. By Hector Malot. Translated by Julia E. S. Rae. Two vols. (Ward & Downey.)
- SCOTLAND BEFORE 1700. From Contemporary Documents. Ed. P. Hume Brown. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)
- A CONCISE HISTORY OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox, Bart., M.A. (W. H. Allen & Co.)
- ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES BY THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M.P., LL.D., F.R.S. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)
- AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY AND THEORY. By W. J. Ashley. Part II. The End of the Middle Ages. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
- WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET. By E. F. Knight. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
- THE PRIEST IN POLITICS. By Philip H. Bagenal. (Hutchinson & Co.)

NOTICE.

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and ADVERTISEMENTS to "THE MANAGER," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received NOT LATER than THURSDAY MORNING.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

THE SPEAKER may be obtained in Paris every Saturday morning at No. 12, Rue Bleue.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS BY POST.			
Yearly	£1 8s.
Half-yearly	14s.
Quarterly	8s.

BOND, FRASER & CO., LIMITED, STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS BROAD STREET BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

BRITISH RAILS sold for account or three months' FORWARD DELIVERY. AMERICAN RAILS sold for account or three months' FORWARD DELIVERY. MINING SHARES sold for three, four, and six months' FORWARD DELIVERY. These lengthened contracts afford unusual opportunities for clients to take advantage of the many fluctuations occurring during the three months' duration of contract. Shares may be closed at an intermediary period, and profits taken at once. SCOTCH SECURITIES bought for cash. INVESTMENTS paying from 4 per cent. to 25 per cent. per annum. Lists free on application. IMMEDIATE CASH SETTLEMENTS on all bargains. Operation accounts open profits paid weekly. To make money, write for our detailed prospectus and terms dealing. CLOSING PRICES ISSUED NIGHTLY.

Write for our ADVICES, now ready.

BOND, FRASER & CO., Limited, BROAD STREET BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.
TELEGRAMS: "SHAREBROKERS, LONDON."

MUTUAL LOAN FUND ASSOCIATION, Limited
(Incorporated 1850), 5, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, W.C.
38, Ship Street, Brighton, and 199, Queen's Road, Hastings, advance money upon personal security, bills of sale, deeds, &c., repayable by instalments. Bills promptly discounted. Forms free. Interest moderate.—C. R. WRIGHT, Secretary.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than their own principals. Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee. List of Members of the Stock Exchange who act as Stock and Share Brokers may be obtained on application to

FRANCIS LEVIE,

Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange

Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1851. **BIRKBECK BANK** Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.

TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.

STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposit, and allows interest monthly on each completed £1.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.
HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH

BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.
HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
THE WEEK:—		MY LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN AT WEST-		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (<i>continued</i>):—	
Public Affairs: At Home ...	437	MINSTER. From the Diary of Mr.		Blake ...	457
" " Abroad ...	440	Pepys ...	449	A LITERARY CAUSERIE: A Reviewer's	
Literature, Science, and Art ...	441	FROM STAFFORD HOUSE TO HOLLOWAY... 450		Remonstrance By A. T. Q. C. ...	457
Obituary ...	441	FRENCH LITERATURE ...	451	REVIEWS:—	
THE SECOND READING ...	441	MEISSONIER. By G. M. ...	452	Lord Lawrence ...	458
IN COMMITTEE... ..	443	THE DRAMA. By A. B. W. ...	453	An Earlier Eton ...	459
AT HULL—AND ELSEWHERE ...	444	THE ARMENIAN PRISONERS ..	454	Mr. Stevenson's New Book ...	460
MR. MUNDELLA'S CONCILIATION BILL ...	445	THE SERVIAN CRISIS. (By Our Servian		The First Penny Pressman ...	461
THE NEW STYLE IN DEBATE ...	446	Correspondent) ...	455	Harem Life in Egypt ...	462
KING ALEXANDER'S <i>COUP D'ÉTAT</i> ...	447	WIN'S WEDDING-DAY. By N. V. Philpott	456	Historic Personality ...	462
FINANCE ...	448	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		First Impressions ...	463
MR. BALFOUR'S OTHER SIDES ...	448	Retired Colonial Governors ...	457	BOOKS RECEIVED ...	464

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: Rule Bill will have been carried in the House of Commons by the time these lines are published.

The debate upon this stage of the measure has been one of the longest upon record, but it has not otherwise been remarkable. Many entire evenings have been consumed in the delivery of speeches far below the ordinary House of Commons average; and by common consent very few of the contributions to the debate have been really worthy of the occasion. Mr. Gladstone has, indeed, been up to his best level, and Mr. Asquith has gained fresh honours from a masterly piece of debating. Mr. Chamberlain, too, spoke in his own peculiar style with fully his usual effectiveness. But Lord Randolph Churchill's speech was a dismal failure, and Mr. Goschen's was little better. Perhaps the most remarkable of all the speeches made during the debate have been those of Mr. Davitt and Mr. Redmond. The impression they produced upon the House was remarkable, and the former gentleman may well afford to treat with contempt the libels of persons like Lord Cranborne, when he sees what a position he has gained for himself in the Parliament which once decreed him unworthy to sit in it. Of the new members who have spoken in this debate a special word of recognition must be given to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, whose maiden speech was a specially successful effort.

FOR a single saying undoubtedly the most effective in the whole debate, as indeed it is the most effective coined for many a day, was the epigram with which Mr. Morley answered in one word the main case of the Unionists. "Our hopes are as substantial as your fears." This is a perfect instance of "the wisdom of many condensed into the wit of one," for the sentiment is what all Home Rulers have been feeling; but it has been, so to speak, a weaponless sentiment until this saying came to put a sword into its hand. Others have felt the sentiment besides Home Rulers, and in relation to other human affairs than political controversy. Clough has given beautiful expression to it poetically, and even the doctrinaire into whose "green pastures" Mr. Morley strayed for a moment on Tuesday has recognised its truth in holding to the theory that those only see aright into the future of civilised communities who hope and do not fear. But for the purposes of the present great controversy Mr. Morley has given the idea its final form, and his little

saying will be more potent henceforward in swaying doubting minds than volumes of argument and exhortation. It was not, by-the-way, the only good thing in his speech of Tuesday, which, to our judgment, was in all respects the best speech he has yet delivered in the House of Commons.

MR. SEXTON'S speech on Thursday was an exceptionally able and powerful statement, which was so interesting that, in spite of its rather extreme length, it held the House attentive to the end. Perhaps his most effective hit was his exposure of the Unionist misstatements as to the finance of the Bill. Mr. Chamberlain quoted Mr. Gladstone as saying in 1886 that one-fifteenth would be a "generous and equitable" contribution from Ireland towards Imperial expenditure. One-fifteenth, he said, would amount to nearly £1,000,000. Ireland now pays one-twelfth of the whole revenue. One-twelfth of the Imperial expenditure would be nearly £5,000,000. Ireland under this Bill will pay for Imperial purposes rather less than £2,500,000. Therefore, argued Mr. Chamberlain, Great Britain will lose under the Bill either £2,500,000 a year on the basis of the present contribution, or £1,500,000 a year on the basis of what would be, according to the Prime Minister, generous and equitable. It was a comparatively easy task for the Unionist pamphleteers to capitalise this imaginary annual loss, and the country is now being flooded with leaflets asserting that Great Britain will lose £100,000,000, or even £150,000,000, by the Bill. What are the facts? Mr. Gladstone said a contribution of one-fifteenth would be equitable if Ireland received, as she would have done under the Bill of 1886 but will not under this Bill, £1,400,000 duty paid in Ireland on articles consumed in England. This disposes of the argument that, according to Mr. Gladstone, Ireland is to pay £1,500,000 less than she should. Still less substantial is the £2,500,000. Though Ireland contributes one-twelfth of the gross revenue, or £8,000,000, no less than three-fourths of this sum is intercepted in Ireland by the greedy official class, and the nett yield for Imperial purposes was in the last financial year just over £2,000,000, instead of the £5,000,000 ingeniously imagined by Mr. Chamberlain. So that if anything, England would rather gain than lose by this Bill even financially, and that without allowing for the probable further increase of administrative expenses under a Unionist system. Seldom have figures been more outrageously "manipulated," even by Mr. Chamberlain.

ONE of the few speeches against the Bill worth listening to was delivered on Wednesday

by Mr. Horace Plunkett, member for South Dublin, the holder of the one South of Ireland seat captured from the Nationalists at the General Election. Mr. Plunkett spoke with the voice of one who evidently both loved and knew his country, and he had something to say which gave food for thought, and was worth being answered. Indeed we are bound to say he is the one Irish Tory who has shown anything of the spirit of a statesman in dealing with this great problem. Our best wish for Mr. Plunkett is to see him one day bringing all that close practical knowledge of Ireland's economic and moral difficulties which he displayed, and all that earnest thinking to the service of his country in an Irish Parliament.

It is perhaps idle to speculate upon the numbers of the majority in the Second Reading division, seeing that the numbers themselves will appear simultaneously with the speculation. It has, however, been admitted on the Tory benches that the Liberal majority will hardly fall below its normal figure. Only one supporter of Mr. Gladstone has declared his intention to vote against the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill, and the reasons which this gentleman (Mr. Saunders) has given for his action are of such a character that his vote can only be treated as an act of individual eccentricity without political significance of any kind. The points upon which Liberals are anxious to see the Bill amended in committee are three in number: the position of Irish members in the House of Commons; the constitution of the Second Chamber in the Irish Parliament; and the financial provisions. On the Tory side the safeguards for Ulster and for the maintenance of the supremacy of the Crown seem to be the chief points upon which anxiety is felt, and it is doubtless with regard to the former of these that we shall hear most in the next stage of the measure. There is a rumour that some of the Opposition leaders are anxious that no amendments to the measure should be moved from their side of the House. They wish to treat the Bill as something which cannot by any possibility be amended. This, however, is a counsel of perfection that is hardly likely to be attained.

THE wholly unfounded rumour which was circulated last week as to a division of opinion on the Home Rule Bill between Mr. Fowler and his colleagues in the Cabinet was promptly contradicted by Mr. Fowler himself. As a matter of fact it was a mere invention, which had not even the credit of looking like the truth. Yet not even the emphatic and authoritative contradiction which was given to the falsehood by Mr. Fowler himself has prevented its revival in the columns of the provincial journals in which it first appeared. It is needless to say that this repetition of a deliberate untruth is not likely to increase popular respect for the newspapers which give currency to it. Yet there are, apparently, some writers in the Press who imagine that they are entitled not only to invent political gossip, but to maintain the accuracy of that gossip in face of the direct denials of those who alone can speak with personal knowledge and authority regarding it.

THE Budget is to be brought in on Monday. It ought hardly to be necessary to say that the forecasts of its character in which certain imaginative writers are indulging, and on which they are already founding indictments against her Majesty's Government, are mere guesses of the most worthless description. Sir William Harcourt is not the kind of man who reveals the secrets of a coming Budget to the first London correspondent who accosts him in the Lobby, and except from Sir William Harcourt no one could possibly have learned anything authentic regarding the Budget down to the present

moment. To-day, for the first time, Sir William's colleagues in the Cabinet will be allowed to learn what are his proposals regarding the finances of the year. It is scarcely worth while in these circumstances to say that the outer world of lobbyists is not possessed of information which has hitherto been withheld from the Cabinet.

AFTER Home Rule the Budget, and after the Budget—what? The Liberal Party in the House of Commons has most generously given its almost undivided attention to the Irish Question up to the present moment. No Irish member can object if Parliament now turns seriously to other matters affecting the interests of the United Kingdom as a whole. The Employers' Liability Bill has reached a stage at which it cannot be left, and it will probably be the first measure pressed upon the House of Commons when the Budget has been disposed of. The Parish Councils Bill ought to come next, and ought certainly to be read a second time before the Home Rule Bill is dealt with in Committee. The Registration Bill, regarding which some sensible suggestions have been made at a conference of leading members of the Liberal Federation, will occupy a place subsidiary to these two measures, but it ought not to be neglected amid the pressure of other work. Still, the chief point for Ministers and their supporters to bear in mind is that, next to the Home Rule Bill, the Parish Councils Bill is by far the most important now before Parliament, and is also the Bill which promises to be carried most easily. Whatever other measures may fail to be placed upon the Statute Book during the present session this great measure ought certainly to receive the Royal Assent.

LORD SALISBURY, who, we are glad to see, is sufficiently recovered from his late attack to be able to take the field again, celebrated "Primrose Day" by a speech which we hope is not to be taken as in all respects characteristic. The incitements to Orange rebellion of Mr. Balfour and the Duke of Devonshire were sufficiently bad, but it is hard to characterise in moderate language similar incitements when they come from one who a few months ago was Prime Minister of England. What is to be thought of such language as the following from the man who outside the Cabinet is the most responsible statesman in the British Empire?

"If there was trouble in Ulster, the people there would be very poor if they could not beat down the local Nationalist police; and then would come the question of summoning troops. The big House of Commons, with the Irish there, could vote indignantly for troops to be sent, but the little House, which had the power of the purse, would say, 'No, thank you.'"

"If there is trouble in Ulster," Lord Salisbury and his friends are leaving the British public in no doubt as to where the main responsibility will lie; and, should that day come, we venture to think that Lord Salisbury will find himself grievously mistaken as to the view the British public and the House of Commons, whether the big or the little, will take of the matter.

THE gem, however, of Lord Salisbury's speech was probably his suggestion that on the passage of Home Rule all the Irish members would turn smugglers. The Irish people would refuse to pay the customs duties, whereupon—

"The coast of Ireland was an ideal one from the point of view of smuggling, and the small contribution of £2,500,000 would vanish into thin air. . . . My belief is that the Irish members know this perfectly well, and so assent to the financial arrangements of the Bill."

We should be very sorry to endeavour to refute Lord Salisbury's smuggling theory. It opens up a prospect quite too charmingly romantic for our sense of duty. If we were to examine it too curiously we might be in grave danger (for we confess ourselves votaries of

Mr. R. L. Stevenson) of liking it too much. But upon the plain matter of fact on which Lord Salisbury bases his thrilling fabric, it might be well to point out that he is not accurate in stating that the Irish members have "assented to the financial arrangements of the Bill." A very slight inquiry would have been sufficient to reveal to him the rather important fact that the financial arrangements are the one portion of the Bill as to which all Irish members of whatever shade have expressed their emphatic dissent.

THE Duke of Devonshire made a speech at Dalkeith on Saturday which has deservedly attracted attention on all sides, and which must greatly injure the speaker's political reputation. It was nothing less than a defence of the right of the people of Ulster to resist the law and to refuse obedience to Acts of Parliament. "Could the descendants of those who resisted James the Second say that the people of Ulster had not the right, if they thought fit, to resist by force, if they believed they had the power, the imposition of such a Government upon them?" This was the question the Duke asked at Dalkeith. Mr. Morley on Tuesday exposed, with well-deserved severity, the utter ignorance of English history which the speaker displayed in putting such a question. The ex-Liberal statesman is apparently not aware of the fact that the English people resisted James the Second, not because he was seeking to enforce the laws, but because he was breaking them. Let him spend a few hours in reading some history of the time—Macaulay's, if he has not a stomach for anything more severe—before he again essays to decorate his incitements to rebellion with historical illustrations of ludicrous inaptness. But when we see the man who was once regarded as Mr. Gladstone's successor in the leadership of the English Liberals sinking to the tricks of the demagogue and the agitator, we can hardly be surprised if some of his new followers are inclined to be still more violent and extravagant.

THE settlement of the dock strike at Hull, of which a fair promise was given by the events of the early part of this week, has failed so far, owing to the action of outside influences—that is to say, of the Central Executive of the Shipping Federation. Monday's conversation in the House of Commons pointed to a speedy arrangement, and terms were afterwards formulated by a strong committee under the presidency of Mr. Mundella. But Mr. Laws has now induced Mr. C. H. Wilson, who practically dominates the port of Hull, to stand out against the main demand of the men. They are perfectly willing to work with non-Unionists; but they want some assurance that those non-Unionists are not mere creatures of the Shipping Federation, and that the Federation labourers' ticket will not give its non-Unionist holders a preferential title to employment. So far no such assurance has been given; the armistice—for such it was—has terminated; and the importation of "free labour" by the shipowners has recommenced.

A FURTHER conference is fixed for Monday next, to which, in addition to the signatories of the terms formulated last Monday, two members of the Shipping Federation have been invited, as well as Mr. Ben Tillett. It is sincerely to be hoped that a settlement may then be arrived at. More than any great strike we remember, this strike has been complicated by the presence of the personal factor and the action of outside capitalist agitators—a proceeding curiously inconsistent with their usual denunciations of similar action on the part of the men. The latter see clearly enough that their own power of combination is at stake. And it is certainly desirable that that power should be maintained in the interest of industrial peace.

It is housekeepers in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

MR. KEIR HARDIE, as we have said on a previous occasion, is interesting because he is a type. He will now, we fear, entertain a greater contempt for the House of Commons than ever. He has made a determined effort to get the despised machine to work and he has failed, and failed in such a manner as to render the instrument useless for the time being for that particular purpose to others as well as to himself. If we may borrow his own elegant metaphor, he has condescended to put a penny in the slot, and, the penny not being all right, the intelligent machine has refused to yield the desired result. It might be too much to hope that this would prove a useful lesson to Mr. Keir Hardie; that he would learn to lay the blame upon his own want of skill and want of modesty, upon his belief that co-operation with others and deference to their views were unnecessary and undesirable things, rather than upon the known imperfections of representative institutions. This is one of the lessons—a lesson in the grammar of politics—which men learn in the House of Commons, which is the true training-school of free government; but there are some pupils so perverse that they fail to learn anything. Those of whom Mr. Keir Hardie is in one respect the type are, however, in a better case; they have their allowance of good British common sense, and we believe that their education will benefit a good deal from some of the object-lessons which they have been getting of late, both at home and abroad.

THE most pregnant of these lessons came from Belgium. We have repeatedly pointed out that some of our own labour leaders, who are choke-full of continental nostrums of various kinds, seem to be totally devoid of an appreciation of the vast superiority of the position of the working classes in Great Britain compared with those of every other nation in the world. At any rate, they fail to read the practical moral of that superiority—namely, respect, not to say reverence, for the political machinery which has brought it about. They exhibit as fine and acrimonious a contempt for the House of Commons as any "authoritaire Socialist" might feel for the Chamber of Deputies, and they talk of the resort to riot and disorder with a lightness which would become an unenfranchised Belgian miner. The events of the past week in Belgium will no doubt help to open their eyes. The British working man, they will see, for all their impatience, has, under the fostering influence of that great palladium of civil liberty, the House of Commons, been brought to a point fully thirty years in advance of his Belgian brother. He received the franchise—as the agricultural labourer received the franchise—almost without his having demanded it. It has come to him as the natural broadening of the bounds of freedom, which takes place inevitably under truly great representative institutions. The British labour leader, with his vote, with the avenues of public life open before him, and yet reviling, straining at, and fuming at the Parliament which made a man of him, is not a spectacle which, if he saw it rightly in the glass, we believe he would admire himself. He is learning sense, however, we are confident. These object-lessons from the Continent will furnish a very inspiring, yet sobering illumination to him upon the value of the institutions of his native land.

THE Anglo-Armenian Association will entertain their friends in Parliament at the Criterion Restaurant on the 12th of May. Mr. Francis Stevenson, M.P., the newly-elected President, will occupy the chair, and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster will be the guest of the evening. We believe this is likely to be a thoroughly representative gathering of Armenians as well as of their English sympathisers who desire to see civil protection guaranteed and judicial reforms introduced into Asiatic Turkey in accordance with the provisions of the Berlin Treaty.

ABROAD. BELGIUM has come safely through the very serious crisis with which her political and social institutions were threatened last week. The general strike which then began spread very rapidly, and not only in the mining districts. Very serious disturbances were threatened; pillage—it was openly announced—would begin in the Borinage on Tuesday morning; men at work were assaulted, even by those of other trades. The reserves were called out; there were troops in all the disturbed districts; there was some rioting and one or two regrettable collisions of the military and the mob, resulting in loss of life. Even the printers and the café waiters were on the point of ceasing work in Brussels. M. Buis, the burgomaster of Brussels—a sound Liberal, who had, however, checked street demonstrations—was violently assaulted in the street. M. Picard, the legal adviser of the Labour party, was arrested on a charge of inciting to outrage, which seems to have little foundation, and there seemed every prospect of a repetition of the petty but bloody and destructive warfare of 1886.

UNDER these circumstances the Ministry was wise in time. Two or three propositions for manhood suffrage, more or less tempered by various fancy franchises, were to be put before the Chamber on Tuesday. The Ministry accepted that of M. Nysseus. Manhood suffrage is enacted for all above the age of 25; but an additional vote is to be conferred (a) on fathers of families; (b) on those possessing a certain revenue from land, or a savings bank deposit, or paying taxes to a given amount; (c) on anyone having passed certain examinations or able to prove a fair education. But no person can have more than three votes. This proposal was carried by 115 to 21—part of the Right opposing, and M. Frère Orban and some of the Left abstaining—and is accepted by the Labour leaders as a temporary solution of the difficulty, though they do not propose to rest content under the plural vote which swamps the town artisan with a flood of illiterate peasantry. The result was well received, except at Liège, and the disturbances quieted down rapidly. It is curious to see how much the younger workmen are feared by all parties. Presumably they are illiterate; they are probably the least steady; they are doubtless the most exposed to "alcoholism"; and they are the chief field of the Socialist and Anarchist propaganda.

THE disturbances in Belgium have revived old apprehensions in France. Several Paris papers have been urging the Government to mass troops on the Belgian frontier, on the ground that the German Government has a secret convention with Belgium permitting it to occupy one or more fortresses, and that the neutrality of Belgium is guaranteed by France. We have heard of this secret treaty before in connection with the new forts on the Meuse; but the treaties of 1815 and 1830, which guarantee the integrity of the Netherlands and neutrality of Belgium, also guarantee non-intervention in their internal affairs; and, apart from this, the principle of non-intervention is too well established to be violated. Still, when we find a semi-official Austrian journal broadly hinting at the possibility of an interference to restore order on the part of the Great Powers, it cannot be denied that the French alarmists had more reason than usual for their alarms. In any case the fact deserves notice as another indication of the unstable equilibrium and the reviving apprehension on the Continent of Europe.

BY the time these lines appear the celebration of the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy will be in full progress at Rome. As to the event itself, there can only be one feeling. The King and Queen perform all the duties incumbent on royalty,

and are thoroughly popular among the bulk of their subjects. But it is best that these matters in these days should be made subjects of domestic, rather than of political interest, and if this course has not been taken it is solely due to the inconsiderate and inconvenient action of the German Emperor in reviving the memory of the invitation given him five years ago. The political colouring he has given to the ceremony suggests some unpleasant reflections. Has the kingdom of Italy really fulfilled the hopes with which we were all saluting it three and thirty years ago? Has it not fallen into all the errors of older monarchies, bloated armaments, senseless "megalomania," a scheme of colonisation that might have been invented by a convinced mercantilist of the last century, and that has only been kept going by a kind of semi-official Camorra at Massowah? Has not Italy quarrelled with her best financial friend, mismanaged her currency, neglected domestic reform, and exhibited a political impotence and an electoral corruption paralleled only in Serbia or Spain? This is the dark side of the picture; but, unfortunately, it is the side connected most closely with the Triple Alliance. And as the Emperor has gone to Rome to revive the lustre of that alliance, one cannot help thinking of its stains as well.

OF the other Royal wedding of the week—a real wedding and not a silver one—little need here be said. So far as such things now matter at all, this is of good augury for the independence of Bulgaria, and, most probably, for its tranquillity and cohesion. But it may be noted that M. Stamboloff gave some offence in official circles during his passage through Vienna last week by his extreme Russophobia—that he hinted that Bulgaria would soon be a kingdom, and exhibited significant reserve as to his interview with the Emperor, which was taken to indicate that he had a promise of Austrian support on that occasion. It is, perhaps, rather to M. Stamboloff than to Prince Ferdinand that we should look for menaces to the peace of Europe.

THE great struggle on the German Army Bill may commence next week. Meanwhile, there are signs of disintegration in the Catholic Centre, as well as in the National Liberal party. The official leaders of the former will not be reconciled with their *enfant terrible*, Herr Fussangel, who lately beat the candidate they favoured in a bye-election; and Herr von Huene, one of their leaders, has been in conference with the Chancellor—though only as a representative of a minority of his party—with a view to a possible compromise. But his efforts have completely failed; and the Prussian Liberals are further exasperated against the existing order by a legal decision that religious education may be enforced even on children whose parents have left a recognised Church. Herr Ahlwardt has, by various manoeuvres, postponed his Anti-Semitic "revelations," and his speedy extinction, in a Parliamentary sense, is predicted.

FOR once a meteorological prophecy has come nearly true. Earthquakes and other convulsions of nature were predicted by Professor Falb, of Vienna, for various parts of the world on Sunday last. On Monday morning an earthquake in Zante almost completed the process of destruction begun by the less violent shocks of three months ago. Several of the reports agree in indicating the cause as the opening of some submarine cavity and a consequent explosion due to the contact of the sea water with heated volcanic matter in the earth. Such are the penalties of living in a volcanic region and profiting by the fertility of volcanic soil. H.M.S. *Inflexible*, as well as French and Greek warships, have been prompt in affording immediate relief. But aid of

a more enduring character is wanted; and—if only because the staple product of the island plays so important a part in English life—we may confidently hope that the appeal of the Greek Ambassador and the Lord Mayor will meet with adequate response.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

It is a pity that newspaper correspondents who profess to correct other persons are not themselves careful to be accurate. A writer in the *British Weekly*, touching upon Mr. Stevenson's "Island Nights' Entertainments," says: "In announcing the book, THE SPEAKER said the *Illustrated London News* had mutilated the story. The editor of the *News*, naturally wroth at this, indicated the extent of his meddling, and intimated that he had the MS. in his possession, and would see whether Messrs. Cassell would reproduce it as Mr. Stevenson wrote it. I may say that this has not been done." Now the statement we really made was not that the editor of the *Illustrated London News* had mutilated Mr. Stevenson's story. About that we did not pretend to any special knowledge. What we said was that the "Beach of Falesä" had "hitherto appeared only in a mutilated edition." The statement was perfectly true. If our readers turn to the review of the work we publish on another page, they will see that the main interest of the story hangs upon a particular document—a sham marriage certificate. It was this certificate which was omitted when the story was first published—an omission, it need hardly be said, of no small importance. The certificate is printed in the volume published by Messrs. Cassell in the exact form in which it finally left Mr. Stevenson's hands, and, we believe, with only the alteration of a single word from the form in which it appeared in his original manuscript. To pretend in these circumstances to "correct" our statement was surely unnecessary.

BALLOONING as a means of aerial locomotion dates many years back, but as a means of investigating physically our atmosphere is, comparatively speaking, quite modern. Its value for meteorological purposes, when the aeronauts are supplied with the proper instruments, cannot be underrated. Witness the memorable travels of Glaisher. The limit beyond which, owing to the rarefaction of the atmosphere, human beings cannot pass is now taken to lie at about the height of five miles; and beyond this the records of automatic instruments must be relied upon. M. Renard, the well-known French aeronaut, has been experimenting in this direction, and he thinks that he has obtained an extremely light cloth and varnish that will suit for the envelope of the gas, and which is at the same time impervious to hydrogen. By adopting throughout aluminium fittings for the several self-recording instruments—which are packed in a kind of cradle of light willow-work—he hopes that with these advantages a height of twelve miles may be reached, or, which is approximately the same thing, eleven-twelfths of the atmosphere traversed in the plumb-line direction. The size of these balloons is given as about six metres in diameter, the total weight, including instruments, amounting to about twenty pounds, while their cost is estimated at fifty and a hundred and fifty francs for fine and bad weather respectively.

OBITUARY.

THE unexpected death of Mr. Addington Symonds will move a very wide circle of personal friends to real grief. Mr. Symonds was an admirable and indefatigable literary workman, and he has fallen in harness. On the very day on which his death took place his last volume—that on Walt Whitman—appeared. But it was not merely because he worked so well, and so indefatigably, that Mr. Symonds enjoyed the sympathy and admiration of so wide

a circle of friends. It was because he worked with such cheerful courage under the pressure of difficulties of no ordinary description. For twenty years past he had to spend the greater part of every year in his little villa near Davos, where alone he was able to keep up a fair degree of health. The rest of the year was as a rule spent in his house in Venice. At Venice he had, of course, access to the public library, and there is no need to say what good use he made of the treasures of that collection. But at Davos he was quite shut off from books. All that he needed for his studies and researches he had to buy, and this entailed upon him an annual expenditure of some hundreds of pounds, from which his more fortunate brethren who were able to live in the great cities were free. A delightful conversationalist, and a most amiable and charming man, Mr. Symonds succeeded wonderfully in keeping himself abreast of contemporary thought, despite his enforced exile from the great centres of intellectual life.

COUNT BISMARCK-SCHIERSTEIN was the head of the family of which his more illustrious kinsman enjoys the proper territorial title, and was well known in English society, with several members of which he was connected by marriage. General Edmund Kirby Smith had learnt his profession in the Mexican war, but will be remembered as one of the Confederate Generals in the War of Secession, and as Provisional Governor of the western half of the Confederacy when Grant and Sherman had cut it in two. Since the war he had been a Professor of Mathematics in a Southern college. Father Coleridge, S.J. (brother of Lord Coleridge), was in a very important position in his own order, and had achieved some literary reputation outside his Church. M. Charles Bigot was a journalist who had written effectively on art, the drama, and education, and was the author of a successful little reader for schools designed to inculcate morality and patriotism (when shall we have its like in England?). Te Kooti had been the leader of the fanatical Maoris during the rising of 1865-68. At one time a large reward was offered for his capture, but of late years he had received a pardon, and had settled down peaceably enough.

THE SECOND READING.

THE prolonged debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill was to come to a close in the early hours of this morning. There is no room for doubt as to the result of the division. The Opposition have spent more than a fortnight in their assault upon the Ministry. They have brought to their aid such reinforcements as could be gathered from speeches out of doors and from agitation in Ulster. Yet the net result of efforts which may fairly be described as unparalleled is that, with the possible exception of Mr. Saunders the eccentric, not a single vote has been drawn from the majority to swell the numbers of the minority. The men who were returned to the present Parliament to carry out a policy of justice and conciliation towards Ireland have remained absolutely unshaken in their devotion to that policy, despite the thunders of Opposition eloquence, the threats of the Orangemen, and the abuse so freely lavished upon them by the Coercionist Press. Such a result cannot fail to strike dismay into the ranks of the enemies of Home Rule. They must know now, if they did not know before, that the present Parliament is not to be shaken in its purpose. Despite an abuse of the patience of the majority, and of the usages of the House of Commons, which is without precedent, the Home Rule Bill will unquestionably be carried through committee and adopted at a third reading. The intriguers and apostates who, under various pretexts,

brought defeat upon Home Rule and disaster upon the Liberal Party seven years ago, are no longer to be found within our ranks. They have joined hands with their old enemy, and they are no longer a power for evil in the political world. We may leave them to the silent contempt of their former colleagues, and to the judgment of history. The great apostasy which has led men like Mr. Chamberlain, who avowed themselves to be Home Rulers in 1886, to stand forth in 1893 as the enemies not merely of Home Rule but of the people of Ireland, has delayed for seven long years the triumph of the cause of justice, but it can delay that triumph no longer. Its work is done, and it only remains for the historian of the future to inscribe a fitting epitaph upon its tomb.

We say advisedly that the triumph of the policy of conciliation cannot now be doubted. All experience proves that the House of Commons, when it has once taken a step forward, never retraces it. Its advances, though slow and oft delayed, are as certain and as irretrievable as the process of the hours. The House of Lords, forgetting for a moment its real impotence, may feebly interpose a brief delay between the expressed will of the nation and its execution; but the country can laugh at the renewed flourish of Mrs. Partington's mop, and proceed in the assured confidence that what the House of Commons has decreed will come to pass. Of this fact the wiser among our opponents are doubtless themselves convinced. Far be it from our wish to disparage the energy and stubbornness, any more than to ignore the bitterness and lack of scruple, with which they have fought against their fate. But they have been beaten on every field on which they have fought. They were beaten in the long campaign in the country during the last Parliament, despite the fact that the chapter of accidents again and again gave them an advantage which they had never ventured to hope for. They were beaten when they rallied their forces for a supreme effort last summer at the General Election. They have now been decisively beaten in two pitched battles in the House of Commons, and their fate is sealed. Looking back at the debate just concluded, it is not impossible that they may find some reason to regret the strategy which they deliberately adopted. Vainly dreaming that by wearisome delays they could wear out the patience of their opponents, they resolved to prolong the debate upon the second reading to an unjustifiable if not an unprecedented length. What has been their reward? They have not shaken the allegiance of a single man amongst Mr. Gladstone's followers. The "items," as some of their ridiculous critics contemptuously describe the Liberal rank and file, have shown that they know the first duty of the common soldier in a soldier's battle. They have stood firm as the "thin red line" stood in the days of old, and they have won their Inkerman. If they had allowed themselves to be moved by the taunts and gibes of their antagonists, they might no longer have been described as items, but they would have betrayed the cause committed to them.

The unreality of the debate which is now concluded has been, perhaps, its most striking feature. Not even the most frantic of Orangemen has been able to give to his furious declamations against the Ministry and the Bill an air of sincerity. On one point, and on one only, have the Opposition shown that they were sincere. Whether they spoke from the front bench, from the Tory ranks behind, or from the seats of the Liberal Unionists, they have made it painfully clear that a real and intense hatred of, and contempt for, the Irish people as a race was the mainspring of their dislike to Home Rule.

To no other body of their fellow-countrymen, and, we venture to say, to no other race in the civilised world, would they have dreamt of applying the sentiments and arguments which they have used so freely against the Irish. None of them may have been quite so maladroit as to adopt Lord Salisbury's unhappy phrase about Hottentots—a phrase which will live in history as the low-water mark of British prejudice against the Irish people—but they have shown that the same spirit of blind and furious intolerance and injustice animates them, and they have appealed to Parliament and their country not to grant Ireland the boon she craves, on the ground that the Irishman is a being apart, a pariah and an outcast, from whom the rights freely accorded to all other races must be withheld. If only for this illustration of the dominant spirit among our opponents, we must be thankful that the debate has suffered no curtailment. But we have still better reason to rejoice at the delivery of these endless speeches, inasmuch as the leading speakers of the Opposition seem to have made it their chief business to answer one another. Never, surely, in a great debate on a great subject, has Parliament had to listen to so bewildering a collection of contradictory arguments and assertions as those which have fallen from the lips of Unionist orators during the debate. Mr. Asquith, in his masterly speech last week, exposed some of these contradictions, showing how Lord Randolph Churchill answered Mr. Balfour, and how Mr. Chamberlain was chiefly engaged in answering himself. We can imagine the contemptuous amusement with which some philosopher of the next century, who has waded through the pages of "Hansard" in which the debate of the past fortnight is recorded, hoping to obtain from them some clear and logical statement of the case against Home Rule, will rise from his fruitless task. Ulster, which one section of the Opposition represents as the innocent lamb about to be shorn and sacrificed on the altar of Irish unity, is depicted by another as a lion strong enough and brave enough to defy not only the Nationalists of Ireland, but the Government and people of Great Britain. The safeguards provided for the minority are denounced by some as absolutely worthless, whilst others proclaim that they are so strong and so effectual that under them the majority will be unable to move hand or foot. The Imperial supremacy, which some speakers represent as lost, is upheld by others as a standing and unconquerable menace to the exercise by the Irish people of the most legitimate and necessary rights of self-government. The Imperial Parliament has been sacrificed at one hour of the evening, to be raised in the next to a greater altitude than it ever occupied before. An Orange member hypocritically mourns over the position of degrading bondage which the Bill will impose upon the people of England and Scotland, whilst a Scotch member fervently thanks God that henceforth, at all events, the business of his own country will no longer be obstructed by the pressure of Irish questions and the length of Irish speeches. The Bill goes too far. It does not go far enough. It destroys the authority of the Crown by setting up an independent nation in our midst. It dangerously increases the power of the Crown by reducing Ireland to a position of absolute subservience to the Sovereign and her advisers. Never was there such a jumble of self-contradictory propositions as those by means of which the Opposition have sought to support their case. But underlying all these absurdities and all these contradictions there has been that flagrant and odious sentiment of which we have spoken, the sentiment of hatred and contempt towards a nation with whom we are bound by the decrees of Providence either to live in peace or to remain in perpetual

conflict. "If Ireland were a thousand miles off," said one Tory speaker, "she might go her own way and be damned." The oath, indeed, he was compelled by the rules of the House to omit; but the sentiment was clear enough, and there were men who were not ashamed to applaud it. "Go and be damned!" Such is the last word of Tory statesmanship to Ireland. It is against this doctrine, not merely of despair, but of brutal, unconcealed enmity, that the policy of the Government and of the majority of the people of these islands has been framed, and every lover of his country will rejoice to know that this policy has received the hearty and unreserved support of the House of Commons.

IN COMMITTEE.

THOUGH a certain interval must of necessity elapse before the Home Rule Bill is considered by the House of Commons in Committee, it is not too soon to think of some of the changes which will be introduced into the measure in that stage in its progress. The debate upon the Second Reading has not, unfortunately, given as much assistance to Ministers as they had a right to expect with regard to the modification of the details of the Bill. Neither Mr. Gladstone nor any of his colleagues pretended that the measure, as it was first brought into the House, was one of those cast-iron structures no alteration in which is possible. On the contrary, upon some points the Prime Minister, when asking leave to introduce the Bill, declared emphatically that the Government were willing to listen to suggestions from either side. The misfortune is that their opponents have refused so far to deal seriously with the details of the measure. They have been content to declaim against Home Rule altogether, and to insist with wearisome iteration upon the imperfect character of the provisions of the present Bill. But their criticism of these provisions has been so confused and conflicting that it is impossible to obtain from them any correct idea as to the manner in which the Opposition would like to see it amended. In these circumstances it is for the supporters of the Government, who heartily approve of the measure as a whole, and who are resolved to secure for it the assent of the House of Commons during the present Session, to point out those portions of the Bill which they may think capable of amendment and improvement. By far the most important of the clauses which will be discussed in Committee—from the Liberal point of view, at all events—is Clause 9, that which provides for the representation of Ireland in the House of Commons. We have never concealed our own opinion as to the defective character of this clause. It was admittedly framed as a compromise, and Mr. Gladstone himself has hardly concealed the fact that it is not a compromise to which he is warmly attached. To us it seems to have every defect which a mere expedient of this kind can possess. The entire exclusion of the Irish representatives from Parliament would be a logical and, we believe, a sound course; but that course, although adopted in 1886, has been emphatically condemned by the Liberal Party in 1893, and it is therefore useless to attempt to persist in it. The only other logical course which is open to Ministers is to admit Irish members to a full share in the proceedings of the Imperial Parliament. The "in and out" proposal contained in the Bill is manifestly one which cannot work. No Ministry could hope to carry on its functions usefully if it were in a minority on questions of one description and in a

majority on those of another. If a Tory Government were to come into power under the present Bill it would no doubt be able to carry on English and Scotch legislation very much as it pleased, but it would be liable at any moment to be defeated upon one of those graver Imperial issues by which the fate of Ministries is decided. In the same way, if, after the passing of the Bill, the present Government retained office in a House composed like that which now exists, though it could at all times command a majority upon Imperial questions or a Vote of Confidence, it would be at the mercy of the Opposition on matters of domestic importance affecting the interests of Great Britain. Such a state of things is simply intolerable. Clause 9, therefore, must clearly be amended in Committee, and we have reason to believe that its amendment will not be seriously resisted by Ministers.

Of the manner in which it is to be altered few men who have considered the question at issue can entertain any doubt. The proposal to exclude the Irish members from any share in the work of the Imperial Parliament is a thing of the past. It can never be revived. Its revival, indeed, would be incompatible with the principle of the present Home Rule Bill. So many questions are left to the decision of the Imperial Parliament, and so many Irish interests will depend upon the action of that Parliament, that it would obviously be unfair to Ireland to leave her without any representation at Westminster. The principal question at issue accordingly resolves itself into the number of Irish representatives who will remain in the House of Commons after the passing of the Home Rule Bill. Doubtless, in the end, this is a question which will be decided in the usual way—i.e., in proportion to the number of persons represented. Mr. Gladstone on former occasions has protested against the reduction in number of Irish representatives, on the ground of the distance of the constituencies represented from Westminster, and of the unfairness of leaving a community which has so many special wants and claims of its own to a bare representation of its numerical strength. But this objection will pass away with the passing of the Home Rule Bill. Purely Irish questions will then be dealt with almost entirely by an Irish representative body, and it will only be upon the greater questions of Imperial policy that Ireland, as a matter of justice, will require representation at Westminster. It is obvious, therefore, that some reduction, and probably a considerable one, in the number of Irish members will take place after Home Rule has been carried. Possibly this reduction may be proposed at once, though we confess we see no necessity for this. It seems more desirable that the Committee should leave the representation of Ireland practically untouched so far as this House of Commons, at all events, is concerned. We have not yet reached, even in Great Britain, anything like a system of absolutely fair numerical representation, and there is not the slightest reason why we should impose such a system upon Ireland before it is enforced for the country at large. We believe that some of those who, in the past, have been loudest in demanding the entire exclusion of the Irish members will be found in Committee supporting the proposal that for the present, at all events, matters should remain as they are, and that Ireland should continue to be as fully represented in Parliament as it is at this moment. It is in this direction that we expect to see the Bill amended in Committee. Nor, in spite of the wild words which have been used by excited politicians in the course of the debate on the second reading, do we believe that any considerable body of Englishmen or Scotchmen will feel that this involves an

injustice to their own countries. We trust that the Liberal members will employ the time which must elapse before the Committee stage is entered upon in the careful consideration of this question. They will not find Ministers in a stubborn or unreasonable mood, if they are prepared to propose an amendment of Clause 9 which will remove the one serious flaw in the present Bill, by substituting for the unworkable proposal in that clause a simple and logical provision, by which the Irish representation will continue as at present in the House of Commons until the whole question of our representative system is again considered. The financial clauses will also undoubtedly be amended in Committee; and here we trust, despite the angry protests of Mr. Goschen and other gentlemen, who are Conservatives first and financiers afterwards, that Ministers will feel able to yield to the unanimous representations of Irish members of all parties, and to give to Ireland such a fair and generous treatment that Home Rule will be enabled to begin its career in that country under the most favourable auspices. The last thing that any patriot, to whatever party he may belong, can desire is that the great constitutional experiment which we are about to try, in the hope of removing the gravest of our political evils, shall be hopelessly fettered at the outset by a spirit of anything like niggardliness on the part of those who control the vast resources of the Empire.

AT HULL—AND ELSEWHERE.

IT has been edifying to observe the extreme indignation which some critics have shown at the attitude of the sympathisers with the Hull dock-labourers towards the police and the military. It is, of course, very unreasonable on the part of these persons to treat the mere presence of troops and police in Hull as an injury to the labourers. These forces are there, not for the purpose of interfering in the struggle between the Union and the Federation, but in order to prevent any breach of the law. So long as such a breach is possible, it is the duty of the Government to take the steps necessary to prevent it, and whoever blames them for doing so commits a grave mistake. This truism has been thundered at the heads of the dockers and their friends by critics who seem to think that the objection to the presence of police and troops is not merely unreasonable, but a proof of desperate wickedness on the part of those who entertain it. We wish that these critics would cast their eyes a little further afield. If they were to do so, they would speedily find that it is not only, or chiefly, at Hull that men are inclined to resent necessary steps for the maintenance of the law as a wrong and an insult to themselves. In too many quarters within the past week or two it has been made evident that a grave confusion of ideas exists with regard to the duties of Governments and citizens. Belgium has, of course, afforded the most flagrant example of this confusion of thought. The Radicals and Socialists of that country, for the purpose of promoting certain measures of constitutional reform in which they are interested, have not only threatened, but have actually resorted to violence. They are now declaiming against the Government which has dared to perform its most essential and rudimentary duty by suppressing rioting and brutal disorder. There is nobody in England, we suppose, who approves of the conduct of the Belgian rioters, and accordingly everybody is ready to throw a stone at them. The struggle in which they are engaged is not one that specially interests the people of this country, and consequently everybody here can form a correct

judgment as to the wrongfulness of the means to which the Belgian reformers have resorted.

We confess that we should like to hear the opinion of certain eminent English politicians with regard to this outbreak of lawlessness in Belgium. The views of the Duke of Devonshire, for example, upon the subject would at this particular moment possess an interest and an importance not commonly attaching to his utterances. The Duke of Devonshire has been for years past the great hope and mainstay of those Liberals who have ceased to be Liberal in everything but name. Ever since 1875 the propertied classes in our party have sworn by him. To them he has represented above everything else the sacred principle of legality. The most timid of Whigs felt safe within the shelter of the Liberal fold, so long as the Duke of Devonshire posed as the Liberal shepherd. Even Mr. Chamberlain—the Mr. Chamberlain of prehistoric times—failed really to terrify them by his doctrine of ransom, so long as they knew that before he could carry that doctrine into effect he would have to reckon with Lord Hartington. And as for any danger of the Liberal party allying itself with turbulent troublemakers of the peace, fomenters of sedition and disorder, whilst the heir of Chatsworth was to be found among its leading members, it was not for a moment to be contemplated. Remembering these facts, we confess that we feel curious to know what the present opinions of the Duke of Devonshire are, with regard not merely to the violent utterances of Mr. Tillet and other friends of the dockers, but to the lawless acts of the Belgian rioters. If he would devote his next invaluable harangue to a consideration of these subjects, he would confer a benefit upon his fellow-countrymen. For, unfortunately, we are no longer in a position to feel any certainty as to the line the Duke will take with regard to the criminality or otherwise of open and violent resistance to the law. The spirit of legality no longer pervades the speeches of the former leader of the Liberal party. In his speech at Dalkeith last week, he went further than any champion of the dockers has done in preaching the right of men to defy laws which they do not like, and to offer a violent resistance to those to whom is entrusted the duty of carrying those laws into effect. We have no wish to be too hard upon the Duke; but if he were to take the trouble to read up some of the records of our police-courts during the last ten years, he would discover, doubtless to his own surprise, that men have not only been placed in the dock, but consigned to prison, for using language the character of which differs little, if at all, from that employed by himself at Dalkeith.

No doubt the Duke will defend his own mischievous and foolish remarks about the right of resistance, and so forth, on the plea that they were mere flowers of eloquence, born of his too exuberant spirits and his too inflammable imagination. Still, he ought to remember that this plea has not been allowed to prevail in the case of some of those Irish politicians and labour-advocates whose more objectionable methods he has seen fit to adopt. But we have no wish to be severe in judging the mere language used by his Grace. We are disposed, at all events, to give him the benefit of a first fault, and to hope that he will not repeat it. But, as his words unquestionably raise serious doubts as to his present attitude towards that doctrine of legality of which he was so long a distinguished defender, we would like, if possible, to set those doubts at rest by putting a test-case to him. What would the Duke say if he were to be told that a private citizen was at this moment endeavouring to

raise
rende
Irelan
resist
Unite
rhetor
of re
a wh
happ
anoth
of De
is nei
ing, c
a pea
the I
us wh
sort.
he c
teer
on I
Irelan
some
a mo
which
laws
and t
his re
aban
and,
the u
of th
prof
beg
Dawn
publi
last

MI

M
debat
In a
and
pas
great
once
gene
is th
comp
brou
to fa
that
statu
self:
with
the i
has
ever,
ques
in th
itself
culti
We l
of so
seen
Conc
desir
desir
empl
Com
resol
desir
tion

raise an armed force in England, for the purpose of rendering assistance to a section of the people of Ireland, in the event of their entering upon open resistance to the Government and the laws of the United Kingdom? It is all very well for an excited rhetorician to indulge in loose talk about the rights of rebellion, and to fortify his foolish phrases by a wholly erroneous reference to what he supposes happened in the reign of James II. But it is quite another matter for a man in the position of the Duke of Devonshire to express approval of a scheme which is neither more nor less than a project of filibustering, of which the inhabitants and the Government of a peaceful country are to be made the victims. Let the Duke be candid enough and bold enough to tell us what he thinks with regard to a scheme of this sort. He has been Secretary for War. Does he consider it a legitimate use of our volunteer system to raise a corps of volunteers on English soil in order to wage civil war in Ireland? He is a Privy Councillor, and has held some of the highest offices in the State. Can he for a moment approve of a movement, the object of which is to attack a constitutional Government and laws which have received the assent of Parliament and the Crown by the use of arms? We pause for his reply; for by it we shall know whether he has abandoned the principles he has hitherto professed, and, ceasing to be the constitutional statesman and the upholder of law and order, has sunk to the level of the anarchist and the rebel. And, if the Duke professes that our case is but a hypothetical one, we beg leave to refer him to the letters signed L. P. Dawnay and Edward Saunderson, which were published in the *Westminster Gazette* of Wednesday last.

MR. MUNDELLA'S CONCILIATION BILL.

MR. MUNDELLA has managed, by a dexterous use of the opportunity created by the Hull debate, to get his Conciliation Bill introduced at last. In a few days' time, therefore, it will be in print, and we may hope to see it on the fair way to being passed through the House by general assent. Two great factors augur well for the success of this measure once it is law. One is that it is a response to a general, eager, and spontaneous demand. The other is that it carefully strips itself of every element of compulsion. Compulsion was the ingredient which brought all the efforts to promote arbitration by law to failure hitherto. It may not be generally known that there are three Arbitration Acts already on the statutes. One of them was passed by Mr. Mundella himself: it set up courts of arbitration and endowed them with compulsory powers. But nobody cared to touch the instrument, and this Act, as well as the others, has remained a dead letter. Public opinion, however, has moved considerably in regard to labour questions since 1871, and in nothing more surely than in the realisation of the fact that in public opinion itself must be found the true solvent of most of the difficulties that arise from the clashing of social interests. We have seen public opinion produce the settlement of some of the most formidable disputes. We have seen it operate for the promotion of local Boards of Conciliation in various directions, until now the desire for the establishment of these Boards may be described as both intense and universal, and that desire comes as strongly from employers as from employed. This week the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the Kingdom passed the following resolution: "That, having in view the growing desire for the extension of conciliation and arbitration for labour disputes, it is expedient that some

recognition on the part of the Government should be bestowed on such Conciliation Boards as have been formed, or may be formed, in connection with Chambers of Commerce and otherwise." In the present session three other Arbitration Bills besides Mr. Mundella's have been introduced, and all of these emanate from the employers' direction, their respective promoters being Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Butcher, and Mr. Cayzer.

Mr. Mundella's Bill, then, aims simply at co-operating with public opinion, not at superseding it. It is in truth a Conciliation Bill rather than an Arbitration Bill, and Conciliation Bill is what it ought more strictly to be called. One of its provisions, we understand, will practically meet the purpose of the foregoing Chamber of Commerce resolution. It provides for the registration at the Board of Trade of all existing Conciliation Boards, and of any which may hereafter be formed, together with their rules and records; and the Board of Trade is to furnish an annual report to Parliament, giving an account of the work of these Boards during the year and the general operation of the Act. In other words, all that can be done by Government recognition and participation in strengthening the authority and prestige of these Boards, and in keeping their functions well before the public eye, will be done by the Board of Trade under this Bill. A more substantive provision is that which enables Government itself to interfere directly as a mediator in the settlement of labour disputes. Where a strike has taken place, or where it is apprehended that a strike is likely to take place, the Board of Trade may appoint a Conciliator and send him down to the locality in question on the application either of the employers or of the workmen. This official, be it noted, will not be an Arbitrator but a Conciliator; he will be equipped with no judicial powers for the compulsory taking of evidence, or for otherwise setting up anything in the nature of a court of law. His first duty will be to lend his offices and authority to bringing about an understanding between the disputants if that be possible; his second will be to furnish the Government with a report. This report he is to make in any case, whether successful in bringing about peace or not, and it will be presented to Parliament forthwith by the Board of Trade, and thus at once become public property as a Parliamentary paper. Should the dispute continue, this report is relied on as destined to be the authoritative guide to public opinion; while the knowledge of its inevitable appearance ought to operate powerfully beforehand in preventing things going too far. The Government will have one more power. In localities where strikes have been of more or less frequent occurrence, and where no local Conciliation Board exists, the Board of Trade may send down a person or persons to confer with the people of the district with a view to establishing there a Board of Conciliation.

At the present stage it would be premature to speak in greater detail about this Bill. We will only add we base our chief hope for its efficacy upon the fact that it does not vitiate the wholesome voluntary principle which is its essence by the introduction of any element of compulsory power. That power in this connection would be bound to be as futile and inept as it would be dangerous. You cannot compel, by any imaginable process that would commend itself either to justice or common sense, a man to work who does not choose to work, or a man to employ who does not choose to employ; and since you are bound to depend on moral pressure to enforce the decisions of an arbitration, the only sound course is to depend on moral pressure all through.

THE NEW STYLE IN DEBATE.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy feature of the extensive debate which ceased last night was the new debating style introduced by the leading orators of the Opposition. This, we are inclined to think, is a phenomenon and worthy of philosophic examination. It may not have occurred to Mr. Chaplin the other afternoon, when, rotund and sleek, the embodiment of the Agricultural Interest, he gracefully disported like the "oiled and curled Assyrian bull" prepared for sacrifice, that he was being used as an early tool and victim of an attack against the institutions of his country. Yet so it was. His academic quotations from Monsieur "Apollinaris" and other eminent foreign economists (the names at least he pronounced with an unimpeachable patriotism which jarred upon the foreign Radical ear of Monsieur Labouchère) were nothing but so many shots fired into the most vital part of the ancient legislature which he so much adorns. Yes; he joined (though very likely he did not know it) with Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Forwood, with Sir John Gorst and Lord Randolph Churchill, with the nimble Matthews, the elegant Goschen, and the rest of that remarkable troupe, the programme of whose weekly performances Mr. Balfour announced to the House beforehand, he joined with them in a deliberate effort to bring the debates of the House of Commons into contempt. We feel sorry for Mr. Chaplin. He appears to our eyes a pathetic figure. An ancient and respectable butler depreciating the claims of old port would seem to us a not more unnatural and painful spectacle than Mr. Chaplin bringing into disrepute the traditions of Parliamentary debate. His very person exhales the atmosphere of these traditions even as the butler might give off the aroma of the wine he contemns. If we might use a choice phrase of Mr. Balfour's, we might say he reeks of them. The jaunty dangle of the eye-glass from the point of the index-finger, the orotund periods (a Disraelian ideal towards which Lord Randolph toils after Mr. Chaplin in vain), recall one great Parliamentary personage, the melancholy cadences of the melodious voice are an echo of another, the airy wave of the white hand, the withering glare at the Tadpoles and Tapers of the opposite bench, they are all reminiscences of a day that is gone, and so many guarantees, as it were, to the uneasy that if ever the traditions of Parliamentary debate were to be forgotten for a moment they are to be found religiously enshrined beneath the beautifully fitting frock-coat of the member for Sleaford. How sad, how shocking to one's sense of public propriety, to see such a being actually engaged in proceedings hostile to the function of Parliamentary debate, and, in point of fact, exhibiting the same contempt for the matter as a proletarian Orson like Mr. Keir Hardie! We, of course, are serenely confident that, as old port by its native merits is capable of outlasting the race of butlers, even so will Parliamentary debate outlast the race of Chaplins; but that does not prevent us feeling regret at seeing so respectable a person going wrong, nor does it make it the less necessary to examine into the tactics in which he is but a humble and misguided participator.

For Mr. Chaplin's colleagues, the contrivers of these brilliant tactics, we have no tender feelings, and we desire only to direct public opinion to the meaning of what they have been at. Everybody has noticed it, some have already commented on it publicly. We have seen the leaders of the Opposition while abnormally edacious of Parliamentary time, deliberately forego the exercise of the function of Parliamentary debate in its true and well-under-

stood sense. Instead of answering opponents and engaging in that contest of reasoning which a debate is supposed to be, we have seen them delivering a series of set speeches or lectures of portentous length, empty of argument, full of prognostications and denunciations, and practically having no relation whatsoever to the speeches delivered on the other side. We have seen them moreover while the debate was going on conducting a number of meetings in the country—in Liverpool, Edinburgh, Dublin, and so on—for which they reserved what Mr. Asquith happily called their most full-blooded rhetoric. Now we connect this phenomenon with another. All students of English politics are aware of Lord Salisbury's profound disbelief in representative institutions in general and in the House of Commons in particular, a disbelief warmly shared by his relative, the late leader of that assembly. We do not suggest that a conscious effort is being made by the leaders of the Opposition to furnish a conspicuous justification for that belief. These things go rather by unconscious tendencies than by conscious design, and the ideas of a chief filtering down amongst the mass of his party would be sufficient to account for a tendency, while the fact that the Tory party finds itself out of power in a House of Commons democratic beyond its worst anticipations, is enough to provide that tendency with a very active impulse. Hence, in the main, comes the double effort—to bring the House of Commons to discomfiture by obstruction on the one hand, and, lest that should fail, to discredit its authority with the country in advance by endeavouring to take the case out of its hands, by denying its competence, and by setting up a sort of appeal court or, indeed, "referendum" against it in circuses and public halls. The Easter recess, it will be recollected, was to have been utilised for an agitation which was to have demolished in some way the measure which apparently there was no use in attacking in the usual method in debate. Nothing, in our humble judgment, could be more delightfully silly than this novel and unconstitutional idea. It is based upon two fatuous misconceptions of British character. One is the assumption that the average Englishman admires a man who runs away from the arena where he has to meet and answer his opponents face to face, in order to bluster on a platform where he is surrounded by no one but his friends. The other is the assumption that the English citizen will enjoy seeing the political institution of which, perhaps of all others, he is most proud, made little of for party purposes, or that he will feel anything but resentment for the politicians, to whatever party they may belong, who adopt this mode of flattering him.

It ought to be emphasised to what extent the policy of the Opposition orators during the past fortnight does imply a turning the back upon the function of debate. The ideal Parliamentary orator, we know, is the man who answers his opponent on the spot, and who, while furnishing abundant positive ideas of his own, makes his opponent's speech the text of his address. The great oratorical encounters which the country delighted to read, and which history loves to record, were those in which the Parliamentary champion received the assault of his foe and broke it to pieces at once by the brilliancy and force of his return. It was by such achievements that the Cannings, the Peels, the Palmerstons, the Disraelis, and the Gladstones aroused the spirits of their friends and sent a thrill of pleasurable excitement through the country; and such is the criterion more or less distantly aimed at in the general process of debate. The debate of the past fortnight has been conducted by the

Opposition on an entirely different theory. Their set speeches, not arising spontaneously out of the development of the discussion, might have been effective at a public meeting or in a lecture-room, but they were the very antithesis of what was suitable for a debate. If the House of Commons were to go in generally for this style of discussion, the function of debate would soon become as extinct as it is in the American House of Representatives. There there is really no speaking done, except unreal set orations, addressed, not to the House, but to the orator's constituents, to whom he is entitled to send copies of the "Congressional Record," containing a full report, at the public expense. Even these pronouncements are not listened to, for as soon as the speaker has got to the second or third sentence in his manuscript a motion is generally made to give him "leave to print," and he is thus enabled to get it on the "Congressional Record" (which was all he wanted) without having to deliver it at all. They are profoundly mistaken who imagine that the average Englishman, whatever flaws he may admit in them as they are, would like to see the debates of the House of Commons replaced by something of this kind. The average Englishman, however he may grumble about "talk" and "waste of time," and so forth, has a great respect for the debates of the House of Commons; and therein he shows some of his characteristic qualities. He knows thoroughly well how to distinguish between the respective parts which the public meeting, the press, and the House of Commons' debate play in that complex organism of British freedom which narrow and uncomprehensive minds find it so hard to appreciate, and of them all he thinks most about debate. He is right, of course; for what does debate mean? At the public meeting the political advocate, surrounded by sympathisers, has it all his own way. When he comes to speak in an Assembly, where his opponents are represented as well as his friends—and not by inarticulate supporters, but by trained speakers and distinguished party leaders—he enters upon a higher plane of experience. There he is compelled to listen to adversaries' arguments, and not merely to listen, but to answer; and if unable to answer effectively, he has to bear the consequences of the impression which the result of the contest makes upon the mind of the intelligent observer outside. Debate, in fact, is a living thing; it is the very life-breath of the House of Commons, and one of the vital forces of the Constitution. It is the true corrective of the views of the rabid theorist, on the one hand, who, in the German philosopher's phrase, holds "the thinking away of what exists, and the thinking into its place of what does not" to be the essence of political wisdom, and, on the other hand, of the views of the hide-bound Conservative who dreams that it is possible for humanity to stand still. Disraeli said that this country was governed by rhetoric and not by logic, and there was a great truth in the remark. House of Commons' debate, in a word, so eminently consorts with the political genius of the British people that so long as the one lasts the other will be cherished, and M.P.'s, whether on Front Benches or otherwise, who wish to have a future will do well to appreciate that fact.

KING ALEXANDER'S COUP D'ÉTAT.

WHEN we wrote last week it seemed in the highest degree probable that the crisis in Serbia would have passed by now into open civil war. Almost immediately afterwards a solution was effected which—for the moment—seems decisive and

complete. We are reminded indeed, in another column, that the King's action was open to certain objections on the score of morality. But the "literary historians," who received hard treatment in these columns some months ago, care little for morality, and much for picturesque effect. It is only reasonable that their lessons should be followed in both respects by so apt a pupil as the young King. Rarely indeed in these dull scientific days has a great historic event been better staged or more neatly played through. Moreover, hardly a single protest has been uttered abroad; certainly none is reported from Serbia. The whole of the cities and numerous smaller places have officially congratulated the King and his Ministry. The deposed Liberal Ministers and the Regents have had their houses guarded by police and troops. On the removal of the guards their supporters attempted an expression of sympathy. A riot arose, and the troops had to interfere—but it was not to oppress the Liberals, but to protect them. The Regents are pensioned, and are going abroad; the country is at peace; Austrian opinion is thoroughly satisfied with the change, and hardly any discontent is expressed even in Russia.

Certainly the Liberals and the Regents deserve little sympathy. The former, indeed, were attempting the impossible. Called to power in defiance of all Parliamentary tradition, they had manipulated every local Government and used every electoral manoeuvre to multiply their handful of adherents in the Legislature. For months there have been violent replacements of Radical municipal authorities by Liberals, sometimes after pitched battles or sieges of the town hall. Electoral pressure has been so unsparingly and so clumsily used that the sarcastic suggestion has been made that the financial experts imported from abroad should be accompanied by an expert skilled in the promotion of official candidatures. Some might doubtless have been supplied from Italy or Spain; perhaps one or two may survive from the Napoleonic régime in France. All these efforts, however, had practically failed, and were to be followed by a wholesale voiding of the recent elections. This would assuredly have meant civil war, followed presumably by the interference of Austria or Russia, or both, and then we should have had the complication and the friction, which would most probably have set a light to all the explosive material in Europe.

For the present, then, the settlement is satisfactory enough. We are warned in another column by one who has the best right to speak with knowledge that the future outlook is a good deal less satisfactory. In fact the glowing colours of the literary historian (who on this occasion is the newspaper correspondent) must here, as elsewhere, be modified by the dry light of science. We may at once dismiss the odd *canard* sent from Belgrade to M. Blowitz, that M. Ristich prompted the solution himself. M. Ristich, if he had done so, would have provided more acceptable successors than M. Dokich or the Progressist leaders. We may fairly suppose that whatever influence may be behind the King, it is not likely that he will remain a mere instrument under it. But how far will he secure the bulk of the Radical party, who by their history are devoted to the rival dynasty?

The latest news from Belgrade gives greater reason for hope than the article we print in another column. A section of Liberals, headed by two of the late Ministry, have seceded from their party and support the young King. Moreover, M. Garashanine, the leader of those cultivated Progressists our correspondent describes, has from the first been in the counsels of the new Cabinet, and seems even to have been offered a place

in it. If this is so, it points to a redistribution of parties—which, after the late conflict, is probably the most desirable thing that can happen. At any rate, a King who can do his part so well, who is so much older than his years, and can execute a scheme so effectively—even supposing that he did not originate it—is eminently likely to rally a body of independent adherents around him, and to found a new party that will effectively secure his dynasty.

FINANCE.

LATE on Tuesday evening the City was very agreeably surprised by the publication of a letter from Messrs. Baring Brothers (Limited) to Lord Rothschild's Committee, announcing that the Argentine Finance Minister had proposed a settlement of the debt which under all the circumstances is fairly satisfactory. It had been known for some time that negotiations were going on, but nobody suspected that they had proceeded so far. Stated as shortly as possible, the proposal comes to this, that for the next eight years the Sinking Fund, amounting to somewhat under half a million sterling, should be suspended, and that for five out of the eight years bondholders should accept a million and a half sterling per annum interest out of nearly two and a quarter millions sterling, which would be required to pay the full interest on the debt; at the end of the five years, however, the Minister promises to resume payment in full. An attempt, no doubt, will be made to extract a little more from the Finance Minister, but even if it does not succeed, the offer is not unhandsome, especially if Argentina is able to pay in full five years hence. If the million and a half were distributed rateably amongst all the bondholders, it would yield nearly 70 per cent. of what they are entitled to. But, unfortunately, the different classes of bondholders have conflicting pretensions. At the time of the Baring crisis it was settled that the full interest in cash was to be paid on the '86 and the Funding loans, and all the guarantors of the Baring estate are interested in getting the full interest on the Drainage loan, for a very large part of the Baring assets consists of Drainage bonds. But if the full interest is paid on these three loans, only about one-third of what they are entitled to will be available for the rest of the bondholders, and it is hardly probable that they will voluntarily make so great a sacrifice. Still, the proposal has been very favourably received, and City opinion will strongly urge all parties to make concessions, and to meet the Argentine Government in a conciliatory spirit. The proposal caused a general rise in Argentine securities on Wednesday. There has also during the week been some recovery in Australasian bank shares. It is now hoped that the panic in Melbourne is slowly subsiding, and there are also signs of improvement in Sydney. Last week there were serious fears that a run was beginning there. At the instance of the Government the Associated Banks agreed to assist one another, and it is stated and denied that one small local institution has already got help. Major Law's report on the Greek finances, which has been awaited with much interest in the City for months past, was published on Saturday. It is upon the whole favourable. Major Law estimates that even this year there will be a surplus of revenue over expenditure of about £180,000, and he thinks that Greece can give good security for the new loan of about five millions sterling nominal, which it requires to cancel a portion of the redundant and depreciated paper money and to pay off debts to the local banks, which must be redeemed to put the country in a satisfactory state. Nevertheless, the proposed new loan is not looked upon favourably in the City, and there has been a fall in Greek bonds.

The currency crisis in the United States has entered a very acute stage. For a couple of months past the Treasury has been borrowing gold from the banks all over the country, but in spite of the loans so obtained, and of the collection of revenue, all the free gold in the Treasury has disappeared, owing to the immense exports of the metal which seem likely to continue indefinitely. Congress not being in session, and the President being unwilling to call it together for the present, nothing definite can be done; but various make-shifts may be adopted to tide over the immediate difficulty. The Secretary of the Treasury has in fact announced this week that he will not issue any more gold certificates. But that is not enough. He must either sell bonds so as to get gold—and he appears not prepared to do that yet—or he must pay out gold which is ear-marked for special purposes. But that evidently would be likely to create alarm, possibly panic. Lastly, he may insist upon redeeming only in silver, which he is legally entitled to do, the Treasury notes issued for the purchase of silver. Hitherto those notes have been redeemed in gold, and if the holders are required to take depreciated silver they may be panic-stricken. The position, then, has become very serious, and unless great judgment is exercised there may be trouble. Meantime the silver market continues fairly steady, and for the first time for about two months the India Council on Wednesday was able to sell the full sixty lakhs of drafts offered for tender, the minimum insisted upon—1s. 2½d. per rupee—having been obtained. The money market, too, is quiet; but bankers are acting with great caution, being naturally unwilling, with so many dangers ahead, to incur risks.

MR. BALFOUR'S OTHER SIDES.*

BEFORE this article is published we shall know whether Mr. Balfour has risen to the occasion which the close of a great historic debate offers to the Leader of the Opposition. As we write we have before us the clever, amusing, unsubstantial speech in which he exhibited to the Tory Democrats of East London his skill as a popular orator, and gave the most striking proof that the controversy on the general merits of the Home Rule Bill is worn out. But from these transient personalities, these visionary fears for the moment, these confections made for consumption in the East End and suited rather for the West, we turn with positive pleasure to the essays before us. All have seen the light before; singly, and as a whole, they are worth reading again. Singly, because they are full of acute and delicate criticism, happy turns of phrase, charmingly acidulated humour, abundant sympathy—for some objects—and appreciation and knowledge of an extent and accuracy which are very rare indeed in an amateur—most of all in philosophy. And as a whole because they show Mr. Balfour in a much more amiable light than when he was Irish Secretary, and permit us to understand why he is not a statesman.

For most of these essays we have nothing but praise. It is hard to say anything new on most of the topics, or to say it well. But Mr. Balfour does both. In "The Pleasures of Reading" he defends against Mr. Frederic Harrison the "refined arts of skipping and skimming," and the existence of those masses of printed matter for which Positivists and other very serious people have nothing but condemnation. In his essays on Berkeley he manages completely to avoid Berkeley's metaphysic, and gives us, with singular sympathy and ability, a running commentary on Berkeley's life, his times, and his aims. In his treatment of Handel he performs the not inconsiderable feat of reaching an estimate of

* Essays and Addresses. By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

that composer which can be read and enjoyed by the least musical among us. His criticism of Cobden is no less clever, though it is disfigured by a certain carping unworthiness of tone in which aristocratic prejudices of class and culture are rather too freely seen. But the personally interesting articles come at the close of the book. They comprise an article on "Politics and Political Economy," a fragment on "Progress," and a paper on the Positive Religion read at the Church Congress of 1888.

The first of these is an effective restatement of the common caution against applying abstract principles directly to practical life. The next, which does *not*, as a reviewer recently stated, anticipate Professor C. H. Pearson—even Mr. Balfour's learning is hardly enough for that—questions effectively enough the common reasons for believing in the continuous progress of mankind. One great instrument of that progress is the survival of the fittest, and this civilisation checks. Besides, heredity itself is doubtful—especially after Weismann's labours—and while "the natural man," the man of biology, is probably now at his best, the "manufactured man" is difficult to improve, because we know so little about the means. Sociology exists merely in outline and on paper, "planned as a speculative builder might plan a new watering-place;" and society is so far from being founded on reason that active reasoning on its fabric would dissolve it.

Now the answer to all this is that the faith in progress is to a great extent faith in an idea. Partly it is based on history, partly deduced from *a priori* considerations. Omitting cases of degeneration (and we quite admit that they have been overlooked by most believers), adaptation steadily tends to become more complex and adjustments to be more complete. If so, progress is a necessity, and this, in fact, is an early argument of Mr. Herbert Spencer. But no one would doubt the fixity of some societies any more than the fixity through long ages of some biological types. All that is said is that taking the widest possible view, there is progress on the whole; and this is an inspiring faith. But Mr. Balfour distrusts wide views, and does his best to damage them with his clever but rather petty dialectic.

But it is when we reach the Religion of Humanity that we find the real weakness of Mr. Balfour's position. Mr. Balfour argues (and we entirely agree) that such a religion is inadequate to satisfy the needs of mankind. Instead of Infinite Justice and Mercy it sets up "an apotheosised Mrs. Grundy"; as an ideal object of worship it postulates a collective and perfectible humanity, whose existence at all is extremely uncertain, and which must pale more and more in comparison with the rest of Nature as seen in the brighter light of increasing knowledge. With the views entertained of the Universe by current physical science, the life of humanity is "a discreditable episode in the history of an obscure planet," and therefore we are driven to find satisfaction for our religious needs in the Supernatural and Infinite.

Now this is true in the main, and yet it wholly misses the Positivist position. Mr. Balfour ignores the fact that Positivism ends with a faith far more intense and more fervent than that of which the pages before us give evidence. Nothing is more curious than the way in which a creed which began with the narrowest Nominalism and a direct appeal to the concrete—which was not Materialist only because Materialism involved too much metaphysic—has ended in the more than Platonic abstraction of an ideal humanity, and the more than Platonic belief in scientific synthesis and ideal unity. Positivists have made their own Deity, but they believe in that Deity and work for it with a fervour that would put many Christians to shame. And Mr. Balfour wholly disregards the enormous power of that Collectivism which is of the essence of Positivism no less than of the Christian creed and life. In Positivism, too, men "are many members of one body." Positivism has its "Communion of

Saints,"—strangely attenuated,—its "choir invisible" of the great men of mankind; and Positivism abstracts from each individual, and not merely from some, that divine element common to all, and concentrates its attention on that alone. Unless he descend into the concrete in a manner unsuitable to the worshipper, unless he ignore the fact that nature, after all, is the phenomenal, and that the humanity that makes nature is the primary real, the Positivist is safe in the possession of his faith. But Mr. Balfour *will* descend into the concrete; he *will* ask himself, in detail, not, Am I a member of a glorified humanity? but, Am I the spiritual brother of X and Y? and we feel sure that his perceptions are too acute for him to be so.

Now for a religion—of any sort—you must not criticise your emotions thus. And to do the rough work of the world, what is wanted is not criticism, but faith. A man with narrower views than Mr. Balfour can believe ardently, and by virtue of his faith can push his cause. But Mr. Balfour puts aside ideas, distrusts economic formulæ as quack remedies, stands aloof from any sort of mystic brotherhood—even, we suspect, that of party—and therefore fails alike as leader and statesman. He is too critical to fight well; he has hardly enough faith to fight at all. We do not take that low view of Mr. Balfour that is forced upon us by his own conduct and that of his injudicious supporters. We do not regard him as simply posing for effect, as standing on high to receive the incense of the "Souls" and the adoration of the Primrose League. We believe entirely in his sincerity and honesty of purpose. But we cannot speak of his earnestness of purpose, because we do not think a man can have earnestness of purpose who has not that singleness of faith in his cause which is necessary for the continued struggle of political life. Mr. Gladstone has that faith, if only by his power of concentration; and, to descend to a much lower level, earnest party men on both sides at least believe, for the moment, in their party, heart and soul, and work for it without scruple or stint. And the world progresses, as does science, not by one heaven-born thinker applying a great truth, but by the clash of doctrines, each of which very likely is untrue without large limitations, and each of which is pushed by men whose stupidity and narrowness mainly tend to its ultimate advantage. That is why Mr. James Lowther and Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Bartley and Mr. Chaplin, are really dominating the Conservative party, and Mr. Balfour is only its decorative figure-head—useful to give it "tone" and ornament, to sway the doubters and attract the person of culture, but wholly unsuited for the rougher work of urging on its rank and file and leading them in the fray.

MY LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN AT WESTMINSTER.

FROM THE DIARY OF MR. PEPYS.

17th **A** MIGHTY strange show at the Commons House to-day. I down at three expecting naught uncommon, when Mr. Speaker's procession comes along the corridor in the usual style, and the constable in the lobby shouts "Hats off, strangers!" in a voice the wind whereof fit to remove the hats of itself. What was my amaze to see behind the Speaker and his trainbearer a long line of red streaming through the corridor, red cloakes, furs, white wands, a great glittering gold mace, I could see, bigger than the Commons one, and a monstrous sword held point upward in its sheath. Then I espy Mr. John Redmond likewise in the procession, as 'twere escorting it, by which token I discovered what it meant, having clean forgot it was due. 'Twas my Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Corporation with him, coming in state to present a petition at bar for the Home Rule Bill. It appears Dublin hath an ancient

privilege in this matter, shared only with London, that their Lord Mayor can come in person to the bar of the House of Commons, and must be heard when he chuses to demand it; of which the Irish be greatly proud, saying in this their capital outshines all other cities of the Kingdom save London, and holding it a testimony of their special nationality. My Lord Mayor and the aldermen had been presented to Mr. Speaker in his library, who did thereupon invite them graciously to join his procession. But while prayers were being said they were obliged to wait in the lobby, when I did examine them very curiously, having never seen so many Irish aldermen before. Mighty surprised, I must confess, at finding them all looking well-fed men, some of them right alderman-like and portly, in especial one who took my eye, a Mr. Alderman Dillon, I learned, a most seemly, large, and dignified person, and cousin, strange to say, of one of the leanest members of the Commons House; my Lord Mayor himself, a sharp, energetic-appearing man, in velvet court suit and scarlet robe, with ruffles and silver buckles, and white gloves, and a white wand and a cocked hat, and loaded down with golden chains of office, making quite as brave and fine a figure in all respects as our own Lord Mayor of London. But one thing did most astonish me. This was a big rakish looking fellow in an outlandish military coat of blue and silver, with a long clanking sword and spurs, who hectored about amongst the aldermen, chuckling them bodily and ordering them in a loud voice while they did meekly stand. To the officials he held himself likewise. "Lay down that mace, will yez?" I heard him saying to the mace-bearer, and "Lane that sword in the corner," to the one who bore the sword. Indeed, to use one of the new words, come out of the Americas, it seemed plain that he was boss of the show. At first it came to my mind that Ireland being still without Home Rule this was the representative of British domination, and that the Dublin Corporation was not allowed to travel abroad, save in custody, carrying even in its displays of glory the badge of its servile state; but Mr. Birrell, who is learned in these matters, assured me that 'twas not so, that the outlandish personage was the Corporation jester. They drest him in soldier's clothes to make a satire of the military power of which Ireland is deprived, and thus console themselves for its loss. I pondered much on the odde sardonic humour of these islanders, which I could well credit, remembering a certain retort of an Irish waterman to my Lord Sandwich by Greenwich stairs.

With a pretty old-fangled ceremony and much ado, my Lord Mayor gains admittance to the House, somewhat after the manner of Black Rod when he comes from the Lords; he knocking three times upon the locked door, the Serjeant-at-Arms spying at him through the grating and demanding who it be, he giving his style and title, and then the Serjeant stoutly commanding, "Open to my Lord Mayor of Dublin!" which done, he entered, accompanied by the two chief aldermen, Mr. Meade and Mr. Gill, both of whom had been Lord Mayors in their time. The jester fain would enter with them, but my Lord Mayor frowned him back, which I was glad to see, for I like not these unseemly familiarities upon dignified occasions neither with kings nor lord mayors. Alas! when I think of His Majesty's late doings with Sir C. Barkeley and the crew that now surround him, my heart sinks. But to my Lord Mayor of Dublin: I vow it was a thing of fine consequence to see them at the bar, the Serjeant-at-Arms standing beside them with the mace on his shoulder, and the Clerk of the House at the other side waiting their pleasure. The Ulster Fanatics looked more green than orange at the sight, as well they might, for it all made a monstrous good score for the Home Rule Bill, and they have nothing of the kind to make a counter-blast withal. Both the aldermen with the Lord Mayor are persons of consequence and degree beyond the civic, Mr. Meade being a Privy Councillor, and one of the richest men of Dublin, and Mr. Gill a Master of

Arts of Trinity College, and twice a member of Parliament. Mr. Speaker rises to his feet, and says, "My Lord Mayor of Dublin, what have you there?" Whereupon his lordship replies, "The humble petition of the Municipal Corporation of Dublin, a council largely composed of merchants and traders, representing all the classes of the inhabitants of the chief city of Ireland, and, therefore, largely interested in the peace, prosperity, and good government of the country. The petition," he says, "points out that in the opinion of the Council the concession to Ireland of the right to manage her own affairs by a generous measure of Home Rule will largely contribute to the peace and contentment of the country, would also result in increased prosperity, and in a cordial union between the people of Great Britain and Ireland." And much more to the like effect, the members on the Government and Irish benches loudly cheering him as he went on, which being done his lordship hands the petition to the clerk, and, after bows on both sides, he withdraws. In the lobby, again, I find the jester domineering over the aldermen. He hath mustered them down the middle in two rows, and for all the world it seemeth like the boys of Charterhouse with a blustering usher. When one alderman desired to go with a member to see the House, the jester would not let him, with: "No yez won't, yez all have to be photographed two by two, and no budging till that's over." All mighty droll, methought, and curious to see.

I now learn that, after all, 'tis no jester, but the City Marshal of Dublin. So Mr. Birrell hath proved himself once more a wag at my expense.

Home to my wife and a leg of spring lamb and salad, with great news of her Grace of Sutherland like to be haled to prison for contempt of Court in burning of papers in the will case.

FROM STAFFORD HOUSE TO HOLLOWAY.

THE committal of the Duchess of Sutherland to prison is one of those jests which fact is fond of playing upon fiction. In her most inspired moments Miss Braddon never dreamed of bringing a peeress to this disgrace. Ouida has made free with the aristocracy, and her titled ladies have broken all the Commandments, but she has never consigned them to the care of the turnkey. Mr. Grant Allen, greatly daring, locked the prison doors upon his Duchess of Powysland, but she was an innocent woman, and presented the unique spectacle of beauty, integrity, and Debrett shining simultaneously through the bars. A guilty duchess in a common cage is a portrait which may well pique the romancer, who, however, has his consolation in the thought that your mere fact has no artistic sense. When Sergeant Bothwell fell beneath the sword of the stern Covenanters, he exclaimed, "Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!" There you have romance equal to the occasion; and if your fact understood the business of art we should have seen the Duchess of Sutherland standing majestic before Sir Francis Jeune, and launching a rebuke that would have made law shudder in its ermine. Mr. Froude records that Mary Queen of Scots staggered the headsmen on the scaffold by disrobing herself like a "quick-change artist," and appearing to their petrified gaze in blood-red garments. This is one of those rare cases in which history and melodrama are locked in an inextricable embrace. We can but express our regret that her Grace of Sutherland was not equal to the histrionic demands of her emergency. Had she stood up in court, flung off a mantle, and disclosed herself dressed from head to foot in incorruptible sea-green, the dramatic effect might have been momentous. It was no small effort for Sir Francis Jeune to sentence her in her absence in a private room, where, it is said, she was content with a

good, but ineffectual, cry. Whether her appearance in the costume of the part would have blanched the President's cheek and shaken his nerves into leniency, we do not know; but the hint is at the service of the belated novelist who composes his masterpieces with the aid of the law reports. Further, it is manifestly his duty to rescue his peeress from the clutches of plebeian warders, and for this purpose a writ of *habeas corpus* may descend like a god out of a machine and carry off the lady from the prison gates. It is rumoured that this device will actually be employed, and that the law recognises contempt of court as one of the civil rights appertaining to the rank of duchess. You can never be sure that the lawyers will not out-romance your most ingenious fantasy with some expedient which shows that textbooks bound in calf often contain more startling matters than the volumes dispensed by Mr. Mudie.

Rescue or no rescue, who would give a button for the romancer incapable of commanding our sympathy with the offence for which the Duchess of Sutherland has been condemned? An order is made by the court for the inspection of certain documents by both parties to the litigation between the Duchess and other members of the late Duke of Sutherland's family. Amongst the papers the Duchess finds a letter which she regards as her private property. She does not consult her solicitor, or submit the point to any of the legal gentlemen who are spectators, and who cannot be expected to enter into the sentiments of a woman in such a case. They are mere men, who by a usurpation which dates back to Genesis, have appropriated to the masculine element in the race the prerogative which should be equally divided between the sexes. The only weapon left to a woman is the impulse which disregards the technicalities of man-made law, and consigns the inconvenient document to the flames before the eyes of the astonished and scandalised attorneys. In a novel or a play such a scene might easily be made irresistible. The right of an interesting woman, especially a duchess, to outwit the law belongs to that irresponsibility which men are agreed to regard as the chief feminine charm. A wife who would give her husband up to justice because he had incurred the displeasure of a statute would be treated as a monster; and a woman who thinks that justice demands contempt of court will not excite any very robust indignation amongst her own sex. If the act be wrong, it is due to the predominance of that emotional instinct which springs from the subjection of women to the autocracy of man. You have never trained them in the gravity of citizenship, and you must take the consequences of this neglect. The theme lends itself readily to that propaganda of women's rights which is using Mr. Mudie as a distributing agency of reform. "A Dame of the Primrose League" has written a novel, in which the blessings of the suffrage for ladies are discussed by a number of Conservatives in the best society, and with impressive unanimity. They decide that the Church of England and denominational education can be saved only by the political enfranchisement of woman. She is to roll back the tide of revolution which threatens a beloved clergy with the loss of those excellent opportunities of beneficence so often advertised by the auctioneers of advowsons. But she is to retain all her "womanly qualities," including, we presume, the inconsequence which is her unique gift in the eyes of tyrannical man, and which has evolved a religion out of Dizzy's taste for primrose salad. It is impossible that she can be content with a homage which is only a proof of her servitude. If it means anything, emancipation must relieve her from the odium of being petted by wire-pullers and playwrights as a dear, irrational creature; and even duchesses must be taught that the emotional impulse belongs to that bygone barbarism in which the social business of woman in the world was to amuse man with her caprices and affright the professional propriety of Sir Francis Jeune.

But it may be that the transition from Stafford

House to Holloway is the beginning of a more serious upheaval. Perhaps we are approaching the time, contemplated by Mr. Gilbert, when dukes will be "three a penny." It may be necessary before long to hale the Duke of Devonshire before a tribunal, and commit him to involuntary seclusion, in which he will have an opportunity of acquainting himself with the history of James II. without any of those distractions which lead to displays of mature ignorance on platforms. Contempt of court is not so grave a misdemeanour as contempt of Parliament, which is presently to qualify a large number of the nobility as inmates of houses of correction. It is unfortunate for the Unionist cause that the commitment of a duchess to Holloway has accustomed the popular mind to the association of the peerage with the prison. When the nearest county gaol to Chatsworth is full of dukes, the whole aristocratic tradition in this country may be uprooted, and the ducal genealogy may wear a stigma quite as bad as that which in well-bred minds still hangs about the name of Jacobin. In this aspect the Duchess of Sutherland's misadventure is a portent which must have sent a shudder of alarm through every household in which Debrett is the "Briton's Bible."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

AMID the bewildering and bewildered vacillations, not to say titubations, of the younger generation of French novelists, from realism to mysticism, from Renanism to Tolstoism, from one experimental "ism" to another, it is pleasant to find M. Victor Cherbuliez still standing, square and erect, upon the antique ways. In his last novel, "*Le Secret du Précepteur*" (Paris: Hachette), he remains true to his old self. Once more we have the familiar admixture of plain Genevese good sense and romantic optimism, an agreeable faculty for sketching amiable eccentricities and an inveterate tendency to idealise the Eternal Feminine. The story, as always with this author, gets along as best it may, now pausing for a page of landscape, now thrust on one side for a study of character; it takes the reader rambling away with it, in happy-go-lucky fashion, never hurrying him, never keenly exciting him, but giving him at the end an abiding sense of having had a very enjoyable excursion in the best of good company. Its hero, M. Maximin Tristan, has some points of likeness to M. Anatole France's amiable bookworm, Sylvestre Bonnard. He is the ugly, humpbacked, pedantic, tender-hearted tutor of two young girls, one of whom—for he is Sylvestre Bonnard "caught young"—he passionately adores. It is that which is his secret. He never told his love—or, rather, he did blurt it out, too late, at the very end of the story in fact, and was only half understood. The type of the uncouth "watch-dog" (the fair Monique always calls M. Tristan "*mon bon chien*") who worships his mistress from afar, and passes off as devoted friendship what it would be too pathetically ludicrous to reveal as the warmer passion it actually is, cannot be said, of course, to be a startling novelty in fiction. It belongs, perhaps, as so many of M. Cherbuliez's characters seem to belong, rather to fiction than to real life. Nor is there anything particularly fresh in the type of shrewd, simple-minded parish-priest presented by the Abbé Verlet. There is more individuality in M. Ferdinand Fabre's priests; they are more racy of the soil. But M. Cherbuliez handles the old types, as the jolly young waterman feathered his oars, with grace and dexterity. One has met the people before; but one is not sorry to meet them again.

Even the "unsympathetic" people are so kindly presented as to be quite tolerable company. Here is a sketch of a rigid, uncompromising Englishwoman, who becomes the mother-in-law of the lady secretly beloved by our faithful "watch-dog," M. Tristan. "Mme. Isabelle Monfrin was the daughter of an Englishman, M. Wickson, who had always declared England to be the sole country a man could live in,

and who had only lived in it two months out of every year at the outside; he spent the other ten in travelling. Of all the countries he had traversed, the one he most abused was France, and, in spite of himself, he was always coming back to it. He admitted that the landscape was beautiful, and complained only that, whatever precautions you might take, you were compelled to meet many Frenchmen in it; but he was a reasonable man, and his travelling experiences had taught him that by a deplorable fatality, in no matter what part of the world an Englishman establishes himself, he is condemned to breathe the same air as the natives. The natives of Champagne proving particularly distasteful to him, he had settled among them, and had bought from them a mansion and a vineyard. . . . The daughter was a tall and stout woman, who had been a beauty, and remembered it. Her fine hair, once flaxen, and now for some years past white as snow, framed cheeks still rosy, a proudly curved mouth, and an aquiline nose of irreproachable shape. She was always as neat as though she had come out of a bandbox, and carried the love of tidiness to the pitch of superstition. Negligence, the slightest indifference to orthodox habits, struck her as criminal; she herself declared that it would be impossible for her to have the least consideration for a great poet or a great *savant* who could not find time to trim his nails or ate his fish with a steel knife. This Englishwoman, who was perpetually talking of the England she had scarcely seen, was cold and intimidating in manner. Her eyes delivered judgments, pronounced sentences, and the accused was rarely acquitted. All the same, she was not ill-natured; she could be generous on occasion, and the people she scolded she often obliged. But the tenacity of her convictions, the severity of her glance, her trenchant humour, her sharp tongue, the absolute faith she had in the infallibility of her decisions, her minute code of propriety which she applied with implacable rigour, her obstinate prejudices, the capital importance she attributed to trifles, made her a formidable personage. At Épernay they called her Mme. Isabelle or the Queen Dowager, and sometimes, more familiarly, "the broom," and the luckless ones whom the broom had swept had cause to remember it. Naturally a she-dragon of this formidable kind cannot live in harmony with such a daughter-in-law as Monique, a child of nature, all whims and pouts and pretty gambols, a compound of Nora Helmer and Frou-Frou; and so the child of nature is in danger of seeking consolation in the society of a neighbouring Don Juan—from whose snares it becomes the business of the faithful tutor to save her. Save her he does—for M. Cherbuliez's heroines generally incline to virtue's side—but it is by the skin of her teeth. Or rather what saves her, as the Abbé Verlet drily points out, is her "impressionist morality." "My friends," says the good Abbé, "have lately been explaining to me what is meant by impressionism in art. There is also an impressionist morality, and it is the only sort known to your modern young women. Their impressions, good or bad, are their oracles, they know no others." The fact is, Monique, on the point of falling, happens to meet her mother (who has altogether kicked over the traces, and that with the would-be seducer of the daughter) at the Paris Exhibition, and has learnt a lesson from the sight of the poor sinner's obvious misery. What would have become of the young impressionist's virtue if she had not met her mother at the Exhibition, or if her mother had been happy in her amours, or if she had not looked so pale that morning, M. Cherbuliez sayeth not. The reader's own suspicion is that the faithful tutor, after all, has been a mere onlooker, and fifth wheel to the coach. As for his own passion, one feels it is a pity he either did not reveal it in good time—for, after all, there is no real reason why a humpbacked tutor should not make a capital husband for a pretty pupil—or that he did

not keep it to himself until the bitter end, and let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed uninteruptedly on a cheek that was never damask. He might, then, have added the satisfaction of perfect heroism to the delight in the Turkey carpet which Monique gave him for his study overlooking the Luxembourg garden.

MEISSONIER.

WORTH its weight in gold! Worth a hundred times its weight in gold! Was not one picture sold for £24,000? Every square inch of this artist's paper and canvas is worth hundreds of pounds, and as Messrs. Tooth's galleries—three large galleries—are covered with his pictures and drawings, the amount of money invested in Meissonier must be enormous. The question therefore arises—is this money well invested? The beautiful picture by Van der Meer lately acquired by the National Gallery cost £2,400. A picture the same size by Meissonier would cost three times as much. We must therefore suppose that the art world considers Meissonier a greater artist than Van der Meer. But the art world holds a very contrary opinion.

In this year's winter exhibition of old masters at the Royal Academy there were two admirable Adrian van Ostades. Neither of these pictures would fetch £3,000. Are we therefore to understand that Meissonier is a greater artist than Ostade? Not even the dealers, not even the owners of Meissonier's pictures, would think of suggesting such a thing; there is no artist or art critic in the world who would dare to suggest such a thing. Why, then, is Meissonier more expensive than Van der Meer and Ostade? Because there are more Van der Meers and Ostades than there are Meissoniers? On the contrary, Meissoniers are numerous, Van der Meers are extremely rare. What are we to conclude? Surely, that the price that Meissonier's pictures command is a purely fictitious price, having no relation either to the rarity of the article or its artistic excellence.

The first thing I saw was a nude figure of a man astride on a beer barrel—"Bacchus." So astonishingly bad did it seem that curiosity took me straight to it. I have never seen drawing harder, more unsympathetic—explained everywhere, scratched and pared all over, and executed in a hideous purply tint; something between an anatomical and a lay figure. And this drawing is typical of the whole exhibition. Everything is up to the mark—there is no falling off anywhere; everything is exact, precise, for all the world like the problems in a book of Euclid: explanations till the brain aches. Look at the drawing of a cuirassier (456); it seems at first sight a little better than the rest; the figure is in action, and that hides for a moment the photographic punctiliousness of the work. But only for a moment. That dreary leather boot, every pleat copied; that head, only indicated and already terrible! You think I exaggerate? Very well; let us look at 429, "Sur l'Escalier." That man in the crimson cloak, looking over the banisters—what do you see to admire in him, I want to know? Is the pose imagined, created, or is it the constrained, conventional attitude of a photographer? Is the drawing flowing, intense, penetrating, or is it mechanical, hard, angular? Does it render the spirit and essence of a scene, or merely its externality? Has the artist selected what to draw, or is it drawn all over? Look at the banisters. Are they thin and hard, like a diagram, or are they full of colour and rich in light and shade? A tapestry hangs over the banisters. Look at it and tell me why it is worth hundreds of pounds. You remember, I suppose, the tapestry in Dow's picture in the Dulwich Gallery. Is it beautiful as that tapestry is in colour and in chiaroscuro? Is it wonderful, mysterious, strange? Does it fascinate or allure? Do you

think you will remember it when you leave the Gallery as you remember Dow's? One question more: Does not the picture look very much like a coloured photograph?

Within very strict limitations Adrian Van Ostade was a very great painter indeed. The beauty of his shadowed spaces, and the mystery and romance of his light and shade—in which we perceive groups of boors drinking, gambling, caressing serving-maids—are among the beautiful achievements of the Dutch artist. Never did an artist invest a vulgar scene with more mystery and charm. Think of the rich romance of that little panel exhibited in the Academy this winter—that group of boors gambling by the window under the light. There was, I think, a screen behind them, and, far away at the end of the long room, there was another window, and there were the serving-maids and the amorous boors. The middle distance was filled with a beautiful transparent obscurity. The lights were surrounded with shadows; there were attenuations, transpositions of tones and the aspect of things. Now, bearing this picture in mind, let us look at "The Chess-Players." How harsh and brick-coloured that coat, how thin the blue of the breeches of the other player! Are not the little figures very little. Do they not seem like china ornaments? How meagre the background, how opaque it is, without light or air! and, therefore, it is uninteresting and unromantic. Cross the room and look at the celebrated picture "La Rixe." Is it possible to conceive anything less imagined, less created—more like a scene in a play? It is even more like a number of lay figures stuck into violent attitudes. Where is the sway, the movement, the impulse of life? Remember the triumphs the Japanese have achieved in this direction. Remember how they draw birds in flight or gathered together in sleep. Remember how they catch the hang of a branch or flower; how they reproduce the very life of plant and bird. Or remember the Greeks—I do not care which. Think of the suave, subtle movement of the quoit-thrower. Do you find any such quality of movement in "La Rixe"? If you would praise it for its light and shade, ask yourself if the figures do not stare you in the face like picture cards? or if there is halo or mystery or bloom or pulp? Or, if you would praise it for colour, ask yourself what is the dominant note. And when you've decided what that is, try to trace it through the picture; seek it in the shadows and the half-tints. Or, if you would praise the picture for its drawing, consider if the artist has drawn everything, or if he has made a selection. If he has selected, the drawing will have character and style; if he has not selected, it will look like a photograph. If the drawing is great drawing, it will seem as if the artist were speaking; the drawing will be a sort of mirror, in which the artist's mind will appear, in which his soul will lie reflected; but if the drawing be bad drawing, you will detect nothing but measurements and the knowledge which, as it were, dictated to the eye what it should see. Now, which drawing is Meissonier's? One more picture I will ask you to look at, and then we shall have finished: 1074, "Le Voyageur," a man on a horse, bent forward, his cloak in the air. Why is it in the air? Is there wind in those folds? Is the cloak tossed and fluttered like a blown cloak, or does it look like a cloak that was propped upon sticks in the studio and copied? A white, cloudy sky behind it. But do those clouds roll? Is there movement in that sky? Does it lift you—does it move you? Is there colour or character in that landscape? Does it inspire you with any emotion, or does it leave you indifferent?

But Meissonier was medalled and decorated, re-medalled and re-decorated, and made chevalier of all the world's Legions. The highest prices ever known have been paid for his pictures by dealers and by art patrons. He has been declared to be one of the greatest artists the world has ever seen by Dumas fils. For sixty years he laboured, and to the day of his

death his fame knew no waning. True, he never succeeded in gaining the approval of artists, as Ingres, Corot, Degas, Whistler, and Manet have done. At the same time, it must be admitted that artists never very openly repudiated the popular verdict. Is it possible, then, that we have to admit that for sixty years the whole of Europe erred grievously and accepted a man as a great artist who was a mere industrious compiler of facts? I am afraid so. The next twenty years, perhaps the next ten, will leave Meissonier with hardly a rag of his great reputation to cover himself with. Meissonier's fall would have come sooner or later, but the present exhibition has done much to precipitate it, here and in Paris. To glance round the galleries is sufficient to convince almost anyone that the bubble has burst.

How are we to account for so extraordinary a mistake? Easily enough. To the average man a photograph album is more interesting than a collection of portraits by great masters. Meissonier gives just what the photograph gives—an externality. The common belief is that if a photograph gave colour it would be superior to art. Meissonier gives colour—that is to say, the coat is red and the breeches blue; therefore to the European crowd he was a great artist for sixty years. But time sets all these things right, and ten or fifteen or twenty years will suffice to convince everyone that the sum of æsthetic pleasure to be derived from "La Rixe" hardly exceeds that which we get from Mr. Frith's "Derby Day."

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"THE SILVER SHELL"—"A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE."

THERE is one good scene in *The Silver Shell*, a drama of Nihilism by Mr. Henry J. W. Dam, and the rest is nought but leather and prunella. A Russian General, Prince Karatoff, called "the butcher of the Czar" because of his cruel persecution of the Nihilists, has wormed himself into his enemies' counsels by assuming the name of one of their number, Boris Ivanitch—whom he supposes to be safe under lock and key in New York. There is a meeting of the Nihilist Committee in Paris, and the false Boris Ivanitch is present. The roll is called, each delegate hands in his credentials, a lady president is elected, and the agenda are discussed in business-like fashion. An unexpected delegate arrives, Paul Mouroff, escaped from Siberia, and the general quakes in his shoes, for Paul was formerly an intimate of the real Boris. But the general succeeds in allaying the suspicions of Paul—he explains that he has shaved off his beard, which is quite enough for the simple Paul—and we breathe again. But only for a moment, for once more an unlooked-for visitor is announced—Boris Ivanitch! "Let him come in," says the *soi-disant* Boris bravely, *utrique fortune paratus*. When he enters, the lights are turned down, and, on being informed by the lady-president that a Boris Ivanitch is already in the room, he scrutinises each member of the company to discover which of them has taken his name. "Is it you?" No. "Or you? . . . or you?" No. We are all agog with excitement as he gradually, in the children's phrase, "gets warmer," and by a process of exhaustion arrives at Prince Karatoff. Karatoff, challenged, admits himself to be, not Boris Ivanitch, but the "butcher of the Czar." Then knives are drawn, and he would appear likely to get short shrift. But he seizes an infernal machine, which has just been submitted to the committee by the inventor, and the conspirators huddle back affrighted. Then, in the nick of time, the French police enter—the story passes in France—and Prince Karatoff is saved. This scene is full of excitement, and may possibly save the play. It proves that Mr. Dam has the gift of conceiving romantic "situations," and the skill to present them effectively on the stage.

But what he has yet to learn is the art of combining his situations into a play. His big scene has

little connection with those which precede and follow it. In the earlier acts, we have the courtship of an Anglo-Russian conspiratress by an honest John Bull baronet, and awkward questions arise about a child and a photograph, both of which are survivals, it seems, from the lady's mysterious past. In the last act we find that the photograph is that of Prince Karatoff's son, who was the conspiratress's lawful husband, the child being the Prince's grandson and heir. The husband had been murdered by the Nihilists, and it is to avenge his death that Prince Karatoff has become the "butcher of the Czar." But why the lady refuses at first to let the baronet know who was the original of the photograph, or why she should conceal the fact that her boy is Prince Karatoff's grandson until the very end of the play, is not made clear. Sardou—the name comes at once to the pen, for Mr. Dam's piece is either of the school of Sardou or it is nothing—would have taken care to make these improbabilities more plausible. And he would not, like Mr. Dam, have introduced a Scotland Yard detective and an amorous widow, who have really nothing whatever to do with the story.

In the matter of stage-trickery, then, Mr. Dam has still much to learn, and this he must acquire without fail if he means to go on writing artificial romance like *The Silver Shell*, which is stage-trickery from beginning to end. But as soon as he has learned it I devoutly pray that he will unlearn it, give up Nihilism, conspiracy, bombs, and other romantic topics, and try to give us simple, natural, and true studies of the life we all lead. The play which he has now written, like his first dramatic effort, *Diamond Deane*—as he himself will be the first to admit—is not founded upon observation of life at all: it is only a hash-up of "sensational" newspaper telegrams and a series of (I daresay quite unconscious) reminiscences of other plays. Its characters—the "sympathetic" conspiratress, the omnipotent Russian general in his white uniform, the bluff English admirer—are not really alive; they are only puppets, and by this time worn-out puppets, of the stage. Mr. Dam is a young and ambitious man, who is, quite laudably, anxious to be, as the French say, "in the movement"; let him then leave an old Sardou formula, which even Sardou has abandoned, severely alone, and recognise that the theatre of the future is in the hands of those who can produce fresh, sincere, and thoughtful studies of actual life. Surely he must know, without my telling him, that such work as *The Silver Shell*, were it ten times as ingenious and adroit, can never be aught but romantic rubbish?

But romantic rubbish often gives actors good opportunities, and there is some very fair playing at the Avenue. Mr. Kendal's Karatoff is particularly good, Mrs. Kendal's conspiratress—a new histrionic line for a lady who was once a comedy-actress pure and simple—is by no means bad, and the acting of a Mr. G. P. Huntley, in the grimly ironic part of an inventor of infernal machines, who loves them as tenderly as though they were babies or pet lap-dogs, is quite delightful.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's new play at the Haymarket, *A Woman of No Importance*, is neither a success nor a failure. Its action (which has some points of resemblance to that of *Beau Austin*) shows us a cynical, paradoxical, profoundly corrupt worldling offering "reparation" by marriage to the woman he has betrayed, made to look small, and to behave contemptibly, and ultimately rejected by his victim with scorn. It is by no means an uninteresting action, but it begins too tardily and is too intermittent. The greater part of the play consists not of action, but of talk—Mr. Wilde's brilliant paradoxical talk, which pleases for half an hour, and at the end of three hours gives one a bad headache. Yet one is reluctant to admit this headache, for nothing is so rare on the English stage as brilliant talk, even when it is only the metallic brilliance of Mr. Wilde's mechanical process of epigram-coining. The play

was very cordially received on Wednesday night, despite some faults in one or two elements of what ought to have been a very strong cast—a cast which included Mr. and Mrs. Tree, Mrs. Bernard-Beere, and Miss Rose Leclercq, Mr. Fred Terry, and Miss Julia Neilson. But of the play and its players, and such of its epigrams as I succeed in deciphering from the notes jotted down on my programme, I propose to speak in detail next week. Mr. Wilde is too important a personage to be disposed of in the fag-end of an article.

A. B. W.

THE ARMENIAN PRISONERS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 15th, 1893.

BEFORE the publication of my last letter the Embassies had been informed officially that the Sultan had granted a general amnesty to the Armenians imprisoned in the Vilayets of Angora and Sivas, with the exception of about twenty, who would be tried at Angora. This news had already been communicated to the Armenian Patriarch by the Sultan himself at a dinner given at the Palace, at which the Patriarch received a decoration, and is said to have signed a paper, the purport of which is unknown. He received a sum of money at the same time for the poor. The newspaper correspondents, so far as known, were requested to telegraph this news to Europe. This action on the part of the Sultan is certainly worthy of all praise as wise and generous in itself, and as a politic concession to public opinion in Europe. Coming as it did just before Easter, it was undoubtedly intended to add to the joy of this great Christian festival among the Armenians—and this adds to the graciousness of it.

As I have repeatedly said, there is no reason to believe that the Sultan or the Grand Vizier had any knowledge of the infamous plot of Hosnef Pacha and others, to involve the Armenians in this trouble. These officials had two objects in view—the plunder of the Armenians, and the honour they would gain with the Sultan—and the blame of it rests upon the system of government which encourages such acts. No doubt the Sultan believed the reports sent to him, and approved the wholesale arrests made. He has been enlightened by the publicity given to the facts in Europe, and, for the moment at least, has yielded to the influence of the few enlightened and liberal men in the palace.

It remains now to see how far this promise of amnesty will be fulfilled. I have known the Sultan to give a written word in the presence of an Ambassador for the liberation of a number of prisoners which was never executed. Not one of the men was liberated. I have, as yet, no positive evidence of the liberation of any of these Armenians. From one official source I hear that 1,500 have been set at liberty, and that about 300 are held for trial; from another official source I hear that 500 have been liberated. But I am satisfied that these statements are neither of them based upon positive information. It is to be hoped that the English Government will not be satisfied with promises.

It should not be forgotten that the men whose release has been promised are not criminals. They are innocent men, against whom there is no evidence, who have been in prison for months, and subjected to all kinds of suffering, simply because they were rich or enlightened men. Those who are really supposed to be guilty of taking some part in the demonstration of last January are to be tried and punished. We have thus far no assurance that their trial will be a fair one, or that any clemency will be shown to them. My impression is that all who are tried will be convicted, whether they are guilty or not. Those who are able may buy themselves off before their trial, and it is understood that the market has already been opened.

The American Government has thoroughly investigated this affair so far as it concerns American citizens—and, incidentally, in all its bearings. The

American Consul at Sivas has been at Marsovan for three months, and the Secretary of the American Legation at Constantinople went there with full powers from the Turkish Government, and with a Turkish official to aid him. It is proved beyond a doubt that the American school-building was burned by Hosnef Pacha, the ex-brigand, who was the highest official of the Government in that vicinity; and as far as I can learn, these gentlemen have no doubt that the preparation and posting of the placards was done with the knowledge and aid of the Turkish officials, and that the scheme originated with them. Most of these officials, including Hosnef Pacha, have been dismissed from office, but thus far they have not been tried or punished in any other way. The American Government demands their punishment, but nothing is so difficult in Turkey as to secure the punishment of an official who can claim that his only offence was his too great zeal to serve his master.

The question of the torture of the Armenian prisoners naturally excites more attention in Europe than it does here, where everyone knows that in such cases it is the rule rather than the exception. Even Midhat Pacha, the special friend of Sir Henry Elliot, used it constantly and in horrible forms. There was no secret made of the cages which he used for this purpose at Rustchuk, in which the victim was surrounded by knives in such a way that he could neither stand erect, nor sit, nor lie down. It did not take many hours of this torture to drive a man mad. The latest form of torture that I have known of, as applied to these Armenian prisoners, is a curious one, of which I do not remember to have heard before. The man's temple is struck with a hammer. The blows are not violent, but regular, rapid, and repeated until the victim loses consciousness, or in madness confesses anything that is desired.

That excessive sympathy and pity for suffering of which we hear so much as characteristic of this age is a product of European civilisation of which we know but little in the East, although the Sultan himself is undoubtedly a kind-hearted man, and has no personal knowledge of what is done in his name.

There is one thing more in regard to the prisoners at Angora which should be said in justice to all parties. There are a few men among them who are criminals of the worst description, and who richly merit severe punishment—who have made this Armenian agitation a cloak to conceal their own characters, and who have, by their crimes, given the Turks a false impression as to the real character of this movement. It is not for the interest of the Armenians that these men should escape; and if it is understood that they only are to be excepted from the general amnesty, all the world will applaud the clemency of the Sultan; but it is certain that many others have not yet been liberated.

If the orders of the Sultan are liberally interpreted and carried out, we may consider this miserable business as practically finished, at the cost of many lives and much suffering cruelly inflicted by Turkish officials upon innocent men. As a revelation of the system of government in the peaceful provinces of Asia Minor, it is an interesting commentary upon Mr. Blunt's glowing description of the Ottoman Empire in the *Nineteenth Century*.

We may wish, possibly hope, that it may lead the Sultan to discourage the invention of conspiracies, and to see that it is for his interest to treat his Armenian subjects with more confidence and liberality—at least, with more impartial justice.

THE SERVIAN CRISIS.

(FROM OUR SERVIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE sudden change of the political situation in Serbia has not those features usually associated with a "*coup d'état*." No liberties have been sus-

pended, no modification of the Constitution forcibly introduced, no violence done to anybody, nothing except that the young boy who on the 14th of August next completes his seventeenth year, and who on the 14th of August next year would have had to receive the reins of government from the hands of the Regents, has chosen not to wait so long. This "coming of age by anticipation" is doubtless an infraction of that special article of the Servian Constitution which declares that the King of Serbia is of age only when he completes his eighteenth year. But as the young king has been generally admitted to be intellectually and physically more developed than is usual at his age, as in general knowledge, force of character, and ability he is admittedly superior to most young Servian officers of twenty-four, it may be contended that by assuming now the reins of government he has not in reality acted against the spirit of the constitutional paragraph in question. The plain truth is: Serbia has one of the most perfect *written* constitutions in the world, but the Servians have as yet a very narrow and very shallow constitutional spirit. In the want of proportion and adjustment between the existing political habit and sentiment and the framework of the very liberal constitution will be found the secret of most of the political phenomena which prevent Serbia settling down to regular and quiet work.

The Continental press, and the British press as well, seem to enjoy the event of the thirteenth of April as if it were nothing but a highly dramatic and picturesque intermezzo in a long and monotonous play. Unfortunately, where that intermezzo is the most picturesque, it is also, from a moral point of view, the most doubtful. In the personal interest and for the dignity of the young king, it is to be regretted that he was induced by his advisers to consider his own table the proper place for the overthrow of the Regents and their ministers and to make them prisoners for the night. But these things are now only considerations of very subordinate importance. The true interest for all outsiders lies naturally in the question: How will this change affect the international relations of Serbia?

In all probability no immediate change will take place, but somewhat later the effect on international relations will be possibly very considerable. To make this point clear it is necessary to recall certain facts belonging to the internal policy of Serbia. The Servians indulge in the luxury of possessing two dynasties, the Obrenovich (at the head of the nation from 1815-1839, and again from 1859 to the present day) and the Karageorgevich (from 1842-1859). As Prince Karageorgevich refused to raise Serbia against Turkey at the time of the Crimean War, and as he was apparently leaning rather too much towards Austria, Russia took vengeance by organising an opposition against him, which in 1859 succeeded in sending him and his family into exile, recalling to the throne the Obrenovich dynasty. The Liberals, who achieved all this, were since that time the staunchest supporters of that dynasty. When in 1867 some adherents of the exiled Prince Karageorgevich assassinated Prince Michael Obrenovich III. and attempted to seize the crown for Peter Karageorgevich, the Liberals stepped forward again and proclaimed Milan (the grandson of Prince Milosh's younger brother Yephrem), as Obrenovich IV., Prince of Serbia. The Liberal leader, M. Ristich, became one of the Regents during the minority of Milan, and sealed himself and his party as almost fanatical adherents of the house of Obrenovich by the quick execution of the condemned assassins and conspirators, among whom were two brothers of Princess Karageorgevich.

Between 1870 and 1880 a younger generation of politicians, educated mostly in France and Germany, came to the front. They opposed the pseudo-Liberalism of M. Ristich, and demanded a more liberal constitution and progress in a more European sense. Under the leadership of M. Gara-

shanine they formed the Progressist party, which was speedily joined by most of the intelligent men of the country, among whom were several known adherents of Karageorgevich. These last joined in the hope that M. Garashanine, in his attempts to displace the Liberals from the Government, would displace, *eo ipso*, the Obrenovich dynasty. When M. Garashanine declared that he and all true Progressists meant to stick loyally to the reigning dynasty, they left him at once, and undertook to form a new party, the Radicals. They addressed themselves, very shrewdly, to the peasants, who form ninety-five per cent. of the whole population of Servia. Their programme—the abolition of the bureaucracy and of the standing army, the reduction of taxation, the granting of communal autonomy, etc.—was naturally very tempting to the peasants, especially as the Progressists, by constructing railways and equipping the army, had increased the financial burden of the people. The Radical party grew rapidly, and by 1886 included far the greatest number of peasants with votes. Russia, decided to punish King Milan for his so-called Austrophil tendencies, encouraged the Radicals by all and every means, and openly took Prince Karageorgevich under her protection. Meanwhile King Milan, angry with Garashanine and the Progressists for their refusal to stand by him in his proceedings for divorce, formed a coalition between the Pro-Russian Liberals and the Pro-Russian Radicals, and assisted them to destroy the only Anti-Russian party in Servia—the Progressists. They succeeded in this so completely that the Progressists, although they number in their ranks far the most cultured and ablest men in Servia, could not at the last general election secure more than four out of 136 seats! Practically they were destroyed by King Milan, although they were the most devoted adherents to the house of Obrenovich.

Whether the Regents were justified or not in believing that the anti-dynastic section of the Radical party was getting the Radical Cabinet more and more under its influence, is a question which we can leave aside. The fact is that they *did* believe so, and that, encouraged by the dissatisfaction which the Radical *régime* had begun to provoke in the country, they thought it worth while to call the Liberals to office at the end of August, and give them all possible chances of obtaining a majority at the general election. In THE SPEAKER at the time attention was drawn to the great risks the Regents must encounter in carrying out their purpose. But the Liberals had managed to obtain the necessary quorum, and were preparing to work, sure that the Radicals would not dare go to the extreme of attempting a revolution. Full of confidence, the Regents and the Ministers went to the banquet at the Palace, where, on the night of the 13th of April, they had to hear that they were dismissed, were kept prisoners for the night, and saw all their efforts had been frustrated.

Now, the most important fact in this sudden transformation is this: the National Liberal party, the dynastic party *par excellence*, has been paralysed, if not perhaps thoroughly destroyed, and that by the action of the young king himself! In the proclamation to the people he has denounced them as men who have grievously abused and jeopardised the Constitution, and, having formed a Radical Cabinet, he has shown where his sympathies are. Under such circumstances the Liberals at the next elections cannot have any chances against the jubilant Radicals, on whose side are not only the new Government and the new Administration, but the energetic young king himself.

The Progressist guard of the Obrenovich dynasty was disorganised and destroyed by King Milan; the Liberal guard has been disorganised and, at least, paralysed by the first public act of the young King Alexander. The Obrenovich dynasty must now, therefore, depend on the Right, or so-called "the loyal," Wing of the Radical party. It is quite

possible, as M. Dokich, the new Premier, hopes, that the Right Wing will be substantially and permanently strengthened by the accession of great numbers from the usually indifferent Radical Centre, and that the Left, or anti-dynastic, Wing will be reduced to impotency. But those who know well the situation fear that the chances are far greater that the anti-dynastic Wing will be able at the elections two or three years hence to obtain the majority by simply unscrupulously promising the peasants what the statesmen of the Right Wing cannot promise. Probably ere long the reins of government will, in a perfectly constitutional way, pass over into the hands of the anti-dynastic Radicals, and that the young king will have to face them—standing alone. This is a serious prospect, which all the enthusiasm of the present moment is not able to hide from those who desire the prosperity of Servia, and, therefore, the stability of her reigning dynasty.

WIN'S WEDDING-DAY.

A RIVER in Queensland—no matter where. The time was eight o'clock at evening, three girls sat laughing and talking in a boat that drifted slowly on the placid waters of an ebbing tide beneath the mellow glory of a ripe August moon.

"Frank will be properly wild with himself for missing this," said Kitty, the youngest—the baby—who was fourteen.

"You may be sure it isn't Frank's fault that he is not here to-night," answered Win, with a confident smile.

"I think it's very nice of him to leave us undisturbed this once," said Agnes, the eldest. "We can never again have a moonlight row together, like this—we three."

"How frightfully near to-morrow seems!" said Kitty. "Doesn't your heart fail you, Win?"—for to-morrow was Win's wedding-day.

"Not much!"—with a happy laugh. "I don't think Frank will use me badly."

On, on the boat drifted steadily, through patches of brilliant light and straggling shadows of gaunt gum-trees; past fields of nodding maize and ripened cane, that shivered as the crisp night wind swept over them.

Win leaned her head against Agnes' knee, and with upturned face was singing "The Old Lock." Every note rang clear and true, as a bird's might ring if he possessed a woman's soul. Presently they neared a low old house, almost hidden in orange and lemon trees; close to the water's edge a thick clump of bamboos grew, throwing a dense shade across the stream.

A muffled sound of knocking and hammering issued from the darkened house, and a feeling of awe crept over the girls: this was the seldom-used "lock-up"—the only police barracks in the district.

"What noise is that?"

Kitty answered, in a frightened whisper, "It must be the mad Kanaka we saw Sergeant Moore bring in to-day. They are going to Brisbane in the coach to-morrow."

"Didn't a man break out of the cells here once?" Win asked with growing horror.

"Yes, Peter-the-Powerful; but he was as strong as a giant," said Alice reassuringly.

"But this Kanaka is a big fellow too, and *the moon is full!*"

"Ship the oars and let us get away!" cried Win. "I don't like it."

A few good strokes took them out into clear moonlight again, and the weird sound in the lonely lock-up died away in the distance.

"We must land at the old wharf, and send for the boat in the morning," said Win. "I wouldn't pass through that bamboo shadow again to-night for a kingdom."

Just then a loud laugh rang out across the water, and strange broken jabbering, but they could not make out the words.

"O God, the Kanaka! he has escaped!"

"Sit still, Win, and keep quiet! We'll go softly near the bank, and he may not see."

"He must see us! there is nothing to hide the boat in this cruel light! What shall we do?"

"Not so loud, for Heaven's sake! We'll creep under the old wharf, and hide until he goes."

Again that terrible laugh, and this time the words were plain:

"Grand Moon—big white fellow Moon!—ha, ha!"

"We are lost! he is raving mad!"

"Pull for your life, Kitty; we must try to land!"

As they approached the wharf they caught glimpses of a figure between the trees bounding down the hillside towards them.

"Misses—I say, misses—me want to get into the boat!"

Agnes and Kitty were paralysed; but Win jumped to her feet and uttered an agonising shriek.

"Girls, girls! It's all right! I thought you knew us. It's Frank and I!" called out their brother, as he and Win's lover stood revealed upon the bank.

They ought to have known.

Tom was always mimicking something—black-fellows, jackasses, dollar-birds, anything he heard; but the thought of the mad prisoner had made them forget Tom.

"It's all right, girls!" but Tom spoke too late, for Win, maddened by terror, made a wild spring towards the landing. She missed it, but clutched an old iron bark-post that tottered in its hole on the sheer flood-washed bank.

A crash and a heavy splash as the post gave way, and deep down under the moonlit water brown-eyed Win lay quiet and crushed and dead.

They dressed her in her bridal raiment upon her wedding-day, but her marriage pillow was lonely, and her bed was narrow and cold.

N. V. PHILPOTT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RETIRED COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

SIR,—In your issue of the 15th you say it ought to be the duty of Colonial Governors on their return to remove the ignorance of the people at home about the Colonies. I have long held the opinion that the accumulated wisdom of retired Governors, many of whom have had experience of several Colonies, might be utilised for the benefit of the Colonial Office and of the Empire by their formation into a Consultative Council as one of the conditions of their superannuation allowance.—I remain, yours truly,

House of Commons Library, April 17th. W. CROSFIELD.

BLAKE.

SIR,—Lovers of Blake who read your review of the present edition of his works by Mr. Quaritch will probably feel that you are not exactly one of them. May it be suggested, by one who is a student of Blake from the artistic and psychological aspect, that he offers a unique object-lesson to the student? Probably there is nowhere to be found in literature so naïve, faithful, and transparent an exposition of a mind. You remark, "The reader has no reason to doubt that the few fine and precious things left by Blake were composed while the great mystic was on an accidental excursion from the land of Symbolism." Those who have studied Blake would, I should have thought, have been left with the conviction that when he was at his best was when the mystic, by his art either in poetry or designing, produced a fine symbol. Of course it is evident that an abnormal quantity or quality existed in the brain which constantly ruined a magnificent conception; and that the same abnormal conditions prevented his realising an absurdity as the normal mind would have done conscious of the effect upon others. Hence the naïve and childlike revelation or exposition of the mind as we never witness it elsewhere, which we find so interesting. The mysticism at its height must be considered so abnormal as to constitute insane conditions which were brought under control and guidance, or naturally modified so as to allow of the artist prevailing with his material in those cases where he has pro-

duced magnificent imagery in poetry and beautiful design with pen or pencil. He was always the mystic artist, though at times not under his own control, properly speaking.—Yours obediently,

April 18th, 1893.

F. G.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

A REVIEWER'S REMONSTRANCE.

I AM moved, this week, to ventilate a grievance. My grievance is small, perhaps, but irritating to me, and no doubt to many others who receive copies of new books for review. I refer to the publishers' trick of defacing these copies with ugly or dirty earmarks.

Let me, to begin with, concede that the publishers may have reasons of business for setting some distinctive mark upon the books they send about for review. I should like a definite statement of the difficulty which is thus overcome; but whatever it may be, it is clearly not intractable by other means, since many of the leading firms do without these marks. But granting them to be useful, granting them even to be indispensable, I still claim that they ought not to deface or make worthless the volumes upon which they are set. For my own part, I had as lief it were known that any volume in my possession had been earned by the labour of reviewing it as supposed that I had walked into a shop and acquired it by the more usual method of purchase. My review of it may have been unjust, unsympathetic or inaccurate, but since I have tried my best and signed it with my name or initials, the failure is at any rate an honest one; and of course a man may have just the same doubts and scruples over the solid half-crown in his pocket. No, I do not in the least dislike that my book should be marked; but I strongly dislike that it should be marked indecently.

From the batch of books before me I take two published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The title-pages of these are defaced by a raised circular stamp like a coin, with the legend "Presentation Copy" running round the inside of the circumference. Mr. David Nutt, whose books, for beauty of shape, type and paper are a delight to eye and hand, does no violence indeed to the title-page, but stamps "With the Author's and Publisher's Compliments" askew, in violet ink, on a fly-leaf. Messrs. Blackwood send me their compliments, with a list to starboard, at the top of the title-page; Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. insert theirs, in vivid violet, under the author's name; those of Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. I find sprawling up the length of the title-page at something like a right angle to the text. Lastly, Messrs. Percival & Co. remind me that the volume in my hand was "presented" by them and immediately (that there may be nothing indefinite about my gratitude) add that the published price is seven shillings and sixpence—all this on the title-page.

Now, I may remind Messrs. Percival & Co., in passing, that if they really believe themselves to have presented me with this book, they should in delicacy be reticent about its price. But, indeed, the term "Presentation Copy" is an abuse of words. I take it that Messrs. Macmillan, for instance, send these copies neither out of pure philanthropy nor as a mere expression of their goodwill towards this or that reviewer. They send a book to be reviewed, and reap the advantage of such publicity as the review confers upon it. It is a square and honest method of advertising. No one is injured, and at least four people are benefited. The author and publisher get their advertisement; the editor fills his paper; and the reviewer pockets his fee and perhaps keeps the volume, which may or may not be worth possessing. But for the publisher to speak of his part in this very honest transaction as if it were at once disinterested and munificent is, I submit, absurd.

Nobody shall outvie me in anxiety to see reviewers kept down. The common contempt of them has endured too long to be reckoned a fashion; and I, for one, am willing at any moment to forget what reviewing I have perpetrated, and join in decrying the turbulent crew. Nay, I have the sense to perceive in this maltreatment of "reviewers' copies" the too-zealous manifestation of a purpose essentially righteous—the purpose to make these fellows know their place. But, if I may give counsel in this matter, I would strike the creatures rather through their lower than their higher instincts. You may cut down their pay, and thereby stint them of food and tobacco; but you should be chary of poisoning their delight in books, if only because you can hardly deface a book for them without proving your own crass indifference to the precious things you are privileged to handle.

I do not complain of the insult to the reviewer, but of the injury to the book.

It is difficult for a lover of books to explain his fastidious jealousy in the matter of their usage to a Gallio. And if that Gallio be a publisher the difficulty is doubled, though I am bound to say it has its amusing side. "My good sir," he is prompt to answer, "but I understand your sensitiveness to a hair. Who better than I, that have gauged it and traded upon it these years? Why, just look at my large-paper editions!" But it is impossible to believe that some of the publishers I have mentioned can be aware of the brutal treatment inflicted in their offices upon "reviewers' copies." It must be the fault of the office boys. I cannot believe that Messrs. Macmillan could have attained and kept for years their present eminence had not a certain love of books for their own sake guided to some extent the counsels of the firm. Nor can I believe that Mr. David Nutt, who never turned out a book but as if he loved it, can be a consenting party to that ugly stamp which is supposed to convey his compliments. And I have hopes that the mere mention of this evil will, in more than one case, bring about its suppression.

The average reviewer is a poorer man than the average publisher. He is also a hardly worked man, and time is money to him. But I have not met a reviewer who, to save the time and trouble of copying out an extract necessary to his review, would cut and mutilate even the poorest book. Yet this were scarcely worse, in the eyes of any book-lover, than to deface the title-page. Lord Rosebery, speaking a year or two ago at the opening of a Battersea Library, declared he delighted to see a book's margin adorned with the thumb-mark of the artisan. Perhaps his lordship allowed himself to be carried rather far by the immediate influences of time and place. If Lamb thought it not extravagant to say a grace before reading, the average artisan may well condescend to wash his hands. But while his thumb-mark and the publisher's "compliments" in violet ink are alike matters in the wrong place—and, therefore, dirt—the former is more tolerable because less wanton. In fact, a book with a damaged title-page is altogether hateful. You cannot sell it. You shrink from the extravagance of buying a second copy; and so it remains with you, an eyesore whenever opened, and a standing offence upon your shelves. A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

LORD LAWRENCE.

LORD LAWRENCE. "Rulers of India Series." By Sir Charles Aitchison, K.C.S.I. Oxford and London: The Clarendon Press.

THE permanence and steady lustre of Lord Lawrence's reputation, the vitality of the interest felt in his career by Englishmen, are proved by the fact that he has already been the subject of at least three

biographies. Sir Charles Aitchison gives a sufficient reason for the writing of the volume now before us when he says, in the preface, that a series of the Rulers of India without a notice of the man who both saved and ruled it would be inexcusably incomplete; and the work has been very well done.

The general outline of Lawrence's career is well known. He reached India in 1830, when the country was enjoying an interval of unusual political tranquillity. He was on leave in England during the Kabul war of 1840-42; and in 1845, when the first Sikh war broke out, he was in charge of Delhi, where lay our base of operations. To be in the right place and in the prime of life at one of those moments when stirring events bring special opportunities of distinction is the greatest good fortune that can befall an Indian officer, whether he be soldier or civilian. Lawrence, who had earned much credit by pushing forward military stores from Delhi to the front, was first summoned by Lord Hardinge to aid in the administration of the territory that passed into our hands in 1846; and in 1849, when the whole Punjab was annexed to the British Crown, he was appointed to govern it as Chief Commissioner.

Here begins the high interest of the story told by Sir C. Aitchison, whose narrative draws power and animation from his own intimate knowledge of the politics of that period, and from his personal recollections of the chief actors in the dramatic scenes and momentous events that followed rapidly. The organisation of the new government in the conquered country exhibited, above all things, the quality of energetic vigour. Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, was only thirty-seven years of age; Lawrence was forty-two, and the executive staff Browne placed under him consisted of picked men, young, active, and capable; while the military commands were given to soldiers of tried merit. Lahore, the capital, was twelve hundred miles from the sea coast; there were no railways, telegraphs, newspapers, or special correspondents, so the administration had a free hand and good elbow room, and the tools were in the hands of those who could use them. They were accordingly used, by such workmen, with an effect that made the consolidation of British rule in the Punjab singularly successful; and it may be added that the story of the administrative exploits of Punjab officials lost nothing when it came to be told in the first report, for there was a considerable blowing of the Secretariat trumpets over all that had been achieved. Nor has the present biographer altogether forgotten his skill with an instrument upon which the Punjabi officer of those days was no mean performer. In this book he descants upon the splendid spirit that animated every one of the chosen band; he tells us in glowing phrase how all strove to do their duty, neither courting favour nor fearing blame, loving the people and living among them, respecting native ways and feelings, introducing beneficent measures with "unique truthfulness, simplicity, and singleness of purpose"—as if all these virtues and lofty aims had hitherto been unknown among the English in India, and had been inaugurated, like some special dispensation, by the appearance of Lawrence with his apostolic followers.

This, however, is a mere matter of biographic style. The work accomplished in the Punjab between 1849 and 1857 was undoubtedly excellent, for it withstood a heavy strain and a fiery trial. If after the second Punjab war Dalhousie had not promptly annexed the whole country and broken up the Sikh army, if the new province had been irresolutely governed, if even there had been time to replace the rough arbitrary methods by a milder and more regular system of administration, the great explosion of 1857 might have enveloped all Northern India. Luckily for the English, the Sikhs had been subdued before that crisis occurred, and eight years after the conquest, when the mutiny broke out, the Punjab was still in strong and experienced hands. When the sepoys rose suddenly and seized Delhi, Lawrence was master of the situation in the sense that every-

thing depended on his conduct, and he displayed the qualities that distinguish first-class men of action. In unexpected and perilous emergencies a second-rate chief, civil or military, is almost sure to think first of his own province or command, to look to the danger that is nearest to him, and to draw in all his resources to the defence of the particular post or territory for which he is himself responsible. But a superior captain or statesman fixes his eye upon the cardinal point which is the key of the whole position, and risks his own safety hardly in order to concentrate all his forces upon the particular spot where lies the true issue of a desperate conflict. In 1857 that spot was Delhi, and against Delhi Lawrence launched every regiment he could spare, arming hastily the fighting men of the Punjab and the Afghan frontier, and summoning to his aid the Sikh chiefs who held under the British protectorate, knowing that to send turbulent folk upon a lively campaign was much safer than any attempt to keep them quiet at home. When that city had been taken the neck of the insurrection was broken, and Lawrence had fairly earned all the honours that are pre-eminently due to the citizen who has saved his State from a tremendous catastrophe. The oft-told tale is recounted by Sir Charles Aitchison in some tersely written and vivid pages, where nothing of importance is omitted, except, perhaps, the well-known fact that Lawrence was hardly dissuaded by his officers from the temporary abandonment of Peshawur and the Trans-Indus districts.

"It is not often," we are told, "that the guiding hand of God is openly acknowledged in public documents"; and one must admit that the practice has been going out of fashion. Nevertheless, the Bible and the Sword have done great things together in English history; nor will anyone think or speak lightly of Lawrence's earnest and simple faith, particularly since he was careful to restrain the not entirely unsophisticated religious enthusiasm of Edwardes and some other subordinates. His name stood by this time so high that when Lord Elgin died, just as a dangerous little war was turning up on our North-West frontier, the English Ministry at once appointed Lawrence to the vacant Viceroyalty of India. Sir Charles Aitchison touches instructively upon all the chief events and transactions of his five years' rule, which somehow did not enhance Lawrence's great reputation at home or in India, although his government was firm, judicious, and remarkably free from the mistakes which almost every Governor-General who is new to the country may be relied upon to commit. In every important question upon which his judgment was at the time disputed he has since been proved to have been in the right—in the matter of the Oudh tenants, of the Bombay Bank, of the Orissa famine, and of our foreign policy with regard to Afghanistan. The eleventh chapter of this volume is well worth reading by those who wish to understand what was meant by Lawrence's "masterly inactivity" in Afghan affairs, a phrase that had great vogue in its day, when it was used to describe, with irony or appreciation as the case might be, the Governor-General's attitude of vigilant non-interference in the civil war then raging among the sons of the Ameer of Kabul, Dost Mahomed. That chapter ends with a long and remarkable quotation in which Lawrence's policy is fairly set forth and summed up; and if Sir Charles Aitchison's concluding remark, that the wisdom of this policy cannot be questioned, means that the views were wise at the time when Lawrence stated them, we fully agree with him. We are also at one with both Lawrence and his biographer in mis-doubting the expediency of forward movements in search of the ever-receding scientific frontier, and we unfeignedly believe "the contentment of the masses of the people" to be a sure foundation of English dominion in India. Yet it is by no means certain whether Lawrence, a pacific but very practical ruler, could have now endorsed all the commentaries made by Sir Charles Aitchison upon the text of the

State papers that he wrote some twenty-five years ago.

"Our dominion," we are told, "is that of a foreign people few in numbers, and with a European army so limited that the concentration of it on an advanced frontier necessarily weakens our hold on the rear. If at the same time our moral hold be weak and our power be not broad-based upon the contentment of the people, a disaster in the front may shake the Empire to its foundations."

On this we must observe that the concentration of our best troops on an exposed frontier does not necessarily weaken our hold on the country behind it, since the first object of an army is to defend frontiers, and if we are strong there, the interior provinces need few regiments. All history shows that great empires have been placed in mortal jeopardy very rarely from internal revolt, but very often from foreign invasion; and it is but too certain that no degree of moral hold upon the vast Indian population would much avail the English if they lost a great battle against a foreign European army in the Kabul passes or in the Indus river.

AN EARLIER ETON.

ETON OF OLD: OR, EIGHTY YEARS SINCE. By an Old Colleger. London: Griffith, Farran.

THE Colleger is very old, for he went to Eton in 1811, at the age of eight, and he remained there eleven years; but he is still extremely vigorous, if, as appears, these recollections are recently written. His memory is in no degree dimmed; and he is still a boy at heart. Many of his notes may profitably be read in connection with a recent paper in the *Nineteenth Century* on Eton fifty years ago, the changes having been but few between 1822 and 1840. Stockings such as those in which rats were caught in Mr. Carter's time are mentioned by the Colleger as in his day worn with breeches, for "it was a law rigidly enforced that no Colleger should wear trousers." It is very interesting to learn that the change in school dress "lay in the universal adoption of trousers after the Peace of 1814." But why were these garments then "adopted?" Every great war brings about some curious change in the habits of a people. The Crimean winter and the horrible mud of Balaclava introduced the sensible fashion of tucking up the trousers, of which the modern masher little thinks when he turns them up on a fine day to show his varnished boots. The fashion of that winter made beards also possible for the ordinary civilian.

The innate conservatism of an Englishman is nowhere so strongly shown as in his defence of school abuses. Whether runs at Rugby, ferocity at football everywhere, or the scandalous starvation and discomfort at Eton in old days, all that is evil is sure to find its passionate defender. Looking back through the vista of eighty years, our Old Colleger finds the following state of things tolerable and even amusing:—

"On our return from football, muddled sometimes up to the elbows, we managed a sort of passing wash for dinner in my dame's yard at the tap, and so were set up for the rest of the day."

"The Long" [Chamber] "had fifty or fifty-two beds—not fifty or fifty-two bedsteads—so that three of us had to sleep on the floor between two bedsteads with heads against the desks."

This sleeping-room was the only room; in it the elder boys made themselves comfortable round the fire; their juniors, unless they chose the risk of vexatious fagging at any moment, "had no refuge or place to go to—we wandered."

The breakfast was a half-pint tin of milk and a penny roll and butter. "But we had no place to eat the one or drink the other. The Colleger's fireless, sloppy room at that hour was out of the question. And so both were consumed on my dame's kitchen dresser; or in summer on a step in the bricked courtyard outside."

The dinner was always mutton with mashed

potatoes, "when potatoes were mashable," no vegetables at other times, and the food was not enough to go round. "Day after day during my first year have I been forced to dine on dry bread, or on bread dipped in the dish, and potatoes." Very few went to supper; "it was thought *infra dig.*—we had rather be hungry." But all this and more is not said "in disparagement of Eton." "We were living in the spirit of the age." And the vigorous old man as he writes the book is rather pleased with the life he led, now that he has gained port after stormy seas. He was one of the strong who can stand it, as Mr. Carter stood the snow which drifted on his bed under the window shutters, or as Provost Okes stood the hardships of his day, and lived, he also, to be ninety. But when Mr. Okes, as a young Eton master, went to insure his life, and was examined, as the manner then was, before a Board, on all those particulars which now are filled in on printed forms, a former Oppidan on the Board vouched to his brother directors that this must be a strong and good life, since it had come unscathed through the horrors of Long Chamber.

There are many boys who lived to tell different tales; of sight, for instance, enfeebled through life, because an elder boy—victim and executioner are both still living—was wont out of sheer bullying to go from bed to bed and drop hot tallow from candles into the eyes of little sleeping boys; of others set to watch in case the Head-master should come on Chamber unawares, in a passage exposed to winter winds, till they dropped insensible through the piercing cold; of "drinkings in," of which even our Old Colleger, optimistic as he is, says: "The whole thing was coarse—a very orgie."

We must refer the reader to the book itself for less harmful, if boisterous, practices as "rugg-riding," in which the fact is omitted that the floor was strewn with tallow candles, before the rider was drawn over it, to give it a polish; the dressing the Chamber with green boughs at Election; roller-skating, and the like. A word, however, must be said on the theatricals in Chamber, to which those who took part in them look back with unmixed enjoyment. The engraving which faces page 18 is taken from a work published long after the Old Colleger days, but before the reform of Chamber, and the picture which appears at the end is, though faintly indicated in the engraving, a view of Tilbury Fort, executed as a scene for *The Critic*. The play was acted in the early forties, not long before the alteration of Chamber; but it kept its place for many years after the plays ceased and scenes were no longer needed. More modern plays succeeded this, and a representation of *Box and Cox* took place in the early youth of that veteran farce. There are those who remember the, even then, portly frame of a learned scholar who enacted "Mrs. Bouncer," supplying the supposed outline of that lady by two breakfast-cups hung round his neck by a string.

It is curious to mark the change that has come over schools in the matter of games. Gray has been accused of anachronism in making Eton boys play with hoops. But Gray left Eton in 1734, and the "Old Colleger" bears witness that hoops were in use at Eton in 1814, and afterwards they still lingered at large grammar-schools, where games were supposed to be modelled on those of the public schools, down to about 1840. Marbles also were played, but they went out before hoops. In the decade between 1840-50, hockey was much more in vogue than now, rounders and prisoner's base, both excellent games, were not extinct, and it is pity they have gone; while some of us regret that cricket is more of a science and less of a game than of old.

There is an interesting chapter on Dr. Keate in the "Old Colleger's" book, striving, and in a degree with success, to upset the prevalent notion of that despot, to which Kinglake gave such eloquent and witty sanction. It has not been sufficiently recognised that Keate ought not to be judged by the standard of our day; he was a flogger in a flogging

age. Squeers flogged brutally, Bedford of Twyford flogged brutally also, and the difference between the men was not the flogging, but that the latter was an accomplished scholar and a gentleman, the other ignorant and a cad. Keate flogged, not brutally, but still atrociously. Hawtrey, Goodford, Balston, Hornby flogged, Warre flogs, nor is it yet admitted that such conduct is unworthy of a gentleman, and degrading to both parties concerned. But when it is once allowed that Keate followed the ways of his time, and could no more depart from them than a country gentleman can refrain from imprisoning a poacher, the truth will probably be found to lie between Kinglake's views and those of the author, whose defence of his old friend is eloquent and chivalrous.

It remains to say a word about the publishers' share in the book. It is excellently got up, and the illustrations are good. Those from Radclyffe's "Memorials of Eton" gain much by their reproduction in a smaller form than the original; Mr. Quinton's drawings are not so happy, nor is their rendering in print so good. We could wish the book had included at least one specimen of W. Evans's work; but we cannot have everything, and, as a whole, "Eton of Old" may be cordially commended to notice, and not to that only of Etonians.

MR. STEVENSON'S NEW BOOK.

ISLAND NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. With Illustrations by Gordon Browne and W. Hatherell. London: Cassell & Company, Limited.

THE strongest thing in "Island Nights' Entertainments" is the story called "The Beach of Falesá," and it is very strong indeed. We do not know that Mr. Stevenson has ever done anything more remarkable in its power and virility than this sketch of low life on a South Sea island. He has taken up a little corner of that life as it is being lived to-day by hundreds of exiled Englishmen and Americans, and has cunningly transplanted it to the pages of this book in such a fashion that the reader in making acquaintance with the story makes acquaintance also with a new and strange world, of the existence of which he has, indeed, heard vaguely from the tales of travellers, but the realities of which are now for the first time brought home to him. Here, on a smaller canvas, he has painted a picture still more wonderful than that which he and his collaborateur produced in "The Wreckers." It is not altogether a pleasant story he has to tell—life itself is not altogether pleasant on those lonely islands of the Pacific—but it glows with a certain savage beauty to which the stay-at-home critic cannot be insensible; and, in the case of "The Beach of Falesá," it is accompanied by a moral that is certainly not unhealthy. A white man, one Wiltshire by name, lands upon Falesá to take charge of a trading store, where the buying of *copra* from the natives and the selling to them of odds and ends of European goods are henceforth to be his chief occupation. He finds a rival trader, one Case, a man of evil reputation, already installed upon the island. But Case receives him "like a gentleman and a friend," and goes out of his way to show kindness to a stranger who is unacquainted even with the language of his new home. Wiltshire is "as rough as they make them." It has been his lot to live for years alone among the natives of such an island as Falesá, and he has sunk to the depth to which such men generally fall. He has few scruples; knows very little of conventional morality; is by no means shocked by the violence of the character Case bears; but, happily for himself, is brave and—beyond a certain point—incapable of doing evil. When Case proposes to him, as the most ordinary thing in the world, that he should be provided with a native wife, he assents as a matter of course.

There was a crowd of girls about us, and I pulled myself up and looked among them like a Bashaw. They were all dressed out for the sake of the ship being in; and the women of Falesá are a handsome lot to see. If they have a fault, they are

a trifle
Case tou
"TT
"I s
fishing;
She was
face, a h
a cat's s

It
poses
accepts
from s
must l
phemo
marria
ledger
girl:

"Th
Island o
week, a
when h

As
to put
gold."
she ha
positio
reside
speedi
malign
under

is alon
a plag
humai
to hin
devise
By-an
finds
is lik
ruin.

But v
hones
lost b
comes
who l
the w
is a d
The s
the t
in th

litera
has e
the h
Case
imag
form
mere
const

It is
make
sent
pictu
woul
far
betw
upon
the l

conce
beat
once
hypoc

"
had e
one fo
look
are p
other
pyjar
chiefs
the r
shirt
stone
I sav
on, a

had e
one fo
look
are p
other
pyjar
chiefs
the r
shirt
stone
I sav
on, a

had e
one fo
look
are p
other
pyjar
chiefs
the r
shirt
stone
I sav
on, a

had e
one fo
look
are p
other
pyjar
chiefs
the r
shirt
stone
I sav
on, a

a trifle broad in the beam; and I was just thinking so when Case touched me.

"That's pretty," says he.

"I saw one coming on the other side alone. She had been fishing; all she wore was a chemise, and it was wetted through. She was young and very slender for an island maid, with a long face, a high forehead, and a shy, strange, blindish look, between a cat's and a baby's."

It was Uma, the heroine of the story. Case proposes on Wiltshire's behalf to the girl, and she accepts with docile gratitude the offer of marriage from a white man. A marriage ceremony there must be to satisfy Uma's scruples; but it is a blasphemous mockery, and this is the certificate of marriage which Case writes on a page torn from his ledger and hands to the innocent and unsuspecting girl:

"This is to certify that Uma, daughter of Fāavao, of Falesā, Island of —, is illegally married to Mr. John Wiltshire for one week, and Mr. John Wiltshire is at liberty to send her to hell when he pleases."

As Wiltshire himself remarks, it is "a nice paper to put in a girl's hand and see her hide away like gold." All unconscious of the treachery of which she has been the victim, Uma forthwith accepts her position as the white man's wife, and takes up her residence with him at the store. But retribution speedily falls upon the seducer. With devilish malignity Case has chosen for him a wife who is under a *taboo*, and whose presence in a man's house is alone sufficient to make every native shun it like a plague spot. Wiltshire opens his store, but not a human being comes near him. No one will sell to him; no one will buy of him. This is the plot devised by Case for destroying a dangerous rival. By-and-bye the new-comer learns the truth, and finds that the girl whom he has so grossly deceived is likely herself to be the innocent cause of his ruin. For a time he is still duped by Case. But when at last the truth comes out, the innate honesty and manliness of the man—not altogether lost by years of demoralisation in the South Seas—comes to his rescue. He will not abandon the girl who has trusted him; but he will be avenged upon the white man by whom he has been betrayed. Case is a dangerous enemy, as Wiltshire quickly discovers. The story deals with the course of the feud between the two men, and there are pages in it as thrilling in their dramatic interest, and as perfect in their literary execution, as anything which Mr. Stevenson has ever written. The expedition of Wiltshire into the haunted forest and the duel to the death with Case are not to be read and forgotten. They stir the imagination and cling to the heart as does the transformation scene in "Dr. Jekyll." But it is not the mere story, fascinating and exciting as it is, which constitutes the great charm of the "Beach of Falesā." It is the dramatic power which enables the author to make every scene a living one; and in a few terse sentences to bring home to the mind of the reader pictures of character which most of modern novelists would need whole chapters to produce. There are far more exciting scenes in the story than that between Wiltshire and the missionary who lands upon the island in the midst of the struggle between the hero and his adversary, but as a masterpiece of concentrated and vivid narrative it would be hard to beat it. We quote it all the more gladly because for once the missionary of a modern novelist is neither a hypocrite nor a fool.

"This was the first time, in all my years in the Pacific, I had ever exchanged two words with a missionary, let alone asked one for a favour. I didn't like the lot; no trader does. They look down upon us and make no concealment; and, besides, they are partly Kanakised, and suck up with natives instead of with other white men like themselves. I had on a rig of clean striped pyjamas, for, of course, I had dressed decent to go before the chiefs; but when I saw the missionary step out of his boat in the regular uniform—white duck clothes, pith helmet, white shirt and tie, and yellow boots to his feet—I could have bunged stones at him. As he came nearer, queering me pretty curious, I saw he looked mortal sick; for the truth was he had a fever on, and had just had a chill in the boat.

"Mr. Tarleton, I believe?" says I, for I had got his name.

"And you, I suppose, are the new trader?" says he.

"I want to tell you first that I don't hold with missions," I went on; "and that I think you, and the likes of you, do a sight of harm, filling up the natives with old wives' tales and bump-tiousness."

"You are perfectly entitled to your opinions," says he, looking a bit ugly, "but I have no call to hear them."

"It so happens that you've got to hear them," I said. "I'm no missionary, nor missionary lover; I'm no Kanaka, nor favourer of Kanakas—I'm just a trader; I'm just a common, low-down, God-damned white man and British subject, the sort you would like to wipe your boots on. I hope that's plain!"

"Yes, my man," said he; "it's more plain than creditable. When you are sober you will be sorry for this."

"Now you can't say I've deceived you," said I, "and I can go on. I want a service—I want two services, in fact—and if you care to give me them, I'll perhaps take more stock in what you call your Christianity."

"He was silent for a moment. Then he smiled. 'You are rather a strange sort of man,' says he.

"I'm the sort of man God made me," says I. "I don't set up to be a gentleman," I said.

"I am not quite so sure," said he. "And what can I do for you, Mr. —?"

"Wiltshire," I says. "Well, I'll tell you the first thing. I'm what you call a sinner—what I call a sweep—and I want you to help me make it up to a person I've deceived." . . . I led the way to my house in silence, and rather pleased with myself for the way I had managed the talk, for I like a man to keep his self-respect. . . . We walked right in through the store, and I was surprised to find Uma had cleared away the dinner-things.

"Uma," said I, "give us your marriage-certificate." She looked put out. "Come," said I, "you can trust me. Hand it up."

"She had it about her person as usual. I believe she thought it was a pass to Heaven, and if she died without having it handy she would go to hell. . . . 'Now,' said I, with the certificate in my hand, 'I was married to this girl by Black Jack the negro. The certificate was wrote by Case, and it's a dandy piece of literature, I promise you. Since then I've found that there's a kind of cry in the place against this wife of mine, and so long as I keep her I cannot trade. Now, what would any man do in my place, if he was a man?' I said. 'The first thing he would do is this, I guess.' And I took and tore up the certificate, and bunged the pieces on the floor.

"*Aué!*" cried Uma, and began to clap her hands; but I caught one of them in mine. "And the second thing that he would do," said I, "if he was what I would call a man, and you would call a man, Mr. Tarleton, is to bring the girl right before you or any other missionary, and to up and say: 'I was wrong married to this wife of mine, but I think a heap of her, and now I want to be married to her right.' Fire away, Mr. Tarleton! And I guess you'd better do it in native; it'll please the old lady." I said, giving her, the proper name of a man's wife upon the spot."

We have made a long extract, but it is one which must convince our readers that Mr. Stevenson's hand has not lost its cunning, and there are other things in this volume not less worthy of being treasured in the memory.

THE FIRST PENNY PRESSMAN.

"SHEPHERD" SMITH, THE UNIVERSALIST: THE STORY OF A MIND. Being a Life of the Rev. James E. Smith, M.A. By W. Anderson Smith. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

MEN'S minds have been compared, some to palaces, and some to pyramids. Here is one which was like a bridge without a keystone: no sooner was it made up than it crumbled away, to be immediately rebuilt for another fall.

Were opinion like linen, it would be advisable to change it at least once in the course of the day; but opinion is rather the skin of the mind than the dress, and should change gradually, insensibly, with the mind's gradual growth and change. It is common to praise what is called an active mind; in many cases one might as well praise a diseased skin and call it active because its sloughing is constant and apparent. There was skin disease in Smith's mind. Artist, Irvingite, Southcottist, Socialist, Anti-Socialist, Spiritualist, Preacher, Prophet, Journalist, he is the prototype of that particular kind of decadent who seeks after every new thing and tries all the extravagancies of the time; who fails to see that

paradox is a mere figure of speech, and who is capable of accepting the most accidental analogy as the basis of a creed—intended always to be final.

This "most remarkable ancient mind," as one of his contemporaries called him, was in many respects the most modern man of his day. He was the first to introduce and fight the standing of the penny press in London, both in its broad-sheet and its octavo forms; and by his *Shepherd and Family Herald* he exercised a powerful and widespread influence on the thought of his contemporaries. He may be called the first of the personal editors; in direct descent from him are Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Stead, and all editors whose personality is more important than their party in the eyes of their subscribers.

But the history of his press enterprises, interesting as it is, takes a very subordinate place compared with the "story of his mind." It is not so much the history of a development as the history of a kaleidoscope. Early arriving at the conclusion that everything is true, either figuratively, symbolically, analogically, or "in some way or other," Smith is to be found at one time prescribing a good large bolus of indifference and thoughtlessness, with a stiff glass of toddy, "and there is no fear of you;" at another hastening on the Millennium at Ashton with John Wroe; now describing himself as "an out-and-out, in-and-in Scriptural Pantheist," and now insisting that blasphemy is the only way by which the world can come to a knowledge of God; finding the visitation of the Spirit a sort of romance, and "always absolutely consistent with himself, no matter what position he took up." The man had delivered himself from creeds to become the slave of words. It was all opinion with him; and he kept changing and doctoring the scarf-skin of his mind until he almost forgot everything else. Perhaps he never actually got out of the old clothes which Carlyle threw off, but went on patching and braiding them beyond recognition. The photograph of his face, which serves as frontispiece, shows a great brow and much power combined with extreme sensibility; querulous, but with a certain serenity as of one who had accepted defeat. Of the purity of his life and all his motives there can be no question; and his literary gifts were of a high order.

Mr. Anderson Smith has done his work of biographer most acceptably. By letters and extracts from his writings Smith is made to reveal himself, and the biographer confines his own appearances to the supply of connective tissue here and there. One of the most interesting passages in the book is the correspondence with Lady Lytton. It is a piece of high comedy, with its Platonic marriage, the witty, malicious wife, and the wise, good-natured husband. "'Shepherd' Smith" is a remarkable book about a remarkable man, full of geniality, wisdom, laughter, easily read, and containing much worth remembering.

HAREM LIFE IN EGYPT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS, BY HER ENGLISH GOVERNESS; being a Record of Five Years' Residence at the Court of Ismael Pasha, Khedive. Two vols. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons.

MISS CHENNELLS, in her five years' experience, had full opportunities of becoming acquainted with harem life on the inside, more especially as she continued to reside with her pupil, Princess Zeyneb, after the latter's marriage and consequent seclusion. The unpretending record contained in the two volumes before us gives an interesting picture of that transition stage between Eastern and Western civilisation which is represented by the Egypt of to-day. In Ismail Pasha's time, however, when European manners were a comparative novelty, much Orientalism which has since disappeared was still alive and in force.

Miss Chennells has been eminently discreet with regard to the publication of her recollections. She kept a diary during the whole period of her stay, but, if she ever thought of printing it, was soon convinced of the inexpediency of doing so. Egyptians had been fully awakened to the disadvantages of having chiefs among them taking notes, and were nervously apprehensive of being put into books. Accordingly, after Miss Chennells had left the country in 1876, she kept her notes to herself for what no one could fail to call a reasonable time, and has now finally published them under the conviction that they can do no harm to anyone. She has spoken ill of no one, and there is no one left to feel aggrieved. Poor Princess Zeyneb is dead, and Ismail Pasha, with his son, appear to be virtually imprisoned for life somewhere on the Bosphorus.

Ismail Pasha will always be remembered for his well-meant but ineffectual efforts to suppress the slave-trade, civilise the Soudan, and place Egypt on a level with the Western Powers—which meant "Haussmannising" Cairo, and contracting the debt which eventually led to the English occupation. He seems to have been a man of noble ideals, of interesting and sympathetic character, placed in a difficult, or rather impossible position. "My poor Khedive Ismail," Gordon wrote of him with deep pity. He delighted to gather round him such men as Gordon, Baker, Chaillé Long, and Gessi, and he did not, perhaps could not, see that the work he hoped to carry out by their means—in itself a grand one—was foredoomed to failure, because starting from such a basis as the utterly rotten fabric of Ottoman power in Egypt. Miss Chennells' book exhibits him in the light of an affectionate father, anxious for the highest welfare of his children. He wished to do what he could to raise the status of women in Egyptian society, and gave his daughter the best education possible under the circumstances. Zeyneb Hanem had, in this respect, every advantage which her brother enjoyed, and, though not exceptionally clever, would seem to have profited by her training. But she died young, little more than a year after her marriage. She was a gentle, amiable girl, beloved by all about her, and the story of her sufferings from the shut-up harem life and the separation from the husband whom she loved, is extremely pathetic.

The account of the discomforts endured by Miss Chennells when, at the urgent entreaty of the Princess and her relatives, she consented to take up her abode inside the harem, is vividly and brightly written, but is quite sufficient to show that the enterprise was no light one. The danger from fire, in an isolated building, locked and barred every night from the outside, and inhabited by reckless slave-girls who would make a candlestick of a cane-bottomed chair and fall asleep, leaving the candle to burn away as it pleased—seems to have been constantly present to her nerves. Then there was the fast in Ramadan, and though she was not called upon to abstain from food, it was trying to be waited upon by servants who were, and whose energies suffered in consequence. Altogether, the book will be found amusing to the reader, if not to the writer, who must find the events recorded pleasanter in retrospect than in actual experience. Several portraits, including those of Zeyneb herself, her husband, Prince Ibrahim, and Kopses, her Circassian playmate and constant companion, add to the interest of the volume.

HISTORIC PERSONALITY.

HISTORIC PERSONALITY. By F. S. Stevenson, M.P. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS little book is ingeniously contrived, its object being to consider in turn the various methods or devices by which the personality of men and women may be transmitted down the ages.

"By a man's personality," observes Mr. Stevenson, "is meant not merely what he says or does, but what he thinks and feels; it includes the sum of all the dispositions, both mental and

bodily, w
then, acc
who ever
image of
kind. B
men are
method
Some r
boring
incapabl
exception
the facul
tions is
can haro
gift divi
define th
there is
Mr. S
short ch
remainin
sonality.
Diaries,
mental
These a
ground.
well qua
his book
the rew

Mr. S
short ch
remainin
sonality.
Diaries,
mental
These a
ground.
well qua
his book
the rew

JEREMY
but it se
and at a
much i
aspirati
English
Jeremy
Sayings
long ago
truth in
more go
once mo
Taylor's
stand th
length
respond
to posse
stately
but his
He has
and the
satisfac
making
aim of
slave to
addition
and by
thought
this bo
represen
not hav
would
Jeremy
to welc
Aro
of a cer
either
France
by whi
forge o
cathedr
delicate
sive hin
subject
ton Mu

*JEREM
Joh
Lon
IRONWO
PEI
Mu
Cro
A RIDE
M.A.
Cro
A ME
By
A BOW
THE
B.
18m
CHARAC
Ch

bodily, which make him what he is." This is true enough; but, then, according to this, and no doubt to the facts, every man who ever lived had a personality of his own. No man is the image of another. Strictly speaking, there are no types of mankind. But, on the other hand, it is quite certain that many men are without a personality capable of transmission by any method or device known to Mr. Stevenson or to anybody else. Some men can never make themselves felt except in the way of boring you to death, and the qualities of a bore are usually incapable of transmission. We say usually because there are exceptions, and because, oddly enough, a dead bore who possessed the faculty of bequeathing his personality to subsequent generations is like a bore in fiction—a most agreeable hobby. But it can hardly be denied that it is only a few men who have the gift divine of making their personality felt after death. To define this gift is impossible, but not to recognise it when it is there is likewise impossible.

Mr. Stevenson's interesting little book is divided into twelve short chapters, the first being introductory and each of the remaining eleven deals with a method of transmission of personality. These methods are History, Biography, Autobiography, Diaries, Memoirs, Letters, Table-Talk, Characterisation, Monumental Inscriptions, Portraiture, and Imaginative Literature. These are all fascinating subjects, and cover a vast quantity of ground. Mr. Stevenson is a great reader, and shows himself well qualified to discourse at large. How he managed to keep his book so small is as wonderful as it is creditable; he deserves the reward of being read.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

JEREMY TAYLOR has been called the Shakespeare of preachers, but it seems to us that he belongs rather to the order of Milton, and at all events the great prelate and the greater Puritan had much in common, especially in the direction of faith and aspiration, as well as in superb mastery of all the resources of English speech. Coleridge in his Table-Talk lays stress on Jeremy Taylor's "great and lovely mind," and in the "Golden Sayings," which Mr. Dennis has gathered from books which long ago became classic, such qualities stand revealed. There is truth in the assertion that the more a man digs in this mine, the more gold will he discover, and this volume accordingly brings once more to light the "depth as well as the fertility of Jeremy Taylor's genius." It is somewhat difficult, however, to understand the principle of selection in the present instance, and the length to which the majority of these quotations extend responds uneasily to the title of the book. Mr. Dennis appears to possess a tolerably wide acquaintance with the works of this stately and imaginative preacher, and not only his judgment but his catholicity of temper are in evidence in the selection. He has furnished the book with a brief biographical introduction, and though there is nothing new in it, it is written with a satisfactory grasp of the facts and forces which went to the making of a unique personality. Mr. Dennis avows that one aim of this compilation is to show that Jeremy Taylor is "not a slave to what may be called his characteristic style, and that; in addition to pages distinguished by rhetoric, by teeming fancy and by poetical imagination, his works abound with weighty thoughts expressed in language as simple as it is precise." If this book sends the reader to the fifteen volumes which it represents, love's labour, so far as Mr. Dennis is concerned, will not have been lost. We miss passages which we ourselves would have chosen, but that is inevitable, and in the main Jeremy Taylor's "Golden Sayings," as here recorded, is a book to welcome.

Around the chiefest and most ubiquitous of metals a literature of a certain kind has grown, but the history of "Ironwork," either as art or craft, still remains unwritten. Germany and France have done more than England to explain the processes by which art gradually established its supremacy even at the forge of the blacksmith, until the doors of mediæval church and cathedral were rendered beautiful by the far-spreading and often delicate tracery which branched across the oak from the massive hinges. The relation of metallurgy and art is a fascinating subject, and we are glad that the authorities of South Kensington Museum have brought it in recent years within the scope of

their teaching. Mr. Gardner's manual—a volume of one hundred and fifty pages—forms the latest addition to the official Science and Art Handbooks, and it deals with this department of technical knowledge with clearness and no lack of historical illustration. The narrative breaks off at the end of the mediæval period, and it is proposed in a second volume to trace the development of artistic ironwork through the period of the Renaissance, as well as during the long stretch of years which divide that phase of development from the present day. The Danish invaders of England brought with them swords and axes of great artistic beauty. They were expert blacksmiths, and even their princes did not disdain to work sometimes as armourers, and they unquestionably gave a great stimulus to decorative ironwork in this country. Afterwards the birth of Gothic architecture, with its scientific construction and refined ornament, was, Mr. Gardner reminds us, reflected in the increasing grace and elegance of the ironwork. "The need for defence had passed away; Celtic, Classic, and Oriental have merged, and the traces of the Dane are barely discernible with us in the occasional dragon or grotesque monster. There are a number of exquisite illustrations in this volume of ancient artistic designs in hinges, locks, handles, and trellised gates, as well as some fine examples of pierced and embossed ironwork.

The opening words of Mr. Evelyn Burnaby's little book tersely describe its origin. "My brother's ride to Khiva suggested the idea of 'A Ride from Land's End to John o' Groat's.'" The sudden juxtaposition of the two performances is rather startling. Colonel Burnaby's ride to Khiva and his exploits in the Khan's domains are matters of history. He made his way, on horseback from Russia, across the frozen steppes in mid-winter, whilst his brother ambled leisurely along the shady lanes of his mother-country, halting apparently here, there, and everywhere to chat affably with the natives in the golden weeks of an English summer. Mr. Evelyn Burnaby is himself alive, in a fashion, to the contrast, for he says, in referring to poor Fred's wonderful feat of pluck and endurance: "I am afraid I cannot hope to emulate his effort." Such despondency is not groundless, yet nevertheless this is not altogether a chronicle of small beer. Mr. Burnaby's big brother—and big he was both literally and figuratively—crosses the page again and again in anecdote or reminiscence; and this circumstance, together with the genial good spirit of the writer and the keen and wholesome zest of life which he displays, redeem the narrative from insignificance. The journey itself covered twelve hundred and seventy miles; it began in June and ended in August of last year, and it filled up very agreeably an interval of fifty-seven days. On an average, Mr. Burnaby was in the saddle each day six or seven hours, and eleven days were surrendered to *dolce far niente*. The ride might have been shortened by nearly a hundred miles, but then time did not press. There is a droll letter from Fred Burnaby in the book, as well as some of his racy sayings; and there are glimpses of other people met by the way, including a "kind, venerable old gentleman, who told me he had had four wives, and each had died from natural causes." We get to know Mr. Evelyn Burnaby himself pretty well in this gossiping, rambling, unconventional book, and we part company with him with regret, for there is much that is frank, entertaining, and pleasant in these desultory reminiscences.

There are some deep-sea soundings in philosophy and morals in the little book—it is scarcely more than a pamphlet—entitled "A Metaphysical Octave." The thoughts of the author play around those problems which confront all who in any way ponder the enigma of existence. He contends that man's capacity for the spiritual seems in itself, apart from all revelation, to be a pledge for a spiritual realm, in which personal identity is not lost, and where a supreme spirit reigns. There is a vein of mysticism as well as speculation running through these brief papers, but the tone throughout is always reverential and occasionally suggestive.

Amongst the forgotten worthies of English literature, Nicholas Breton may be numbered, and a selection from his prose and poetry is therefore all the more welcome as the third volume of the dainty series known as the Elizabethan Library. These extracts from the pastoral sonnets, madrigals, and moralisings of this fine old English gentleman have been culled by Dr. Grosart, and he contributes a quaintly-worded but scholarly introduction. Dr. Grosart points out the characteristics of Breton as a writer, and dwells on the unacknowledged, hitherto unnoted indebtedness of George Herbert to the author of this "Bower of Delights." The earliest of Nicholas Breton's known writings was printed in 1577 and the latest in 1626, the year in which he died, at the ripe age of eighty-two. As in a mirror, this little book reflects much that was typical in the inner and in the outer life of England when Elizabeth was on the throne.

The anonymous book entitled "Character in the Face" opens with a quotation from Schopenhauer, to the effect that the study of physiognomy is one of the chief means of a knowledge of mankind, since the cast of the human countenance is the only sphere in which the art of dissimulation is of no avail. This is a broad statement, and one which it would not be difficult to refute by bringing a bewildering array of exceptions to such a rule. No doubt the general conformation of the head furnishes a more or less rough index to its contents, and eyes and lips,

*JEREMY TAYLOR'S GOLDEN SAYINGS. Edited with an Introduction by John Dennis, Author of "Studies in English Literature," etc. London: A. D. Innes & Co. Crown 8vo.

IRONWORK; FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE END OF THE MEDIÆVAL PERIOD. By J. Starkie Gardner. Illustrated. South Kensington Museum Art Handbooks. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. Crown 8vo.

A RIDE FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROAT'S. By Evelyn Burnaby, M.A., S.C.L. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Company. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

A METAPHYSICAL OCTAVE. Note towards Theological Harmony. By C. Hellmuth. London: Elliot Stock. 12mo.

A BOWER OF DELIGHTS; BEING INTERWOVEN VERSE AND PROSE FROM THE WORKS OF NICHOLAS BRETON, THE WEAVER. Alexander B. Grosart. The Elizabethan Library. London: Elliot Stock. 18mo.

CHARACTER IN THE FACE: PHYSIOGNOMICAL SKETCHES. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. Crown 8vo.

however carefully schooled, make handsome contributions to unconscious self-revelation. Yet we are inclined to think that, after all, broad generalisations exhaust the possibilities of knowledge in this direction—except as regards abnormal types—and even then a slavish adherence to the letter of such rules often does a serious injustice to the man who for the moment is turned into an object lesson. Although the bashful compiler of this book parades his research through the writings of nearly fifty more qualified observers, we are not greatly impressed with the manner in which he ultimately handles the spoils of his net. He descends to particulars about each feature of the face, and the hair and beard are summoned to the witness-box to give evidence as to character. The book is one for the curious, but the man of forbidding aspect had better leave it alone, and we fear that some persons might profit by its statements not for salutary purposes of self-scrutiny, but in order to thank Heaven that they are not as other men.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- BORDERLAND STUDIES.** By Howard Pease. Reprints. (Simpkin & Marshall.)
- MONA MACLEAN.** A Novel. By Graham Travers. New Edition. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons.)
- THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE NEW CRITICISM.** By Alfred Blomfield, D.D. (Elliot Stock.)
- POEMS; CHIEFLY AGAINST PESSIMISM.** By J. S. Fletcher. (Ward & Downey.)
- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MADAME DE KRUDENER.** By Clarence Ford. (A. & C. Black.)
- RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. JOHN BROWN.** By Alexander Peddie, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S.E. (Percival & Co.)
- LONDON OF TO-DAY.** 1893. By Charles Eyre Pascoe. Ninth Annual Edition. (Simpkin & Marshall.)
- THE MAN OF FEELING: HENRY MACKENZIE.** (Dent & Co.)
- SALLY DOWNS, AND OTHER STORIES.** By Bret Harte. (Chatto & Windus.)
- THE BIRTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF ORNAMENT.** By F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
- THE LAW RELATING TO SCHOOLMASTERS.** By H. W. Disney, B.A. (Edward Arnold.)
- THE HIGHWAY OF LETTERS AND ITS ECHOES OF FAMOUS FOOTSTEPS.** By Thomas Archer. (Cassell & Co.)
- THE CAVALIER AND HIS LADY.** Selections from the Works of the first Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. Ed. Edward Jenkins.
- SOCIALISM AND THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.** By Nicholas Paine Gilman.
- MEMOIRS OF MY INDIAN CAREER.** By Sir George Campbell, M.P., K.C.S.I., D.C.L. Ed. Sir Charles E. Bernard. Two vols. (Macmillan & Co.)
- STEPHEN REMARK.** By James Adderley. (Edward Arnold.)
- THE ODD WOMEN.** A Novel. By George Gissing. Three vols. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
- RED LEAVES AND ROSES.** Poems. By Madison Cawein.
- PRISONERS AND PAUPERS.** By Henry M. Boies, M.A.
- HEROIC HAPPENINGS.** By Elbridge S. Brooks. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF T. RHYS EVANS, WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS SERMONS.** By Richard Lovett, M.A. (J. Clarke & Co.)
- ENGLAND UNDER THE COALITION.** By P. W. Clayden. Second Edition. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- IRISH NATIONALISM: AN APPEAL TO HISTORY.** By the Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T. (John Murray.)
- INTRODUCTION TO THE IDEALS OF REASON.** By Mrs. P. F. Fitzgerald. (The Middlesex Press.)
- FANESWOOD.** A Novel. By H. S. Wheler.
- FOR MRS. GRUNDY'S SAKE.** A Novel. By M. I. Douglas.
- DR. JANET OF HARLEY STREET.** A Novel. By A. Kenealy. (Digby, Long & Co.)
- THE POETICAL WORKS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.** Ed. James Dykes Campbell. (Macmillan & Co.)
- THE VOICE OF A FLOWER.** A Novel. By E. Gerard. (A. D. Innes & Co.)
- THE VYVYANS.** A Novel. By Andrée Hope. (Chapman & Hall.)
- WALT WHITMAN.** A Study. By John Addington Symonds. (John C. Nimmo.)
- SELECTIONS FROM SONGS OF A BAYADERE AND SONGS OF A TROUBADOUR.** By Evelyn Douglas. (J. P. Mathew & Co., Dundee.)
- ANNALS, ANECDOTES, TRAITS, AND TRADITIONS OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENTS, 1172 TO 1800.** By J. R. O'Flanagan, B.L. (M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.)
- MOLIÈRE'S LES FEMMES SAVANTES.** With Introduction and Notes. By G. H. Clarke, M.A. (Williams & Norgate.)

NOTICE.

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and ADVERTISEMENTS to "THE MANAGER," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received NOT LATER than THURSDAY MORNING.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

THE SPEAKER may be obtained in Paris every Saturday morning at No. 12, Rue Bleue.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS BY POST.

Yearly	£1 8s.
Half-yearly	14s.
Quarterly	8s.

BOND, FRASER & CO., LIMITED, STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS, BROAD STREET BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

BRITISH RAILS sold for account of three months' FORWARD DELIVERY. AMERICAN RAILS sold for account of three months' FORWARD DELIVERY. MINING SHARES sold for three, four, and six months' FORWARD DELIVERY. These lengthened contracts afford unusual opportunities for clients to take advantage of the many fluctuations occurring during the three months' duration of contract. Shares may be closed at any intermediary period, and profits taken at once. SCOTCH Securities bought for cash. INVESTMENTS paying from 4 per cent. to 25 per cent. per annum. Lists free on application. IMMEDIATE CASH SETTLEMENTS on all bargains. Operation accounts opened; profits paid weekly. To make money, write for our detailed prospectus and terms of dealing. CLOSING PRICES ISSUED NIGHTLY.

Write for our ADVICES, now ready.

BOND, FRASER & CO., Limited, BROAD STREET BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

TELEGRAMS: "SHAREBROKERS, LONDON."

MUTUAL LOAN FUND ASSOCIATION, Limited

(Incorporated 1850), 5, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, W.C. 38, Ship Street, Brighton, and 299, Queen's Road, Hastings, advance money upon personal security, bills of sale, deeds, &c., repayable by instalments. Bills promptly discounted. Forms free. Interest moderate.—C. K. WRIGHT, Secretary.

FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS, CITY OF LONDON.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the

City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on TUESDAY, MAY 9TH, 1893, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for the purchase of the valuable FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS and REVERSIONS OF PREMISES as under, viz:—

No. 115, Cheapside, Corner of Milk Street....	Ground Rent	£787 per ann.
City Bank, Nos. 45 and 47, Ludgate Hill....	"	£2,200 "
Nos. 41 and 43, Ludgate Hill.....	"	£1,200 "
The "Princes" (late "Shepherd and Flock")	"	"
Copthall Avenue.....	"	£600 "

Particulars and Plans of the Premises may be had at this office, together with the conditions of sale.

Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rent, 115, Cheapside," &c. (stating the premises, as the case may be), and be addressed to the undersigned at this office, and must be delivered before One o'clock on the said day of treaty.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any Tender.

Parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorised Agent, at Half-past One o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their Tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeable to the conditions of sale.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall, March, 1893.

HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.

LEGISLATORS AND OTHERS

Interested in the Dissipation of the Fog Nuisance, and the General Comfort of the People.

Call at ASHTON AND GREEN IRON COMPANY, 11 to 13, Bury Street, St. Mary Axe, City (five minutes' walk from the Bank of England), and see an ordinary open fire tile stove in use that is absolutely smokeless, that will burn anything, and that prevents the draughts usually experienced from doors and windows, and that is manufactured and supplied by this Company as cheaply as the smokers and fog producers are sold at. APPROXIMATE COST FOR FUEL, ONE PENNY PER DAY.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than their own principals. Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee. List of Members of the Stock Exchange who act as Stock and Share Brokers may be obtained on application to

FRANCIS LEVIEU,

Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange.

Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

DE PROFUNDIS.—Grand New Devotional Picture

by SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A., LL.D.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord,"
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

This most beautiful and most touchingly impressive picture, which was, by special command, submitted to Her Majesty the Queen at Balmoral, is NOW ON VIEW at HENRY GRAVES & CO.'S GALLERIES, 6, Pall Mall. Hours, 10 till 6. Saturday, 10 till 5.

HENRY GRAVES & CO., 6, Pall Mall, S.W.—NOW

ON VIEW, a choice collection of noted SPORTING PICTURES, by J. F. Herring, senr., H. Hall, and others. Winners of Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, etc., 1804 to date.

HENRY GRAVES & CO., 6, Pall Mall, London, possess the largest and most choice stock of PROOF ENGRAVINGS in the World.

NORWEGIAN YACHTING CRUISES

(FORTNIGHTLY) FROM NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Shortest route to Norway. Only one night at sea.

By the ALBION STEAMSHIP CO.'S (Ltd.) Fast and Splendidly-fitted Yachting Steamer

"MIDNIGHT SUN," 3,020 tons, 2,860 horse-power.

Fares from 14 Guineas, including a sumptuous table.

SAILINGS—May 20; June 3, 17; July 1, 15, 29; August 12, 26; September 9.

All Applications for Berths to be made to the "Yachting Steamer 'MIDNIGHT SUN' Passenger Office, 4, Lombard Street (Telegraphic Address, 'Tourist'), Newcastle-on-Tyne." Write for Itineraries.

1893.

ED,
ERS,

AMERICAN
SHARES sold
and contracts
fluctuations
closed at any
ht for cash.
free on appli-
cants opened;
and terms of

NDON, E.C.

Limited
rand, W.C.,
ance money
ills promptly

of the
MAY 9TH,
chase of the
EMISES as

per ann.
"
"

ther with the

d Rent, 115,
to the under-
y of treaty.
Fender.
rised Agent,
be accepted)
to execute an
sale.
ipal Clerk.

S
and the

Bury Street,
y, and see an
urn anything,
ews, and that
kers and fog
NY PER DAY.

LOWED a
er than their
connected with
members of the
on application

Exchange.

al Picture

vas, by special
ON VIEW at
till 6. Satur-

W.—NOW
ES, by J. P.
C., 1804 to date.

ndon, POS-
INGS in the

UISES

tted Yachting
er.

September 9.

MIDNIGHT
't), Newcastle

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1893.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
THE WEEK :—		UNCLE SAM IN A RUSSIAN HUG.	By	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (continued) :—	
Public Affairs : At Home	465	Poultney Bigelow	477	Arbitration—or Fiasco?	487
" " Abroad	467	THE IRISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.	By	A LITERARY CAUSERIE : A Morning with	
Literature, Science, etc.	468	Katharine Tynan	478	a Book. By A. T. Q. C.	487
Obituary	469	THE REVIVAL OF SIGNS	479	REVIEWS :—	
THE REAL LORD DERBY	469	THE MODERN PRESS. XII.— <i>The Daily</i>		New Light on the Primitive Church	488
ORANGEISM UNMASKED	470	<i>News</i>	480	Evolutionist Ethics	490
HYPOTHETICAL TREASON	472	" THE HIGHWAY OF LETTERS "	481	An Ignoble Career	491
THE MORAL OF THE BUDGET	473	THE ROYAL ACADEMY. By G. M.	482	Goethe Worship	492
THE LAST LINE OF DEFENCE	474	THE DRAMA. By A. B. W.	484	Fiction... ..	492
GOOD WORK	475	A CASUAL CONVERSATION. By Grant Allen	485	First Impressions	493
THE AMERICAN CURRENCY CRISIS	475	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR :—		BOOKS RECEIVED	494
FINANCE	476	Publishers' Book Marks	486		

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE present state of business in the House of Commons affords unmistakable evidence of the character of the tactics by means of which the Opposition are trying to evade the Home Rule question. Obstruction is being practised deliberately night after night in its most insidious and most dangerous fashion. Every proposal of the Ministry is being debated at needless length, and when that does not suffice, imaginary questions of urgency are being raised by Opposition speakers in order still further to waste the time of the House. In these circumstances, Ministers are justified in acting with uncompromising vigour and resolution. It is clearly useless to proceed with other business so long as the Home Rule measure remains to be dealt with. To do so would simply be to play into the hands of the Opposition, who have shown that they are prepared to obstruct any proceeding, no matter how innocent or how necessary it may be, in the hope of thereby obstructing Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone has fixed next Thursday for the opening of the Committee stage on the Bill, and from that day it will be considered from day to day until it has passed through Committee. Already a thousand amendments to the measure have been placed upon the paper. The only object of nine-tenths of these is wanton obstruction. The obstructors may, however, rely upon the fact that the majority will not allow itself to be coerced by the abuse of Parliamentary forms. No matter how long the Committee stage may last, and some reckon it at three months, the Government and their supporters will pursue their course with unfaltering determination to the end, and their ultimate victory is assured.

WE speak elsewhere of the Ulster demonstration which was held in London last Saturday. By common consent, the meeting in the Albert Hall was, in all respects but one, a decided success. The exception was the character of the speeches. The Bishop of Derry and the other orators were out of touch with their audience, and the enthusiasm with which the proceedings commenced was greatly damped before their conclusion. But perhaps the most notable feature of the meeting was its blatant Jingoism. It reminded the spectators of similar gatherings fifteen years ago, when there was the same enthusiasm, the same impudent appropriation of the national flag as a party emblem, and the same noisy denunciation of Mr. Gladstone and those who

agreed with him as the enemies of the Empire. Even Tories are nowadays ashamed of the insanity of the Jingo epoch; and all but the dullest amongst them now recognise the fact that the so-called traitors of 1878 were the true patriots and the real statesmen. What will be the verdict which politicians will pass fifteen years hence upon the Jingo demonstration of last Saturday?

LORD SALISBURY and the Duke of Devonshire have already achieved one success as the direct fruit of their recent speeches. Their determined efforts to incite the people of Ulster to rebellion have produced their inevitable result in Belfast. Whilst the more intelligent Ulstermen were seeking to impress the people of London with their reasonableness, the Orange mob in Belfast was busily engaged in converting the words of the Tory leaders into acts. A brutal attack was made upon the Catholic workmen in Messrs. Harland & Wolff's great establishment by their Protestant fellow-workmen, and it was with great difficulty that a most dangerous riot was suppressed. Everybody who read the violent speeches of Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Randolph Churchill, foresaw that something of this kind must be their result. An ignorant and inflammable population, inflated by the belief that it was entitled to an arrogant supremacy over the Catholic majority in Ireland, was not likely to listen unmoved to the incendiary appeals of English statesmen; and accordingly it responded to the harangues of the Unionist leaders at the earliest opportunity. It cannot be said that Lord Salisbury and his friends have shown that they are ashamed of the evil work for which they are directly responsible; but they seem to recognise the fact that such work is not likely to help them in their attempt to maintain the ascendancy system in Ireland, and they are accordingly appealing to the Belfast Protestants to keep the peace. Meanwhile it is clear that the Ulster minority which really needs protection is not the Protestant minority. In London, too, as a deplorable police case has shown, there are silly people who are inclined to take the speeches of the Unionist leaders seriously. Surely the latter will be warned in time.

WE are glad to see that even the *St. James's Gazette* has been moved to make a protest against the conduct of Lord Mayor Knill in converting the Mansion House into a centre of the Anti-Home Rule League. We are not greatly concerned by the fact that Mr. Knill is opposed to the Government; nor

do Liberals as a rule expect in these days much help or sympathy from a Lord Mayor of London. But it has generally been supposed that during his year of office that personage felt it his duty to keep his individual opinions to himself, in deference to the fact that, to the outside world, he is the representative of the City of London. Mr. Knill has chosen a new, but certainly not a better way, and by his open and extreme partisanship has shocked even his own political associates. It is to be feared that his mayoralty is not likely to be reckoned among those which have been distinguished by their success.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Budget on Monday was exceedingly simple, very pessimistic, and very disappointing to those who had not made themselves acquainted with the elementary facts of our financial position. Stated briefly, the Chancellor of the Exchequer found himself face to face with a deficiency of more than a million and a half, and this sum he proposed to raise by the addition of a penny to the income tax. Nobody can pretend to like a Budget of this description. Nobody likes to learn that his account at his banker's is overdrawn; but when this fact is made apparent the prudent man promptly seeks to restore the balance to the right side. This is what Sir William Harcourt does in his present Budget, and though he has had to face the opposition of Sir John Lubbock, who has discovered that the Home Rule question may be discussed even in connection with the financial statement of the year, we believe that the policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer meets with general approval.

THE greatest disappointment which the Budget has occasioned seems to have been among the friends of the London County Council. We are glad to find, however, that the supporters of that body in the House of Commons fully recognise the difficulties which beset Sir William Harcourt, and refrain from blaming him. No one with the figures before him can say that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been justified, on his present Budget, in granting any exceptional favours to a particular city. Mr. Fowler's announcement on Thursday, however, of his intention to deal in a separate measure with the equalisation of rates for London is the best guarantee of Ministerial good faith in this respect. The Government are as anxious to do justice to London as the most ardent of London Radicals can be, but the road to Home Rule for the metropolis lies through Home Rule for Ireland.

THE great assault on the Budget on Thursday resulted in a diverting or (according as one may look at it) a painful fiasco. The heartless may laugh, but the judicious are more inclined to grieve at such a spectacle as that of Mr. George Joachim Goschen flinging to the winds all the traditions of that school of Gladstonian finance of which it used to be his pride to be the foremost pupil, and, naked and unashamed, executing a financial war-dance for the delight of the profound economists of the Tory back-benches. It appears that there are two points of view from which Sir William Harcourt's Budget can be denounced with effect: that of the Disraelian squire who thinks it sounder for a prosperous country to borrow than to pay, and that of the Socialist wisacres who think the Liberal Government ought to have abandoned all their legislative programme in order to introduce a Budget which it would have been harder to pass than five Acts of Parliament. From both points of view Mr. Goschen went for Sir William Harcourt with marvellous agility, bringing down the gallery with every pirouette. He attacked the income tax itself—an unflinching way of tickling the groundlings—with

as much gusto as if he had not been cherishing the income-tax like a lover during his six long years of office. Poor Sir John Lubbock's motion shared an unhappy fate amid these dazzling exercises. It was out of order, and it was based upon the fatal misconception that the deficit for which the penny in the pound was being levied was an Imperial instead of being in the proportion of about a million and a half to a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a local charge. The amendment was withdrawn, and when Mr. Goschen had subsided the Budget resolutions were carried *nem. con.*, with a complacent cheer from the Government benches.

MR. BRYCE is to be congratulated upon the result of the attack made upon him in the House of Commons on Tuesday. Of the manner of that attack it is only necessary to remark that Mr. Roby was not at all too strong when he described it by the word "insolence." The theory of the Opposition with regard to the magistracy clearly is that it ought to be a close preserve for Tories and their Unionist allies. This theory they could hardly expound more clearly than by following the line of argument adopted by Mr. Legh, Mr. Hanbury, and Mr. Curzon in their attack upon Mr. Bryce. The Chancellor of the Duchy found that in Lancashire, as in most of our counties, a condition of scandalous inequality as to the representation of political parties on the benches of magistrates was in existence. He endeavoured to some extent to repair that inequality, and forthwith he was charged with degrading the magistracy by treating it as a reward for political services! A more impudent charge was never brought against a public man, and it is obvious that Mr. Legh and his supporters must have spoken with their tongues in their cheeks when they gave vent to their simulated indignation last Tuesday. Mr. Bryce has striven, with a scrupulous regard for the character of the magistracy, to undo to some extent the grave political injustice of which members of the Liberal Party have been the victims in Lancashire. The large majority by which his action has been supported in the House of Commons accurately represents the feeling of the Liberal Party generally on this subject, and we sincerely trust that the Lord Chancellor will lose no time in following in Mr. Bryce's footsteps.

THERE seems a prospect of peace again in Hull. We earnestly hope it may prove no illusion, and that even at the thirteenth hour peace and good sense may get a chance between the intransigent Mr. Laws of the Shipping Federation on the one hand, and those incendiaries on the other, whoever they may be, who are threatening to confuse and render inoperative public opinion on behalf of the men. Leaving aside the merits of the original quarrel (which we will not discuss while there is a hope of settlement), unquestionably the most serious aspect of this deplorable affair is the incendiarism which has taken place during the past week. That it is incendiarism there seems no good reason to doubt. Who caused it is another question. We are entirely ready to believe that the responsible members of the Unions lend no sort of countenance to so insane and criminal a policy, and we fully accept Mr. Ben Tillett's indignant repudiation on their behalf. The responsibility for the outrages must remain a mystery until a proper investigation has been held. But there is one ugly fact which there is no getting over, and it leaves a stigma on the cause of the men which does it irreparable damage. They stood by while valuable property was being destroyed, and they not only did not volunteer, as they ought to have

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

been the first to do, to rescue it from the flames, but they refused to join in the work of salvage even when offered seven-and-sixpence an hour for their help. This is what is called in criminal law making one's self an accessory after the fact. Perhaps it is a minor consideration that, as one correspondent remarks, many a poor housewife wished that that seven-and-sixpence had been earned; but this also counts, and the whole incident goes in a very effective way to divert public sympathy from its natural channel. The friends of the dockers will do better if they so exert themselves as to remove the impression this incident leaves upon the public mind than by putting up Mr. Keir Hardie to make his grotesque request for the removal of the forces of the law from a town which, apparently, would be otherwise given over to wanton outrage.

THE London School Board had better return to its secular duties and let the religious question alone. The three deputations which came triumphantly out of their severe cross-examination on Thursday afternoon made it clear that the disturbance of the present compromise can only have one result—a bitter and far-reaching agitation, which will introduce issues wholly alien to education, and will probably end in the interference of Parliament and the complete secularisation of every Board School in England. That is hardly what the Church party on the Board desire, especially as the Church schools have now the utmost difficulty in maintaining their existence. Dogmatic teaching by Board School teachers involves religious tests, and on these even the present Board can hardly venture. We put it to the majority of that Board, and to the signatories of the memorial published in Friday's *Times*: Do they really believe that religious teaching will be given in Board Schools which will satisfy, we do not say alike Churchmen and Protestant Nonconformists, but High Churchmen and Evangelicals? And do they not see that, in forcing on children teaching of which their parents disapprove, they are supplying the Liberation Society with a fresh and potent argument for Disestablishment?

THE one tangible outcome of the Hansard Union prosecution is a rather startling revelation as to the defects of our commercial law. Since the defects exist, it is well to know of them and to be told of them on the high authority of a judge and jury. To that extent the case may be said to have done some good. Whether this knowledge was worth acquiring at the expense of a huge loss to the investing public, followed by a tremendous and futile prosecution, is another matter. We now know, on the authority of Mr. Justice Hawkins, that it is not criminal for a man to buy in one capacity of trust and to sell in another; that a director of a public company may sell to that company at a profit without committing any breach of the criminal law; and that a prospectus about a company does not involve any responsibility to that company if at the time it is issued the company does not exist. Such we gather to be the gist of Mr. Justice Hawkins's judgment. Mr. Bottomley and his companions were charged with having brought themselves within the meshes of the criminal law in the course of transactions which resulted in a million and a quarter of honest money being invested in a company which began to go to smash from the day of its formation. Mr. Bottomley and his friends have been acquitted of the charge. They were quite within the law in all their transactions. They are at perfect liberty to repeat them to-morrow; and if the public are willing to invest in another Hansard Union, that, as Mr. Bottomley ably and simply put it in his defence, is their own affair. This is the state of the law; from which it would appear that in some respects London commercially is not so very unlike New York after all. We agree with the judge and jury that the sooner the law is amended the better.

THE first two great scenes of the World's Fair festivities were marked with splendid brilliancy on Wednesday, when the warships of the nations steamed in procession to their anchorage in the Hudson River, and on Thursday when President Cleveland reviewed them. THE SPEAKER has a special reason to take pleasure in one fact, that was perhaps the most striking, as it was the most auspicious feature of these demonstrations. We allude to the fact that, next to the American itself, the British squadron was, by its numbers and the weight of its vessels, the most imposing of the national deputations present, and that the British and American squadrons shared equally the honour of leading the double line of warships in their stately procession from the harbour to the river. Again and again in these columns we urged upon the Admiralty and the Foreign Office the policy of sending an extra-strong contingent of our fleet to New York for this occasion, and using the opportunity to the utmost to cultivate the feeling which ought to exist, by right of blood and common interests, between the two great English-speaking Powers. The Government have acted on our advice, and America has appreciated the compliment as we believed she would. The result is a great and most auspicious step taken towards that alliance which we look to as the chief desideratum of our foreign policy of the future.

THE political *gobemouches* who construct their histories chiefly out of the gossip of Court and diplomatic circles ought to have had a splendid opportunity this week. The celebration of the silver wedding of King Humbert and Queen Margherita has passed off with the utmost *éclat*—including even the historic tournament, in which four princes exhibited the prowess of their ancestors before an appreciative audience of 20,000 spectators. Sixty or seventy thousand visitors have been present altogether, and the usual price of a bed has been multiplied at least sevenfold. The German Emperor and Empress have been received with enthusiasm by the populace, and the former has spent an hour alone with the Pope. On his way to the Vatican he lunched at the German embassy, in order, it is understood, to purge himself from his recent contact with the Italian Kingdom by a preliminary visit to what is technically German territory. Moreover, M. de Giers has passed through Vienna and seen the Emperor Francis Joseph. It is surprising that after all these incidents the net historical results should be so meagre.

THE Papal *Moniteur de Rome* has insisted on the importance of Sunday's interview, which seems to have given great satisfaction at the Vatican, while some indignation has been expressed in the German press at the compliments paid by the Emperor to Papal dignitaries who have been hostile to Germany in the past. But it is also stated, on the other hand, that the conversation dealt only with the condition of the working classes and the growth of democracy; and it ought to be perfectly clear that whatever may pass between the Emperor and the Pope, or between the Emperor and the German Catholic leaders, will have little or no effect on the attitude towards the Army Bill of the rank and file of the German Catholic party. The debate on the second reading of the Bill is fixed for Tuesday. The definitive discrediting of the irrepressible but shameless Ahlwardt by the proceedings in the Reichstag and before its Committee this week is much more favourable to its eventual success, through the restoration of Conservative discipline, than anything the Catholic leaders or the Pope may do.

EVEN the approach of May Day inspires no special apprehension. It is true that the usual

military precautions have been taken in most of the Continental countries; but the celebration of the day is apparently dying out. In France it is stated that less than half the trade unions have agreed to join in the usual demonstration, and the Government discourages it among its own employes. In Germany there seems likely to be no general celebration. In Austria, perhaps in consequence of the growing agitation for manhood suffrage, it has been announced that any workmen in Government employ who absent themselves from their work on Monday will be dismissed; and private employers have been invited to do likewise. There are strikes in Vienna, which may cause disturbance. At Reichenberg in Bohemia—a centre of German nationality—some trouble is apprehended, owing to the recent activity of the Socialists. In Belgium the Labour party is preparing to celebrate its recent success and to agitate for the abolition of the plural vote. But, except in a few places where there are other reasons for striking, work has been generally resumed, and no disturbance is expected. In France, indeed, there are a number of strikes in progress, or just terminated—at Nantes, at Angers, at Amiens, and elsewhere—and it is just possible that there may be some disturbance in consequence. In Spain there is no special alarm.

IN France the coming General Election seems likely to lead to a new grouping of parties. There are signs of a possible *rapprochement* between the Ultramontane converts to the Republic and the Conservative Republicans; at any rate, overtures have been made by M. Piou on behalf of the former. The strongest reason for their acceptance is perhaps that the alliance between Radicals and Socialists—which has for some time been preached by MM. Goblet and Millerand—has been consummated by the presence of the latter, together with M. Jaurès (deputy for Carmaux) and M. Pelletan, at a Socialist banquet at Albi, where the union was formally cemented by a toast. On the other hand, the Count de Mun, speaking at Toulouse, has demanded the participation of the Church in the struggle between labour and capital, on the side of labour and against "Jewry and the *haute banque*."

THE crisis in Norway has entered on a new and more serious phase. The King having refused to agree to the Norwegian demand for a separate Consular Service, the Steen Ministry has resigned, and the Storthing has suspended its sittings indefinitely without voting the Civil List. The Conservative leader, M. Stang, strongly opposed the adjournment, which was carried, nevertheless, by 63 to 51. M. Nielsen, the President of the Storthing, having refused to form a Ministry of conciliation, it is probable that M. Stang will be requested to do so. But the Storthing cannot be dissolved, and the deadlock will probably continue till the expiration of its term next year—unless, which is not improbable, the more violent spirits among the Norwegian Radicals provoke an open rupture with Sweden meanwhile.

THE Servian Liberal Party has decided to abstain from voting at the approaching General Election, on the ground that they expect Radical intimidation. But a Young Liberal party is forming, and there is every reason to suppose that the present party lines will disappear. King Alexander has issued a decree annulling the expulsion of his parents—a step of doubtful legality—and the late Regents have been requested to leave the country. It is suggested that the triumph of the Servian Radicals may stimulate a revival of Pan Slavist conspiracies in Bulgaria, since the party has before now showed itself inclined to favour the conspirators. But Bulgaria is to all appearance quiet enough.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

MR. BALFOUR'S speech at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund on Wednesday was curiously pessimist as to politics and unusually optimist as to the intellectual world. Lord Derby's loss was lamented because he was a reasoner in an age of rhetoric. Mr. Balfour's own mind has shown a certain tendency, as we remarked some time ago, to substitute rhetoric for reason; but we hardly think the charge can fairly be brought against English public life in general. Mr. Balfour began life as a philosopher, and still frequently reasons with the public, his reasoning generally consisting in the opposition of particular negative propositions to universal affirmatives—but he has of late made energetic efforts to meet the demand he conceives to exist, not only for rhetoric but for personal attack. It is comforting to turn from the real decadence of Mr. Balfour himself to the imaginary decadence of literature, science, and art in the hypothetical senility of the world. Mr. Balfour does not believe in either, on the ground that there is more technical skill than there ever was before, and that there are signs of an impending discovery in science which will revolutionise our conception of the forces of nature. It may be so, but we await the man of genius—and genius, like most other things, is now a matter of co-operation. At any rate the speech affords a cheerful contrast to the gloomy views which have recently been expressed in Mr. Pearson's remarkable book.

RECENT history is the hardest of all to learn or to write. Hence we are glad to welcome the second edition of Mr. P. W. Clayden's "England under the Coalition" (T. Fisher Unwin), a work of which the fairness has hardly been questioned even by political opponents save in one or two cases, as to which the new preface makes an effective defence. The book covers the period from the 1885 election to the resignation of the Coalition Ministry, and is a most valuable record of a period fuller of exciting incidents and sudden changes than any in the present century. The Coalition, indeed, still exists; but, as Mr. Clayden says, no one expects that it will ever again hold the destinies of Great Britain and Ireland in its hands; and therefore it has virtually passed out of the domain of politics into that of history. We noticed the volume fully on its first appearance last June. The present edition is further enriched by an admirable index, enabling the reader to lay his finger at once on any fact in the period. We recommend it to the notice of Liberal Associations in particular, and, indeed, of all those who desire to be reminded at the present crisis of the real alternative to Home Rule.

LAST year we had occasion in these columns to refer to the extremely interesting and important experiments that were being carried out by Professor Clowes with reference to the detection of inflammable gas or vapour in mines. He showed that by making a small addition to a miner's ordinary safety-lamp, he was capable of tracing very small portions, amounting to as much as 3 per cent. In a paper which he has communicated to the Royal Society, and in which he gives full particulars, we notice that the lamp has been much improved and brought into a more convenient and portable form. The testing is accomplished by means of hydrogen gas which is stored in a small pocket steel cylinder, the pressure amounting to one hundred atmospheres. By attaching this to the safety-lamp a standard 10-millimetre hydrogen flame can be obtained, capable of burning for forty minutes. An important point in this method is that the hydrogen flame can be kindled any time without opening the lamp itself, thus eliminating all risk of explosion. Besides pre-

senting this means of very accurate and delicate gas measurement, the ordinary oil flame can be used as usual for rough estimations and for simple illumination. The idea of employing the flame of hydrogen gas for gas analysis, although not new, has never been adopted before in the ordinary miner's safety-lamp, and it is encouraging to hear that this application has been rewarded with such success.

THE College of Cardinals this week has lost two of its Italian members

OBITUARY. —Cardinal Giordani, Archbishop of Ferrara, and Cardinal Sepiacchi. Mr. John Ballance, Premier of New Zealand, was a well-known Colonial journalist and—what is unusual for a Colonial Liberal—an advocate of Imperial Federation. Mr. R. L. Bensly was Lord Almoner's Reader in Arabic at Cambridge, and one of the company of Revisers of the Old Testament to whom we owe the new version. Professor Robert Hartmann, of Berlin, was an anthropologist and zoologist of considerable distinction, and an African traveller; moreover, he was one of the first German professors who lectured on the Darwinian theory. M. de Mazade had long written the admirable summary of current events in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Mr. W. Macpherson had been editor of the *Quarterly Review* (1859-65), had held high legal posts under the Indian Government, and written important text-books on various departments of law. General P. G. Llewellyn Smith was a well-known writer on military engineering. M. Barat had explored Corea in 1888. Mr. T. E. Lightfoot was "the father of Lancashire Methodism," and the first Mayor of Accrington. The Rev. D. A. Dondney, D.D., who began life as a printer and eventually became a clergyman of the Church of England, was best known as the editor of various otherwise estimable religious periodicals, which had lately exhibited an extraordinary degree of aversion to Mr. Gladstone. He was also one of the founders of the *City Press*. Lord Derby's career is fully dealt with below.

THE REAL LORD DERBY.

IT has been melancholy work reading the newspaper comments upon the death of Lord Derby. No doubt in the first instance it is Lord Derby who suffers from these comments; but in the end we imagine it is the Press which must be the real victim of its own omniscient ignorance. Nothing can be more evident than that the journalists who last Saturday morning summed up for the British public the life and character of one of the greatest men of his generation, had no personal knowledge of Lord Derby, were never in close contact with him, knew nothing whatever about his mental characteristics, his habits, or the delightful personal traits which were familiar to his friends. One leading newspaper told us that he was "almost a statesman"; another poured contempt upon "the incipient failure of judgment" that led him to join the Liberal Ministry in 1882; whilst a third, more greatly daring than either of the others, painted him as a man whose "stern, haughty, isolated intellectuality rather repelled even those who were most closely associated with him." All the critics, it need hardly be said, have drawn distinctions between the late Earl and his father, greatly to the disparagement of the son. And so one of the foremost Englishmen of his time, a man who had served the State in its highest offices during the lifetime of a whole generation, who might, if he had preferred expediency to principle, have been Prime Minister, and who once at least in the course of his career saved his country from an immeasurable disaster, passes away as he

lived—misunderstood by the great public and its organs, unknown to all but those whom he had honoured with his friendship. Truly it was by a curious coincidence that in the week which is given up by the Tory party to the fantastic worship of an imaginary Lord Beaconsfield, we should have lost another great Conservative statesman, whose picture as it was projected on the minds of his contemporaries was as completely false and misleading as that which since his death has replaced the real Beaconsfield in the eyes of the masses. Is it possible that any biographer will succeed in making the true Lord Derby known, if not to his own generation to that which will follow it?

Probably no Englishman who has figured so prominently during so long a term of years before his fellow-countrymen was more completely misunderstood by the world at large. There was no glamour of romance about him; he had never touched the popular imagination; he had never been the hero of the music-halls and the clubs; and consequently he never held his rightful place as one of those great statesmen by whom the destinies of the nation have been chiefly moulded. Those who knew him in private life, and who had known something of his father before him, smiled when they listened to the disparaging contrasts so constantly drawn between the late Earl and the "Rupert of debate," the famous and "chivalrous" fourteenth Earl of Derby. The world believed that the man who died last week was in all the graces of life and the characteristics of genius immeasurably inferior to his father. Those who knew both men knew that the son—not only in genuine ability, but in courage, in honour, and in sincerity—was second to none of his race. The one thing he lacked was the power of touching the popular imagination, and this defect was largely owing to that personal shyness which throughout his life was almost a disease. Lord Derby was in reality one of the gentlest, sweetest, and noblest characters of his time. He had a delightful frankness in conversation, a simplicity of manner which was the best adornment of his great rank, a genuine sense of humour, and an unflinching sympathy with the wants and aspirations of those less fortunately placed than himself. If he could only have shown these qualities to the outside world as he showed them to his friends, and if he had possessed in even a moderate degree the gift of eloquence, he might have been the most popular man in England. But his morbid shyness prevented him from ever presenting himself before the public in his true character. When he spoke in Parliament or on a platform there was a curious frigidity in his utterances which chilled even those who appreciated most fully his admirable common sense. The picturesque reporters and descriptive writers who nowadays make or mar the reputations of our public men could make nothing of him; and so, even when he sacrificed his certain succession to the Premiership and the leadership of the Conservative party, the public imagination remained unmoved, and he was allowed to sink into comparative obscurity without a sigh or a pang on the part of the great world.

There is no need to write even the most shadowy sketch of his career here; but we confess we should like to convey to our readers some idea of the true character of the man whom England has just lost. No public man of his time was ever the subject of a more cruel misunderstanding. There was, indeed, hardly any man of his position who was ever more grossly calumniated. The Tories never forgave him because of the reasonable character of his Conservatism in his earlier days, and because of his resolute opposition to the mad and wicked Jingoism

of Lord Beaconsfield. The Liberals never realised how great was the accession to their forces when he at last threw in his lot with them. His stalwart opposition to Home Rule, which no one who knew his intellectual characteristics could wonder at, naturally prevented his being understood or appreciated by the Liberal party of to-day. So he goes to the grave the victim of a great misconception on the part of all sections of his fellow-countrymen, and it is only those who knew him personally who can truly realise what it is that we have lost. Yet Liberals at all events ought not to forget that particular episode in his career which determined his ultimate fate. They at least should be able to realise the fact that in the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, when this country was being dragged by reckless and unscrupulous hands to the very verge of an unnecessary war which might have left the British Empire in ruins, it was Lord Derby who, at the sacrifice of his own career, saved the nation from the doom which seemed to be impending over her. His reward at the moment was the bitter abuse of his old political associates. For a time he enjoyed in London society the kind of reputation which Mr. Gladstone now possesses. He was scouted in drawing-rooms, derided in the press, and assailed by Lord Salisbury—the man who profited most largely by his fall—with a coarseness of abuse for which even in these days we can hardly find a parallel. Through it all Lord Derby preserved his courage and composure. The man whom Lord Salisbury had compared to Titus Oates was content to know that he had earned the comparison by saving England from a wicked and suicidal war with Russia, and he was satisfied to leave the vindication of his conduct to the unerring verdict of posterity. To vindicate himself he was too proud to stoop. He stood unmoved whilst the storm of obloquy and abuse raged around him. Yet to-day, when he has just passed from us, those who—though they may have differed from him in his views upon the Irish Question—sympathised with his action in the fateful years between 1876 and 1878, can hardly fail to lay their tribute of gratitude and admiration upon his bier, and to hail him as one who in a great crisis in the national history was the saviour of his country.

We do not propose to dwell here upon the story of Lord Beaconsfield's wild excursion into a policy of Chauvinism. It is ancient history now, and most people have forgotten how near the hero of Primrose Day was to wrecking the fortunes of the nation which had been misguided enough to accept him as its ruler. But this at least may be affirmed with certainty, that it was Lord Derby's action in the Cabinet in 1877 and 1878, and above all his resignation in the latter year, that saved the country from the war with Russia into which Lord Beaconsfield would with a light heart have plunged her. How immense is the obligation under which he has thus placed his fellow-countrymen; and how well-deserved the tribute which we as Liberals now offer to his memory! Perhaps we cannot better conclude these observations on the loss the nation has sustained than by printing the following extract from a letter, never before published, written by Lord Derby in April, 1879. Some of the events which in this letter he ventured to predict have happened since, whilst the whole document furnishes striking testimony to the calmness, the sagacity, and the clearness of his views as a statesman.

"If I were writing a vindication of my course, my line of argument would be to show (1) That our first object, that of preventing the breaking-out of war, was unattainable. (2) That our next object, the limiting of the war and the safeguarding of British interests,

was accomplished by the Russian acceptance of our conditions of neutrality as laid down in May, 1877. (3) That at the close of the war we had a right to insist on having a voice in the final settlement, which affected all Europe: but that there was no reason for the attitude of defiance assumed in the early part of 1878, and which was assumed by our Government chiefly, if not exclusively, in order to give satisfaction to the large and noisy party who were crying out that we ought to have interfered earlier to save Turkey. I stand by the policy of 1877; and because I do so I condemn that of 1878.

"I do not believe that Lord Beaconsfield ever wished for a war, or that he cared really to alter materially the conditions of the San Stefano arrangement. But without a diplomatic success—no matter how short-lived—his Ministry would have been in great danger, and he preferred the risk of war to that of personal failure. It is just also to say that he has always set a higher value on what is called 'prestige' as an element of national greatness than I do, or than I think is common among English statesmen.

"As a matter of fact we have nearly got back to the arrangements of San Stefano; for I suppose no one now believes that the separation of Bulgaria and Roumelia can be of long duration. If we had told Russia at any time during the war that we wanted Cyprus, we could have had it without difficulty. The Russians would have been glad to see us justifying their conduct by imitating it. What then has been the use of the six millions loan, of the armaments, or of the attitude we then took up? We are exactly where we should have been without them. It has been the fashion among certain persons to suppose that the Prime Minister has of late been realising, wholly or partly, deep designs of long standing. This belief is founded on passages from his early novels. I hold it to be quite illusory. In the days of Lord Palmerston he took up non-intervention and objected to 'bloated armaments.' In the days of Mr. Gladstone he has tried to contrast a 'spirited foreign policy' with the less showy policy of his predecessor. In each case the effect on English opinion was the impelling motive. Perhaps it is impossible to be for thirty years a party-leader without coming to consider that 'keeping the party together' is the one result for which everything else must be risked. At any rate I am sure that has been the object of the proceedings of 1878; and as a party move they seem to have answered. But I cannot think them safe or wise in a national point of view."

We print this letter primarily as Lord Derby's vindication of his conduct at the most critical period of his career; but we may commend it to the special attention of those who last week worshipped at the shrine of the hero of the Primrose League.

ORANGEISM UNMASKED.

THE Ulster imposture has been fully and finally exposed. The dramatic contrast between the show Ulstermen on their good behaviour in the Albert Hall and the real Ulstermen at work in Belfast has made the British people understand once and for all the difference between the sham and the realities of Irish Unionism. The show Ulstermen were extremely respectable, and if they were characterless, so are most people in their best clothes. A Duke was in the chair who has already proved his terrible sincerity by selling his property in Ulster and joining the British South Africa Company. An eloquent Bishop was the principal speaker, who received more than £100,000 compensation when the Church was disestablished. While the Bishop quoted Grattan and Lord Randolph Churchill, there were ministers to quote Scripture, and laymen to give statistics, and a specimen

Catholic peer to show the tolerance of the audience for Catholic peers. The speakers were all too long, and most of them had nothing to talk about except their own hereditary virtues and their neighbours' hereditary failings. There was nothing to please the man of taste, for an Ulsterman blowing his own trumpet is even more trying than a Highlander playing the bagpipes. There was nothing to convince the man of experience, for a prisoner only begins to talk of his good character when he knows he has no defence. There was nothing to alarm the man of sense, for it was quite clear that so masterful and excellent a race must be perfectly well able to take care of themselves. But still some people might have been deceived by the speeches if the Albert Hall demonstration had stood alone. Some men do succeed in getting taken at their own valuation, and the "unconquerable colony" standing at bay, prepared to die for civil and religious liberty, breathing no offence to any man, made a gallant picture enough. But we know the "unconquerable colony" now. Scratch the Ulster Tory—ay, and even the Ulster Liberal Unionist—and you find a bigot. The thin veneer of Liberalism, the cant phrases, the professions of an honest fear of persecution, are no longer likely to deceive. The backbone of the resistance to Home Rule is not in the respectable merchants who were entertained by the Duchesses and Primrose Dames, but in the mob who have raged in the streets and shipyards of Belfast. Surely, we are told, British troops will hesitate to shoot men who advance singing "God save the Queen." Perhaps so. But there is not a British Tory we know of who would not gladly take his horsewhip to thrash the brutal ruffians who, in the name of religion, have driven a thousand Catholics from their honest work.

We say that the spontaneous movement in Belfast is more eloquent than the carefully prepared speeches to the English public, for two reasons. We do so because of the nature of the events themselves, and because those events are in consonance with the historic record of the Belfastmen. Too much attention has perhaps been paid to the looting of Catholic public-houses, and not enough to the much more serious brutality on the Queen's Island. It casts a certain lurid and even ridiculous light upon the character of these poor law-abiding folk when we read of men breaking into a Catholic public-house, as Mr. Arnold-Forster puts it, "from a mistaken sense of duty." But mere furious rioting of that kind may be the result of momentary passion. No such excuse can be urged for the conduct of the shipwrights. Let us detail the facts. On Friday night, when the Home Rule Bill was read a second time, there was some rioting, commenced by the Protestants, but effectually suppressed by the police. On Saturday morning the Protestant workmen—not in one, but in three shipyards—held meetings and deliberately determined to exclude all Catholics from the works. This decision was known on Sunday throughout the city, and was reported on Monday morning by a Unionist newspaper in Dublin and another in Belfast, without in either case a single word of comment. It is not recorded that any of the Protestant clergy or leading laymen used their influence on the Sunday to prevent the design being carried out. On the Monday morning, for some extraordinary reason, no policeman was present. Most of the Catholic workers, knowing of the Protestants' decision, stayed away. Those who went down, and even some Protestant Home Rulers, were set upon and driven out with aggravated brutality, and this not by ignorant, unskilled labourers, but by the picked artisans of Ulster. The soldiers, who arrived later in the day, were savagely pelted with rivets. The Catholics

are deprived of their work, and the Catholic homes are left without a bread-earner. Mr. Wolff, of Harland & Wolff, admits it would not be safe for them to return. We know of no parallel for this cruelty. In the war of trades unionists against "free labour" in England and America some atrocities have been committed, but, after all, trades unionists have had the excuse of men fighting for a livelihood for themselves and their families. The Jews have been driven out of many Russian cities with great cruelty, but the Russian mobs were inflamed with the natural dislike of a thriftless people for the money-lender. The Protestant artisans of Belfast have no trade grievance against their Catholic neighbours. On the contrary, in almost every employment the Protestants have the best of everything. The whole incident admits of no palliation. It is deeply and indelibly disgraceful. It is disgraceful to the men themselves. It is disgraceful to Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury, who had a share in arousing this infernal spirit. It is disgraceful to the leading Protestants of Belfast, who had to be stirred up by the London wire-pullers before they did anything to allay it. It is disgraceful to the police, who seem to have been too busy agitating about their pensions under Schedule VI. to be down at eight o'clock at the Queen's Island. It should make every decent Irish Protestant blush for shame.

But, unfortunately, it is also characteristic. The spirit of the Queen's Island men has been the abiding spirit of the Irish Unionists for fifty years. Mr. Dunbar Barton once more excelled himself by suggesting that there would never have been riots in Belfast but for the Home Rule Bill. There were riots in 1857, when the commissioners sent down reported that the chief of the police force (then under the town council) was the master of an Orange lodge. There were riots in 1864, and the present Lord Justice Barry and the late Baron Dowse, who were deputed by the Lord-Lieutenant to inquire into them, reported that only five of the local police out of 160 were Roman Catholics, that the chairman of the police committee admitted he preferred to appoint Protestants, and that the force was useless to prevent riots. A Roman Catholic female penitentiary was wrecked, and a Presbyterian clergyman told the commissioners: "The mobs not only hunted poor Roman Catholic neighbours out of their houses, but I had to go and beseech them to grant so many hours to these poor people to take their furniture out of the place." Ship carpenters broke into houses in the High Street, and the commissioners reported what they described as "amongst the most astonishing instances of lawless daring that have ever occurred in a civilised country." This was not due to any Home Rule Bill. It was due solely to the cruel spirit which is engendered by Orangeism. "The town," said the commissioners, "is liable to periodic disturbances of its tranquillity, on occasions well known as the Orange anniversaries." Those who know Ulster, know too well that outbreaks of ferocity against the humblest of the Catholics have come round with every midsummer for fifty years.

Nor does the blame lie wholly with the working classes. Nor is it only Tories who have been guilty of the policy of exclusion. The old Ulster Liberal party was almost, if not quite, as bad, and never once returned a Catholic to Parliament. Whig, Tory, working-man, employer—all these Ulster Unionists are much the same. Not one in ten of them has the remotest conception of the principles of religious equality, though they may prate readily enough about it on English platforms. If we want to know them as they are, we must not look at the bigot in sheep's clothing at the Albert Hall, but at the bigot naked and unashamed at home.

HYPOTHETICAL TREASON.

MISS ROSAMUND VINCY, when she was asked by a cousin what was the occupation of the unhappy surgeon who had been fool enough to promise to marry her, replied with much dignity that he was busily engaged in making scientific discoveries. Were anyone to inquire what may be Mr. Balfour's favourite pastime, it might fairly be answered that the time he can spare from the neglect of facts he devotes to the adornment of political theories. He is never so happy or so interesting as when pursuing a paradox or laying down rules of political conduct in cases which have not yet arisen and in circumstances which enjoy the advantage of being non-existent. Mr. Balfour only spoke the truth when he said he had the courage of his opinions. So he has. Like all true speculators, he has enormous confidence in his own mental processes. He is in love with his syllogisms, and delights in the strength of his inferences. He will chop logic with any man alive. Facts worry him, and form no part of his stock-in-trade, though he occasionally borrows a few from Mr. Carson or Mr. Jackson. Figures tease him; and he thinks no more of an odd half-million than he did, when he was Irish Secretary, of a hundred broken heads, so long as his own philosophic cranium was not included amongst the number.

Mr. Balfour's speech winding-up the opposition to the Better Government of Ireland Bill was a spirited and interesting deliverance, and in no part of it was he happier than when discoursing upon the divine right of rebellion. As a rule, practical statesmen avoid the word as being no part of their business. Behind everything is the revolution. We all know that. But to talk of the revolution as if it were round the next corner is not political wisdom, but feminine fury. But when Mr. Balfour mounts a theory, there is no stopping him. Whether at Belfast before an angry mob of excited politicians trembling for their threatened ascendancy, or in the House of Commons but a few minutes before the Second Reading of a Bill which—whether it becomes law or not—marks the height of a tidal wave which can never be withdrawn, he is the same man. There he stands, pinning his thesis to the wall, and inviting all comers to dispute it with him.

And what is his thesis? It is the divine right of rebellion against the deliberate will, constitutionally expressed, of the majority of the electors of the whole realm. This, he said, was Whig doctrine; but, characteristically enough, he offered no proof of his assertion, only remarking that he did not doubt that Sir William Harcourt could cite passage after passage from Charles James Fox in support of it. Sir William Harcourt could do nothing of the sort, for no such passages exist in the writings of Fox or any other Whig. The Whig doctrine was derived from Milton, who in his *Defence of the People of England* for killing their king rests his case on this—that kings in England were appointed by the people, in whom the right of majesty principally resides; and he is careful to add that under the word "people" he comprehended "all our natives of what order and degree so ever; in that we have settled one supreme senate only, in which the nobility also, as a part of the people, not in their own right, as they did before, but representing their boroughs or counties for which they may be chose, may give their votes." Milton and the Whigs generally justified the execution of Charles the First on the ground that he was an unfaithful servant of the people—in the same way Pride's Purge might be justified on the ground that the Parliament so treated no longer represented the people, and would not make its appeal to them—but no Whig ever justified, or could

ever have justified on Whig principles, rebellion against the clearly expressed opinion of the electors of the realm. But the student of Mr. Balfour must learn to grow accustomed to his ignorance as well as to his learning, for he has a great deal of both; and indeed cynics have declared that the one is as carefully cultivated as the other—but as to that we know nothing.

In support of his thesis Mr. Balfour proceeded to allege that Parliamentary majorities could be tyrannical. By this we presume he meant irrational or unjust, for of course all sovereign power is tyrannical. Supreme power must in every State reside somewhere, and is always tyrannical. That Mr. Balfour meant irrational or contrary to natural justice is obvious from his second allegation that Parliamentary majorities may be stupid. No one is likely to be at the pains of contradicting this, though it is fair to say that the continued stupidity of popularly elected Parliaments has not yet been demonstrated as has been the crass stupidity of kings like the Bourbons and non-elective assemblies like the House of Lords. But, so Mr. Balfour continues, in all the pride of his theories, if Parliamentary majorities may be both tyrannical and stupid, who is there who will maintain the thesis that it is the duty of an out-voted minority passively to obey, and to offer no physical resistance to this majority? Who will not, on the contrary, aver and maintain that in such circumstances the minority has a divine right to rebel? This was the manner of the discourse to the people of Belfast, who were thus assured that they had a right to rebel against the law. And this, says Mr. Balfour, is Whig doctrine. It is nothing of the kind—it is poisonous nonsense. Nobody, not even a Protestant Ulsterman, can ever have a right to refuse obedience to the law, though all men can, if they like, attempt by violence to throw off a yoke they abhor. Such men must be judged partly by success or failure, and partly by the cause they are able to show to justify so grave a step. Suppose, for example, a stringent law were to be passed suppressing public-houses without compensation, would or would not the publicans of Great Britain be entitled to appeal to arms? According to Mr. Balfour, they would have a clear right of rebellion—for a tyrannical and stupid Parliamentary majority would have deprived them of what they honestly believe to be their property. Such wild talk in a statesman's mouth is little short of disgraceful. Rebellion is never a right; it is simply an occurrence to the success of which you may wish well or ill. If Mr. Balfour wishes Ulster to rebel, if he thinks Ulster would succeed, and that the success would be worth the bloodshed, let him say so, as did that fiery Frank or furious Hun, Lord Randolph Churchill, who is once more, we note with pleasure, in full possession of his unrivalled faculties of vulgar abuse.

If Ulster ever does rebel, her case for doing so will have to be considered on its merits. It is premature for any sensible man to discuss the subject, unless, like Mr. Balfour, he prefers dogmatizing about possibilities to the consideration of the actual situation of affairs. A population of artisans and small farmers do not fly to arms against the forces of an Empire unless and until they have actually suffered grievous wrong. Men will fight for their hearths and homes, for the purity of their wives and daughters, in defence of civil and religious liberty, or against taxation without representation. But mere threats, gloomy forebodings, confident prognostications—though they may inspire great demonstrations in fine weather, may promote trips to London, and visits on Sunday afternoon to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, and may

even conduce to factory hands, when they are in a hopeless majority, carrying out a brutal chivying of a minority at their mercy—will not avail to make men forget that life is sweet and death disagreeable. Men will forget these things; we thank God for it. But it takes more than Mr. Balfour's philosophy of rebellion, or Dr. Alexander's travesty of religion, or Colonel Saunderson's imitation of humour, to induce such forgetfulness.

THE MORAL OF THE BUDGET.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S blunt homily upon national economy, with its penny in the pound on the income tax to drive the moral home, reminds us of nothing so much as of President Cleveland's address to the American people last month. Both men are returning to office after a spell of absence, and finding the national finances in a somewhat unsound condition, have had the courage and honesty, at some risk of popularity, to tell the people the truth and apply the logical remedy. Both might have practised with some effect the cheap arts of the public-flatterer; but this they disdained. President Cleveland told his countrymen that their want of thrift was a blot upon their character, and he warned them against the dangers of "paternalism." Sir William Harcourt talked like a father—a benovolent one be it said—about a tendency amongst ourselves which if allowed to run riot, inconsiderately and ignorantly, might develop into a paternalism of a not less dangerous and costly kind; he reminded those who would call the tune that there is a piper to pay; and by way of illustrating what he meant, and showing what an honest Chancellor ought to do in such a case, he proposed to meet a deficit of a million-and-a-half bequeathed to him by his predecessor by the straightforward imposition of a direct tax. He might, like Mr. Goschen, have borrowed, emulating, as he put it himself, those professors of sleight of hand who pretend to produce something out of nothing, and make finance depend upon the popular breath of the moment. He might have tampered with the Sinking Fund. Under the principles of Goschenian finance, we have already dipped into that reserve to the tune of seven millions. He might have disguised some of the burden by a few of the expedients of indirect taxation, though it is to be noted that the chief available source for this purpose, beer and spirits, is just now a sinking revenue. But, holding loyalty to the "keystone principle of solid finance," that the sum set apart for the liquidation of the national debt should not be touched except in great emergencies, he has left the Sinking Fund alone; and holding it an honest and wholesomer course to let the penalty of extravagance be unmistakably felt, he has gone direct to the income tax. His two reasons for the postponement of his great scheme for dealing with the death-duties—the reason of time and the reason that a year when a deficit has to be met is not the moment for launching an experiment which would give no aid to the immediate removal of the deficit—are amply sufficient with all practical minds, and have been approved from all quarters of the House. Nothing, in fact, stands in the way of his penny in the pound coming home to the country in the form of a salutary moral tonic.

Sir William spoke of himself playfully as representing an old financial school. He and the Prime Minister, he said, were the last survivors of it. We do not know that this school is quite so old-fashioned as Sir William's half-serious reference would imply. Its main principles, though they may

be forgotten in a season of thoughtlessness, can never become obsolete. The principles that unnecessary expenditure is extravagance, that money so carelessly spent as not to produce its due return is waste, and that waste and extravagance are folly in the State as in the individual, are truisms of whose existence inexorable laws and inexorable days of reckoning will remind the heedless nation from time to time. But there is no doubt that just now we are at a turning-point in our conceptions of the functions of the State, and a consequence of that fact is a revision of our conceptions of State expenditure. However it may work itself out—and we have no doubt, if we keep our heads level and our eyes open, it will work itself out all right—the tendency is to multiply the functions of government and accordingly to multiply its cost. Only let us realise the consequential fact in time. Let us count the cost and then we shall know where we are, and probably avoid some of the bad mistakes of our neighbours. This is the great service Sir William Harcourt's seasonable homily renders us. It compels us to look before we take the leap. Of late the cost of government in this country has been increasing at a rate which the young lady in Ibsen might describe as "frightfully thrilling." If we add to the enormous £91,484,000 of ordinary expenditure the seven millions of Imperial taxation raised in aid of local rates on Mr. Goschen's plan, we have the appalling total of £98,750,000. That is to say, we have all but reached the hundred millions which, as Sir William Harcourt pointed out, was a few years ago thought incredible, and only possible in a time of war. And yet the cry is still for more. Mark the rapidity of this growth. In the last seven years the cost of Government has increased by £10,600,000; that is, at a rate of 20 per cent. If the tendency generated during those seven years and, still developing, is to continue without pause, in another seven years this ratio of increase will at least be doubled. Are we prepared for this? Sir William Harcourt tells us we can afford it if we choose. Temporary depressions apart, our prosperity is solid and secure. The annual income and accumulated capital of the nation keeps steadily advancing. But let us realise that if we are to multiply the functions of the State, and to part with some of our ancient principles of political and financial economy, we shall be called upon to put our hand in our pocket and pay for it. Perhaps if we ponder sufficiently on this fact it may help us to learn where to apply the rein, where to draw the line.

The tendency to multiply expenditure is bound to increase, and, on the whole, we think it right and in accordance with the logic of Liberal development that it should increase—provided the increase be governed by sound principles and kept within economic limits. For example, we do not sympathise with the view which looks upon the Post Office principally as a source of revenue and only secondarily as a public convenience and a possible means of making stronger the invisible bonds of empire. The State will be asked to undertake more duties which it will be able to discharge more effectively for the convenience of the nation than any private agency, and the nation will be prepared to pay for the work. The problem is to discover the line where the soundness of this policy ends and its dangers begin. Sir William Harcourt seemed to attribute the tendency to increased expenditure to the fact that we are growing richer. It comes from quite other causes: one of them the fact that the extension of the franchise has admitted a new class to political life, a class with very little of the consciousness of possessing riches, but with a very living consciousness of possessing them not. That class has found flatterers